

MACLEAN'S

JUNE

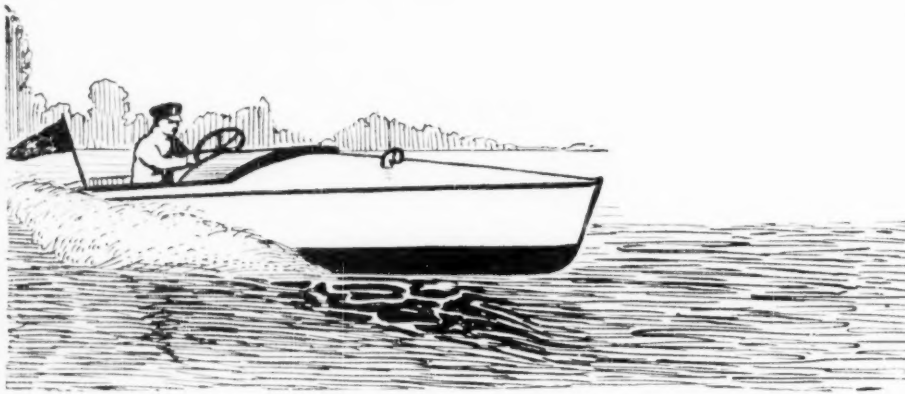


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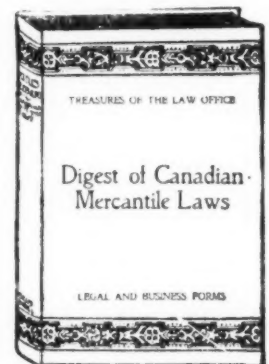
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THE JULY MACLEAN'S

A Word About the Coming Issue

With characteristic enterprise the MacLean Publishing Company have secured the publishing rights for Canada of that charming series of stories of Madelyn Mack, the woman detective. The adventures of this character will appeal very strongly to every reader. Each story will be complete in itself, yet the golden thread of continuity will run throughout the series. In July the first of these will appear, each illustrated by Canadian artists of note.

This story has already been featured in the moving picture films, but this is the first time for it to appear in print. MacLean's readers will enjoy a decided treat in this clever fiction.

Canadianism is again the striking note in the series to begin in July under the caption of "On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day." The author, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, a young lieutenant in the thick of the skirmishes, in 1885, is filled with personal reminiscences of the leaders and of the men. His descriptions are full of dramatic touches, revealing situations and side-glances in and behind the fighting lines that will give our readers new ideas about the rebellion of 1885, and portray for us in striking relief, some of the big Cree and Blackfoot chiefs. Old photos taken at the time and carefully kept, will illustrate the thoroughly interesting sketches. That Canada has a history of recognizable worth will be brought to the attention of Canadian magazine readers as never before.

There are the other entertaining and instructive features as usual. The July number will be a pace-setter.

THE POPULARITY OF THE COBURN COVERS.

"MacLean's is to be congratulated on the Coburn covers. They come closer to real art than anything we have yet seen in the way of magazine covers." Selected from the almost countless comments which have been received, this remark from a subscriber tells in a few words why the Coburn sketches are proving so popular. They are Real Art. Each face sketched by this inimitable Canadian artist is an every-day flesh-and-blood face, with a glimpse of feeling beneath the surface—not the extravagant conception of rag-time beauty that has become so familiar to readers of other magazines. The Coburn girl is not always beautiful, but she is always real. He makes his work human and consequently, appealing.

The covers presented to date have covered a wide range of types. Each face has had a distinct appeal from a fresh angle. It would be interesting to learn what idea the artist was aiming to achieve with each study and the editor is hopeful of getting Mr. Coburn to tell all about it in the next number.

In the meantime we are glad to be able to announce that more studies in the series are available so that readers of MacLean's can expect a continuation of Mr. Coburn's best work.

MacLean's Magazine

MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO. - - - JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Pres.

EDITED BY FRANK MACKENZIE CHAPMAN, B.A.

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1914

Cover Design - - - - - F. S. Coburn

CANADIAN SPECIALS

The Nationalization of Medicine	Dr. Charles G. Sutherland	5
A Week-end at Rideau Hall	Mary Gordon	17
"Boss" Bowser of British Columbia	W. A. Craick	29
A Waltz to Fortune	Margaret Bell	33
Best Selling Book of the Month	Findlay I. Weaver	90
The Mountain Guides of the Rockies	L. V. Kelly	127
The Business Outlook	John Appleton	130

FEATURE SPECIALS

The Science of Leading Men	Geo. H. Shepard	14
When You Build Your Bungalow	Ethel M. Chapman	22
The Ulster Leader	Hugh S. Eayrs	35
Nothing New Under the Sun	Dudley Ward	36
Richard Strauss, Musical Anarchist	Frederic W. Wile	104

SERIAL STORY

Spanish Gold	Geo. A. Birmingham	23
--------------	--------------------	----

SHORT STORIES

Number 723	Madge MacBeth	9
The Cup of Fear and Trembling	Stuart B. Stone	11
A Test on the Links	W. B. Wallace	20
The Theft of the Honan Ruby	T. B. Costain	30
Angel Light	G. Frederick Clarke	108

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The Birth of a Kingdom	35
Modern Falconry	38
Identifying a Criminal	41
A Monarch at Eighty-three	43
A World-wide Symbol	45
A Fuel of the Future	47
Making the Passover Cake	49
The New Morals of Business	51
The First Hydro-Aeroplane Ferry	53
The Eighth Wonder of the World	55
Vote-Hunting in Australia	57
The Novel of the Future	60
Fair Play for the Child	61
Fresh Air and Efficiency	65
Floods and Forests	67
An Uncrowned Queen	69
Manners of the Coming Generation	72
Land Policy of German Towns	75
Wanderlust Magic	77
Six Billion Cells for Thinking	79
What is Wrong with the Press?	80
Spirit Phenomena Explained	81
Writing King Edward's Life	84
Costly Murders	88
Jean Jaures	88
From Milkmaid to Queen	92
Tobacco and Efficiency	125
The Sun as a Physician	142



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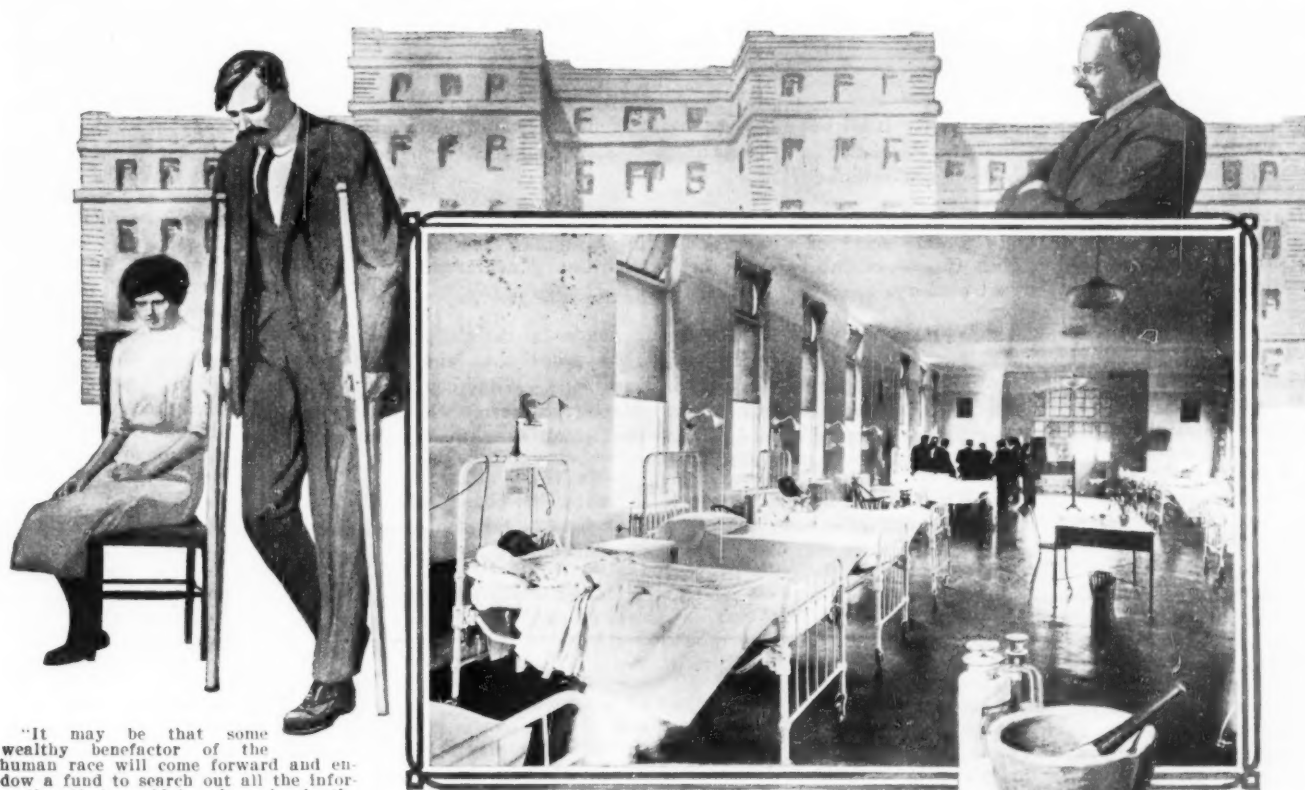
Vol. XXVII

TORONTO,

JUNE 1914

No. 8

The Nationalization of Medicine



"It may be that some wealthy benefactor of the human race will come forward and endow a fund to search out all the information that would be of service in the consideration of this great question."

By DR. CHARLES G. SUTHERLAND.

The writer of this article is presenting a big idea for the consideration of the people of Canada, an idea pregnant with possibilities of far-reaching reform. To establish federal hospitals from one end of the country to the other, and thereby to organize the fight against disease on so sound a basis that the death toll of the more common scourges would be reduced to a minimum, is the idea in brief. There may be, there undoubtedly are, objections which can be brought forward to the plan. But it is nevertheless one that deserves attention at the hands of the people, the press and the parliaments of the Dominion.

TO CREATE a system that would put medical attention for everyone from plutocrat to pauper on an even and efficient basis, to check the advance of devastating disease, to *nationalize medicine*; an ambitious programme truly, a project that smacks of Utopian dreams, and yet possible, verily possible! The germ of a sweeping re-

form is found in the idea of a federal system of hospitals.

The different feelings with which loss of life is regarded by the nation at large, according to the means by which it is brought about, forms an interesting psychological study for the political economist. A public which will hear with comparative indifference or equani-

mity of the loss of two hundred lives by an epidemic of typhoid fever, will be profoundly moved by the report of some accident, involving the sudden death of one-quarter, or even one-tenth of that number. And yet the probabilities are that some human agency is much more to blame in the former case than in the latter.

Suppose, for a moment, that the country were being attacked at some vulnerable point by an enemy, that every few days a casualty list reached us showing that 200 men or more had lost their lives, that by spending money to properly equip our troops with guns, ammunition, horses or what not, such losses could be avoided; would not the nation rise en masse and not only demand, but insist, that no expense should be spared in providing whatever was deficient in order to avoid the recurrence of such dire disasters?

A Fearful Annual Toll

Metaphorically speaking, with disease and sickness as the enemy, we have in the above supposition an exact picture of what is actually happening here in Canada every year, every month, and every week of our lives. To prove my contention, I will take three of our prevalent and most fatal diseases, tuberculosis, cancer and venereal disease, and I venture to assert that these three alone are taking an annual toll of lives and are causing an economic loss to the nation in money, greater than any loss that the phantom enemies, against whom we are building up a defence that is costing us millions of dollars annually, could ever inflict upon us.

The annual death-roll of tuberculosis numbers some 6,500 of which, according to a conservative authority, at least 75 per cent. (some say even 90 per cent.) could be saved if encountered in time by an efficient fighting force. Cancer is increasing at the rate of 2.5 per cent. every year, principally owing to the disease not being properly diagnosed in time to save the patient. Venereal disease runs rampant with practically no attempt being made to check its onward march, bringing in its train death, defective children, and insanity in continually increasing numbers.

The evil caused by these diseases, unlike the loss that an enemy might inflict upon us, is irreparable. It is increasing and compounding its interest annually and will continue to do so as long as we continue to shirk our responsibilities and neglect to provide the necessary means for fighting the evil, and to find a remedy for such disastrous losses.

The question that naturally arises is, What is the remedy? Is there one? Unhesitatingly I answer, Yes. Let a tax be levied by which every inhabitant of this Dominion, no matter what his position, is compelled to contribute a fixed sum per annum to the establishment and up-keep of a number of Federal Hos-

pitals. These could be established at convenient points throughout the Dominion, equipped with every modern necessity for the proper diagnosis and treatment of diseases or injury and adequately maintained by the fund that would be thus created.

In the whole of our social system there is no more striking instance of the way in which the drones and parasites of our community are allowed to enjoy the cream of the things of life, than in the use of our hospitals, and in the relation existing between the latter and the medical profession.

Who Uses the Hospitals

The chief users of our hospitals may be divided into four classes. Firstly, the worthless type who will always be a charge on the community; secondly, those whose poverty is due to causes beyond their own control; thirdly, the unskilled laborers in our industrial plants who are usually looked after by the cor-

By far the most dangerous foe we have to fight is apathy—indifference from whatever cause, not from a lack of knowledge, but from carelessness, from absorption in other pursuits, from contempt bred of self-satisfaction.

Fully twenty-five per cent. of the deaths in the community are due to this accursed apathy, fostering a human inefficiency, which goes far to counterbalance the extraordinary achievements of the past century.

Why should we take pride in the wonderful railway system with which enterprise and energy have traversed the land when the supreme law, the public health, is neglected? What comfort in the thought of a people enjoying great material prosperity when we know that the primary elements of life (on which even the old Romans were our masters), are denied to them?

What consolation does "the little red school-house" afford when we know that a Lethan apathy allows toll to be taken of every class from the little tots to the youths and maidens?

—Sir William Osler.

poration or railway while they are working, but who in time of temporary idleness, sickness or accident almost invariably become a charge on the community; fourthly, the middle working class, by which I mean those whose incomes come to not more than \$1,000 a year.

It is quite clear that as far as the first three of these groups are concerned, the large majority of them never have given, nor can they ever be expected to give anything toward the maintenance or advancement of their communities, and that all treatment they receive is practically free. Let us see of what this treatment consists.

In our larger cities we have established in connection with our hospitals, outdoor clinics in which the leading men of the profession give a definite number of hours per week to the examination and treatment of all who may present themselves. On entering the clinic the patients are registered and receive a card with directions as to the department at which they must present themselves.

In this department, which is in nearly all cases presided over by a specialist, they are examined, brief notes of the findings in their case are made on their cards and treatment is prescribed for them as their case requires. They then pass back to their original consultant who outlines their treatment. On succeeding visits they are given their original cards which are kept on file; to these their attendant may refer and noting the progress of their cases thereon with any additional treatment that he may direct, he always has before him a complete record of their infirmities.

In the tuberculosis clinic the patients receive, in addition, printed instructions for prevention of infection of those with whom they are living and visits by a trained nurse to their homes are arranged for.

So much for the out-patients. Turning to those whose condition may necessitate their admittance into the hospital, we find an organization similar to that

which we found in the outdoor department; the whole work is divided into services and at the head of each service and in charge of the work, are men who have devoted the greater part of their time to perfecting themselves in one branch of practice. Working under these are the resident physicians, usually students recently graduated, and spending a year or so in the service of the hospital to round out the knowledge and experience gained in their university years, preparatory to taking up the practice of their profession.

The laboratories are equipped with every necessary instrument and paraphernalia that can possibly be required. There is a Roentgenological or X-ray department also a hydro-therapeutic department in which one finds a varied assortment of baths, all of which are used in the treatment of different forms of diseases.

In our modern hospitals are found also psychiatric departments into which many types of mental disease may be sent, observed, treated and perhaps cured without the unfortunate victims having to suffer for the rest of their lives the stigma of having been confined to a hospital for the insane.

Other divisions there are, which perhaps I may have neglected to mention but the above will, I think, suffice to show the magnificent system that we are maintaining. In cases requiring surgical attention, splendidly equipped operating rooms are at the disposal of the surgeons attending them, supervised by nurses especially trained in every pre-



People waiting for treatment and advice in the out-patient department of the General Hospital, Toronto—Crowds assemble there every day.

caution necessary to obtain perfect asepsis and all other requisites for the welfare of the patient.

In the children's ward in addition to the treatment of all diseases, deformities of all kinds are corrected, and every facility is afforded to assist the crippled to normal efficiency.

In short, we find that no expense or effort has been spared to build up an organization for the conservation and the restoration of the health and efficiency of these people and that the only qualification we demand from them to make them eligible for the use of this service, is, that they shall have failed in the fight for existence or shall have lost their spirit of independence and their pride in themselves and their family name, sufficiently to acknowledge themselves as paupers and willing recipients of charity.

It must not be taken for granted that this splendid service can be obtained in every hospital. In the whole province of Ontario, for instance, there are not more than a score of hospitals that are capable of rendering the ideal service I have outlined in this narrative, and Ontario is at least as well off as any other province.

From these down we find hospitals that are lacking in one essential or another, until we come to the hospital in the smaller town that is often an apology for the institution that it should be, devoid of the very essentials for any attempt at scientific, or even ordinarily proper, treatment of disease or injury and often maintained at a cost that is entirely disproportionate to the work that it is doing.

Poorer Service than Pauper Gets

Conditions similar to those obtaining in the hospitals are found when we come to examine the profession and the abil-

ity of its individual members. In the cities we find men who have gradually developed themselves in one line of practice; they have spent some years in general practice, very probably, but have kept themselves in touch with the work in the greater hospitals. Usually endowed with sufficient means from some source to relieve them of the absolute necessity of earning their living, they have given their time freely to the charity services in the clinics with the result that they have gained a wealth of experience that has driven them higher and higher in the estimation of the public, of their fellow practitioners, and at the same time in the service of the hospitals with which they have been connected.

From these down one can trace men of varying degrees of ability to the jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none.

And it is to these men of the inferior type, that the great army of our workers, whose annual earnings net under a thousand dollars, must often turn in their time of need. Because they have built or bought their homes; because they have accepted their share of the upkeep responsibilities of their communities; because they have retained their independence and are willing to undertake any sacrifice rather than acknowledge themselves recipients of charity, they are debarred from any of the advantages that they might have had in the treatment of their diseases or injuries, had they been fortunate enough to have been paupers, in which case they would have had extended to them the privileges of the ideal organization that we have just considered.

Hospitals are an economic necessity; they stand open every minute of the year with a trained, organized and well disciplined staff and all the necessary equipment ever ready to render aid and relief to the sick and suffering or to restore, as nearly as possible, the lost functions of those who may have had their deranged by disease or injury. And no one knows the minute when he or someone very dear to him may have to intrust his lives or whole future usefulness to the organization, the equipment and the ability of the attendant staff of some hospital or other.

When the thinking people of the nation are brought to regard hospitals in this light; when they are made to realize that if the hospital is to stake its reputation on the work of its doctors, it must have complete supervision and authority over them and power to dictate who shall and who shall not work in its service. When they have learned that a service such as we are maintaining in our great hospitals for our paupers, would, if extended to the entire populace, effect in money, in time, in human efficiency and in human lives an almost inestimable annual saving; then we shall see a campaign to compel every inhabitant of the Dominion to contribute his just share to the spreading over the face of this country a series of institutions that will revolutionize the health and welfare of the nation and remove from the real builders of our commonwealth a burden which they never should have had to carry.

Details of Working Basis

Under the system which I have suggested, the superintendent of the hospital would be in complete authority and would have under him a salaried

staff of doctors each devoting himself to one definite line of practice and all combining their efforts wherever necessary to give to the patients the very finest service possible.

In the cities and towns could be established a series of Federal clinics attached to which would be an office, consulting, and an outside visiting staff, all on salary and working on much the same arrangement as those in the hospitals. Charity would become a thing of the past in medicine; everybody would co-operate in the maintenance of this service, and all would be equally entitled to the benefit of it. If accommodation superior to that provided by the Federal Hospital were desired, the municipalities, or individuals, could by arrangement with the Government build separate buildings connected with the hospital in which this could be provided and a charge made that would be commensurate with the elaborateness of the service provided. The medical service would be extended to this building without charge. In short,

we would bring within the reach of every inhabitant the ideal service which we outlined as being maintained for our paupers to-day in our greater hospitals and that without other cost than that of their proportion of the tax imposed.

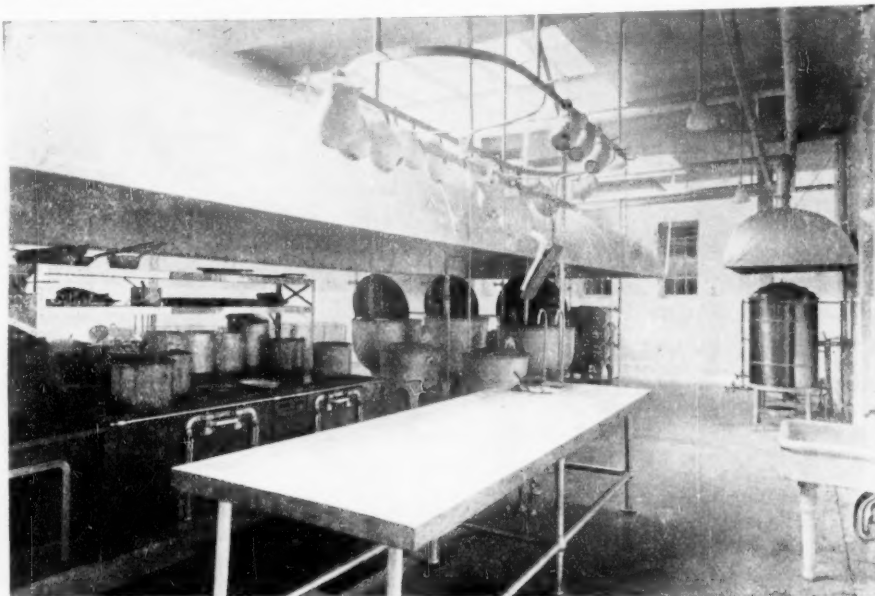
With the rapid advances that are being made in medicine and surgery, it is becoming every year more difficult, and more expensive, to maintain efficiency and our present system must give way to something of the nature that I suggest if the great mass of our people are

to receive the benefit of these. The fraternal societies have, many of them, long used this plan; most of our industrial plants and all our railroads have adopted this method of protecting themselves and their employees; so it is but a step further to widen this plan that it might include every inhabitant of the Dominion. Germany has occupied a high place in the world in scientific medicine because she has for many years had many of the features of this proposal in operation, and other countries of Europe have made significant advances toward such an ideal.

It may be that some wealthy would-be benefactor of the human race will come forward and endow a fund to search out all the information that would be of service in the consideration of this great question and place it at the disposal of the people, the press, and the Parliament.

So may it be!

Let there be light!



A section of the kitchen of the Toronto General Hospital—The equipment in this department is very complete

Fit Yourself for Bigger Work

THE first article in a series on efficiency prepared by Geo. H. Shepard, appeared in the last issue of MacLean's Magazine. The second article will be found starting on page 14 of the present issue.

The value of the articles will be appreciated when it is learned that the writer, George H. Shepard, is manager of the Emerson Co., of New York. The Emerson Co. is an organization built up by Harrington Emerson for the exploitation of the principles of efficiency in all walks of life. The articles will tell much of the gospel of efficiency, as laid down by Mr. Emerson and in writing them Mr. Shepard has been in close touch with his chief, so that the ideas may safely be said to have emanated from the man who is justly termed the "High Priest of the New Science."

A word about Harrington Emerson will be in order. Writing of him in a contemporary, Herbert N. Casson says: "Harrington Emerson is the man who made efficiency a national slogan. It was he who startled the nation by saying: 'I can show the railroads how to save a million dollars a day.' It was he who first discovered for himself the principles of efficiency in a remarkable career."

The new science is a development of the present century. The word efficiency was adopted by Emerson

and it has been accepted as the best possible designation of the study which leads to the execution of best work. He has ever since done a great deal to spread the teachings of efficiency through his own personal efforts and by training in experts to teach others. His personal achievements form the strongest possible proofs of the possibilities of efficiency. He was engaged by the Santa Fe Railroad for a term of three years and the remarkable results which he produced are still pointed to as the high-water mark of railroading efficiency. In one Pittsburgh plant he cut the yard gang down from seventy to twenty-six by means of a dispatching-board. In the Topeka railroad shops, wages were increased 14 per cent., costs were reduced 36 per cent., and the output was moved up 57 per cent. A Canadian engine-plant made five locomotives a week instead of three, without more men or more machinery.

Are you interested in making yourself more efficient, in increasing your earning capacity? Do you want to fit yourself for bigger work? By studying the articles now running in MacLean's, which embody the principles laid down by Harrington Emerson, the opportunity of fitting oneself for a higher sphere is presented.

Do not miss a single issue.

Number 723: By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER



A TIRED little street dragged its aimless way through the village, stopping only when it reached the Solenski cottage. This structure consisting of but one storey and one room, in common with the hundred others like it, turned shyly away from the road as though to discourage the prying eyes of any curious neighbors who might pass. Visitors were few, very few; the priest and the tax collector. One came seldom, realizing that his visits were apt to be fruitless as far as material reimbursement was concerned, and the other came frequently, hoping to circumvent the visits of the first and render unto Caesar the things which were Caesar's, so to speak.

And except that she was unable to provide each with that which he sought for her spiritual aggrandizement and material indebtedness; except that Dimitri had had little or no schooling and toiled so hard; except that pretty little Anna would have no dowry and that stoop-shouldered, book-loving Feodor could not be supplied with books—aye, and except that the cabbage pot seldom saw the piece of meat which gives to the national dish such appetizing flavor, and that the tea, perforce, must be very weak, Katrine Solenski was happy. The law of compensation provides a strain of indomitable happiness in the nature of the Russian-Polish peasant, when there is absolutely nothing under the sun to make them happy.

Pretty little Anna and her mother bustled about getting supper. They always bustled over any task, no matter how simple. It seemed to lend more importance to their work. They moved constantly between the stove, the table and the window; Anna peering into the early dusk for a sign of Dimitri, Katrine giv-

A Strong Story that Throws New Light on the Immigration Problem

ing another turn to the soup, changing the position of the loaf of coarse, black bread, or passing her hand over Feodor's dark head, where it rested in the hollow of his arm. The boy was looking far beyond the confines of the little hut and dreaming his youthful visions. Many people called him 'queer.' It is a very common definition of genius.

"Saints! But the wicked boy does try my patience!" scolded the mother, totally unconscious that she told an enormous lie, for which she would never know enough to ask absolution. Dimitri try her patience? Why, the bare idea was preposterous!

"Perhaps the master has kept him," defended gentle Anna, also unaware that championing her elder brother was wholly unnecessary. "See, mother, the snow is falling—it is not really dark. Indeed, I am sure it is quite early."

The three shaggy dogs which shared the room with their masters, rose suddenly and cocked their ears.

"He is coming," said Feodor, dreamily. "I can hear him run."

Dimitri passed the two small windows which overlooked the road and without waiting to kick the snow from his boots, entered by the door which opened at the side of the cottage.

Although trembling with eagerness to take his family into his confidence, he remembered the Ikon, cheap and gaudy—but benevolent, nevertheless—and murmured a hastily perfunctory prayer. Then, "You can't guess!" he cried, radiantly. "You can't guess who has sent me a letter!"

"A letter!" they all echoed, and the dogs barked sharply.

"Aye—a letter," and he waved a soiled sheet beneath their very noses. "Andre Herlebuc! He writes me this all the way from Canada, telling me to come out there without delay. Why, mother," dropping his voice to a whisper of awe,

"Andre says that I cannot earn less than 'two dollars a day.' Tell us, Professor Feodor, what magnificent sum that equals in the good

Czar's money!"

They stared at one another open-mouthed, never having thought to sit down. It was too stupendous a thing to be grasped quickly; great joy and great sorrow leave the mind in the same stupid state of bewilderment, and Katrine was not accustomed to large events.

"But that is not all." The boy's voice shook with excitement.

"No?" queried the mother, doubtfully.

"He has sent me money for my passage, so that I can leave at once! Oh, mother—Anna—Feodor—think how our father would have been proud! Think what I can now do for you all!"

His eye traveled quickly over the bare room.

"We can have chairs instead of benches!" He looked with royal scorn at the stationary settles he had helped his father fashion many years before. "And, of course, we will have beds like the nobility—no more sleeping on the range for thee and Anna, mother!" And we can lay by a splendid dowry for our little sister, here, that she may have fine white linen—and—and—our Professor shall go away to school with gentlemen's sons. Saints and martyrs! How mother will dress and what meats we will have!"

"And thou—my Dimitri, what wilt thou have?" asked the mother, smiling crookedly through her tears.

The boy threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh, there is time to think about me! I think I will have a gold watch, and a fine horse, and—and—maybe a wife who will bring children to sit on thy knee!" For an instant his exultation gave way to something deeper, holier, and he bent over to kiss his mother's brow. "But what of supper?" he asked, at once, a little ashamed of his emotion. "Bless us; how you keep a man waiting!"

*Very poor Russian peasants sleep on the range—as many as can crowd upon it. The mother and younger children are given this luxurious berth by the older children. The warmth of the stove, after the fire has died, is very acceptable in the cold portions of the country.

The two women darted about setting the humble meal before him. All was bustle and confusion—with the exception of Feodor, whose dreamy calm was like a patch of heaven's blue in a storm-tossed sky.

"What's this?" demanded Dimitri in a tone which made his sister jump. "This the tea for a family like the Solenskis? Throw it out little sister, and make some more! To-morrow I will buy a pound!"

Ah, what a meal! What noisy drinking of cabbage soup and greedy drinking of strong tea! What tears splashed into the tin cups, to be turned into choking laughter as the black bread got down the wrong throat! Andre's letter was passed from hand to hand, was held this way and that, better to catch the light from a feeble lamp smoking on a shelf in the corner of the room. Finally, it was spread out on the table and pored over by four eager pairs of eyes, with sometimes an interruption from one of the dogs, as he lept up and pawed his master's back. Surely, the wonderful lamp held no whit less magic to Aladdin than did this greasy paper from a foreign land.

Already Dimitri felt himself a king; he boasted and swaggered and promised such riches as would make the nobility jealous. The past, the present was forgotten and he sailed away on the wings of the future until they were all dazzled by his buoyant enthusiasm and confidence. Katrine's heart was like to break as she listened to him; with a sigh she looked into a past from which the roses had faded twenty years or more, leaving only the faintest odor upon which to fasten memory. She saw herself a bride, blushing under the hot whispered promises of Ivan Solenski; she, too, had sailed away to the Land of the Future where roses bloomed and were to be had for the taking. Most of them had died before she reached the spot, but perhaps their hearts were yet alive and they would bloom again for Dimitri. In a New World.

With strength which many a man might envy, she strangled her agony at the thought of losing him and hid it from view. She must give her boy cheerfully to that land in which gold was plentiful, in which he could have a fine horse, a gold watch, and a wife who would bring

him many children. He should not be discouraged by the ache which was nearly suffocating her, or by the flowing tears of gentle Anna.

"Peace!" she cried sharply—very sharply for her. "What a noisy lot! Should the reverend father happen upon us to-night, he would think that the devil had bewitched us all! Hast thou consulted him, Dimitri, or said aught to the doctor or the master?"

"How could I? I came running home as fast as my legs would carry me to tell you the great news, first. To-morrow will do for the others."

The news quickly spread. Dimitri was a personage in the village. He was approached from several quarters in the matter of securing like good fortune for others of the townfolk. Mothers with grown daughters noticed him particularly

at mass when they might have been otherwise employed; even the village shop-keeper passed the time of day and made a

the land of New York. Did she join him? No—no—no! God, indeed was cruel! But how could anyone find a wife with babies in the great land of New York?

Surely, Dimitri was a fool and Katrine was ten thousand fools to let him go. That Andre Herlebuc was always a fine lad to boast. No good would come of it, they would see. Still, if he would be so headstrong, if Katrine would be ten thousand fools, why, then, let him take these knitted wristlets. And see, here was a silk handkerchief fit for holiday wear. And behold, if here was not a muffler made years ago—when eyes were brighter and hands steadier, for—for—well, never mind, for whom! Alas, he would never need it now, at any rate, and God bless the fine young man!

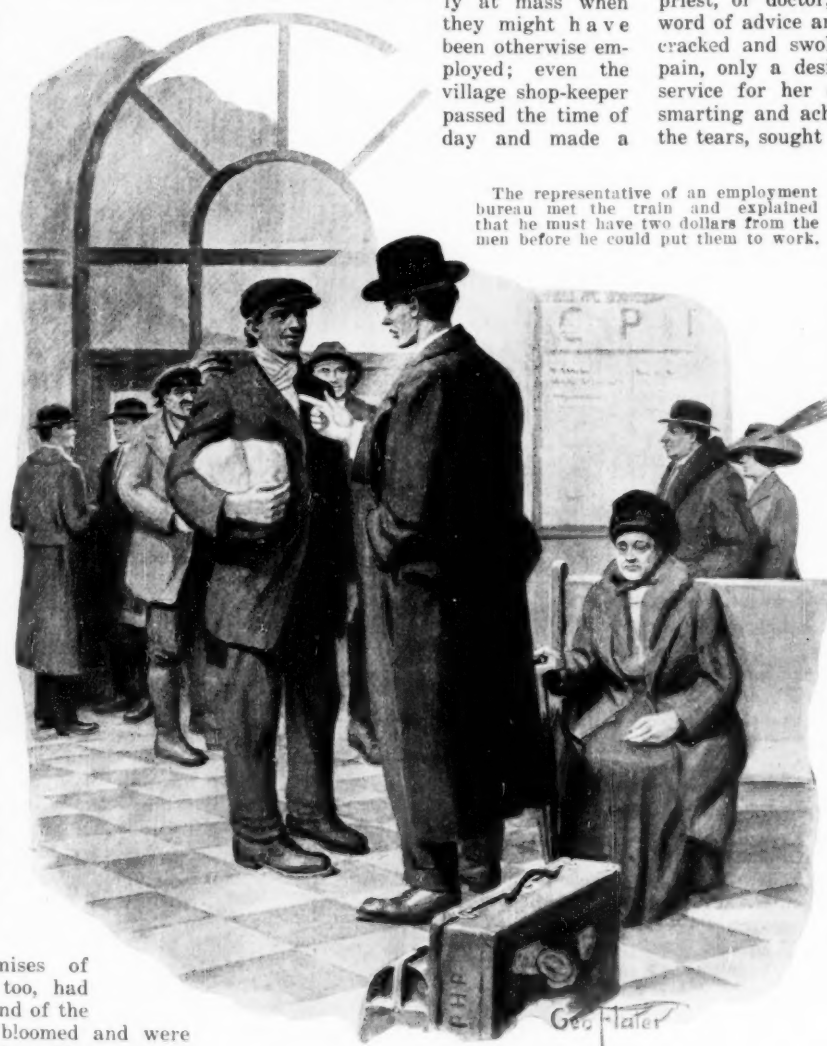
Twice a day or more, Katrine could be seen in her bright red skirt, racing to priest, or doctor, or the master for a word of advice and comfort. Her hands, cracked and swollen with cold, felt no pain, only a desire to perform further service for her eldest born. Her eyes smarting and aching from holding back the tears, sought out holes to be mended

and buttonless places. Her brain working under high pressure and at unexpected tasks, seemed to lie in her head like a stone, and her heart—ah, me, the less said of it, the better!

Between the priest, the doctor and the villagers, Andre's letter was soon worn to shreds, and it was stoop-shouldered Feodor who saved the situation by making a laborious copy of its instructions. Dimitri knew it almost by heart, but kept it in his bosom because it represented something of his brother's devotion.

The day of parting came. Only when he realized that he was turning his back upon country, friends and loved ones, did Dimitri's joy in going ebb, leaving a swollen throat, a throbbing heart, twisting lips and blinded eyes. He never could remember

how things happened at the last; there was a confused mass of townfolk waiting to wish him godspeed, the drone of the father's voice as he blessed him, jests and advice from his friends, a timid caress from Anna, and a whispered word from Feodor—"I wish you were not going brother!" There was a raucous grinding of wheels and a sudden straining in somebody's arms. He was pushed somewhere, and he heard a babel



The representative of an employment bureau met the train and explained that he must have two dollars from the men before he could put them to work.

laborious joke with him. But a few old crones shook their heads and mumbled. It was a long way across the ocean and boats had been lost. There was the case of Wasil Wonsock, who started out to join his son in America—yes, yes, they all remembered Wasil, who was never found by his son, and who never returned to Poland. And Anna Herminac—no one had forgotten Anna, who set out with the babies to join her husband in

of noises, knew that he waved his hand to them and that his face was wet.

Dimitri had started upon his journey.

Then came terrors to beset him day and night. Suppose he should miss some important part of Andre's instructions! Suppose the boat at Hamburg was full and there was no room for him! Suppose a thousand torturing things which had been known to happen. The great seaport nearly made a coward of him. The hurry, confusion, lack of interest in him and his affairs maddened him. No one had time to explain minute things to Dimitri Solenski; he was only an immigrant going to Canada. Hustle him on the liner, down in the steerage with some five hundred human beings who for the time must herd together like so many animals.

He was on his way to Montreal. But relief quickly gave way before a dread of his strange quarters followed by the most horrible of human ills—seasickness. For days, he lay limply in his bunk fearing death would snatch him from his purpose, and later as his illness increased with the fury of the seas, he prayed that release might come quickly, in no matter what form. Dimitri had never been ill in his life, except once years before when he had a bad throat. He remembered, lying in the dimness of the dungeon into which he and his fellows had been battered down, the tender ministrations of his mother and even little Anna, their solicitations for his comfort, their anxiety for his recovery, their joy in his wolfish appetite when the pain grew less. He realized that the satisfying of his appetite must have caused a noticeable stringency in the larder, although the thought had never occurred to him until the moment of separation from his loved ones. Fancy mother and Anna denying themselves food for him!

He rolled over upon his face and lay in an agony of home-sickness for he knew not how long.

Then, after what seemed years of horror, someone told him that land was sighted; simultaneously, his courage rose, and the waves heaved less. The vessel steadied herself and nosed her way into port.

Dimitri's abortive struggles with English had been crushed during the voyage and he faced the New World with but one intelligible word to his credit—Montreal.

Andre Herlebuc was miles away, in Northern Ontario, so his letter said, and could not, naturally, meet the boat. Neither could he afford to send money for Dimitri to make the trip to his quarters. But he explained with a fair amount of lucidity that after passing quarantine, Customs and immigration officials, Dimitri would be sent to some post to work, at not less than "two dollars a day."

It all came true. The ship creaked and strained at her moorings as though impatient to be off again, as though she said:

"Get the first-class passengers off as quickly and as politely as possible; push the second and third as much as you dare; but the swarm in the steerage? Ach, Gott! Sweep them out, blow them out, drive them out at the end of a lash—anything to be rid of them!"

The young Polack was not handled with especial gentleness as he was herded on a train with several fellow-passengers, but he was too glad to be free from the sea to mind, much. Still dizzy and weak he found the badgering of the officials trying and confusing. They all seemed to have very red faces and very loud voices. He was docile, however, blaming himself almost as much as he blamed

them, for he realized that ignorance of English was to be a serious handicap. "Toronto" was an acquisition, though, gathered from one of the travelers, and it turned out to be another swarming mass of humanity like Hamburg and Montreal. It also proved to be a place of bad luck for it was there that Feodor's letter disappeared. A link between home and himself seemed to have snapped when Dimitri discovered his loss. He was thankful, however, that the instructions had been carried out thus far without a hitch, and according to the sanguine Andre, he had now but to put himself in the hands of an agent, who would surely find him work at not less than "two dollars a day."

It was true, also. The representative of an employment bureau met the train and explained that he must have two dollars from the men before he could put them at work. This was a blow, for Andre had not mentioned this necessity. Crestfallen, the boy held out his money in a hand which was not quite steady and allowed the stranger to take all but a few small coins. They looked as pitiful and lonely as he felt, for there is nothing like being ignorant of money values to stamp the feeling of isolation strong upon an alien. Dimitri's money had been changed in Montreal, and when the representative had taken two dollars, he had about thirty-five cents left. His companions refused to make the payment, and called him a fool, as he obediently followed "the master" away. Thus another link between him and his country was severed. He could not have imagined a place holding so many people and not one of them Polish!

He was taken to the spot which according to a crooked sign was the office of Antonio Salvatori, and with much ges-

Continued on Page 134.

The Cup of Fear and Trembling

By STUART B. STONE

With war in Mexico occupying so large a share of public attention, the following story will be of unusual interest. It tells of a trip to a temple of the Sun worshippers and is replete with all the mystery that shrouds the religious observance of the ancient inhabitants of tropical America. It may seem perhaps unreal, but remember—there may be more in the knowledge of these Southern disciples of strange occultism than is dreamed of in the every-day philosophy of modern races.

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

MR. FITZHUGH came out of the blue room with a queer, half-merry, half spite-of-the-devil-and-Tom-Walker smile on his face, such as they say the Captain, his father, wore before the old gentleman got tangled up with the high gods at the equator.

"Tompkins," he said, in his playful, mocking way, "you don't happen to wear the golden, galling yoke of matrimony? You haven't any encumbrances such as men-servants, maid-servants, wives, oxen and triplets?"

"I have not, sir—thank God," I answered, thinking of my cousin, William Prewitt, who married a widow with seven children, including two sets of twins.

Mr. Fitzhugh set his handsome face in a kind of a comical sun-grin, but his voice trembled a little. "How'd you like to go gunning after high-dinky-dory priests who can turn you into a pillar of salt with a wink of an eye? How'd you like to go mate with a top o' the Andes princess with eyes like Royal Egypt's and the kiss that kills with the sweet of it? How'd you like to go a-questing for the treasure of the single-orbed, cross-legged god Xaquixapetl and the Cup of Fear and Trembling?"

"Great heavens—not that!" I cried. "Anything but that, Mr. Fitzhugh!" I had heard them tell how Captain Walker went forth from The Cedars as blithe and chipper a gentleman as the one who

stood before me. I had seen him come back from that hell's-girdle of an equator with his hair as grey as a meat-house rat and his limbs drawn and crooked and his spirit broken. I had heard him babble on his death-bed of eternal fires, of beautiful vestals and sorcerers of priests—God help him! I can't get it out of my mind to this day. "Heaven save us—not that accursed Cup," I pleaded. "Besides, what would Miss Lucile say?"

The queer smile died on his face and he took on the soft, gentle mood of his mother, whom the Quezguil priests had slain. "You're right, old Tompkins," he murmured. "I'm the one to go and go alone. But it's Miss Lucile who wants

the Cup. She's just given me carte blanche instructions to get it—and, bless her, she shall have it."

I stepped up then and shook his hand. It wasn't every day that I, a farm overseer and general handy man, shook the hand of a Walker; but then, this was for the Cup. "My father went with your father," I told him. "Where you go, I go." Mr. Fitzhugh smiled cheerily, nearly crushing my fingers in his bear's grip. And so that part of it was settled.

Captain Walker had brought the Cup of Fear and Trembling to The Cedars the time he came back from the Andes, twisted and seared from the torture of the Quezguil priests. It was a pretty enough toy, of solid Peruvian gold, shaped and carved like an old Roman urn and set with a hundred glistening emeralds of Atacama. I'm no jeweler, but I should say the Cup was worth a good fifty thousand; and the Captain always said it wasn't the twentieth part of the loot of the high gods of Quezguil.

He had been adventuring around the South Seas trying to mend the Walker fortunes, which have been bad enough for generations. It was at Callao that a Norway skipper told him of the Cup and the high gods. It was somewhere back of Cuzco, in a mountainous, feverish, poison-jungled land, where the natives worshipped the sun, the moon and a lot of bandy-legged, diamond-eyed deities. There was loot for a fleet of Barbary pirates; and many a bucko-adventurer had gone over the Cordilleras, but few had come back.

It was just the kind of a will-o'-the-wisp tale to set the Captain a-fire, and he got up a handful of an expedition and set out. For weeks they fought their way through alli-

gator swamps and monkey-groves and over peaks as high as Babel. Then one day, after the rest had starved, drowned or deserted, the Captain and my father stumbled into the valley of the gods. The loot was there in a great temple guarded by a lot of foxy priests and beautiful vestals. The upshot of it was that the Captain and one of the vestals fell in love, making off with the treasure, Cup and all. They hid in the mountains for months, uniting themselves by some kind of a fire, blood and water rite that the Quezguil people used; and Mr. Fitzhugh was born in an eagle's eyrie on the roof of the world. Then the priests discovered them. They tortured the vestal, Yngaine, to death, and they racked and seared Captain Walker all but to death, and sent him, my father and the babe across the sierras. In some outlandish jest they let him take the Cup of Fear and Trembling.

The Captain came back to the Cedars and the Cup sat on the mantel in the blue room—green and fiery-gold as the sea at sunrise. The bauble would have raised the mortgage on the place without difficulty; but the Captain never would part with it, until one day it disappeared just as though the earth had gulped it down. The Captain lingered on for three years; but he was a hopeless cripple and the fire of his spirit was gone. He would sit and watch the boy moulding mud pies in the sun, and mutter of an old Quezguil legend about Mr. Fitzhugh being some kind of a heathen dignitary. The priests had branded the design of a new moon upon the boy's neck, and the Captain would hint about the youngster being the son of a vestal bought with the life of a white man, a fact that seemed to be of unusual signifi-

cance. But on his death-bed Captain Walker swore that the boy should never cross the Tropic of Cancer and pledged him to Miss Lucile, Mr. Sanford's pretty, little daughter.

Mr. Fitzhugh grew up to be a handsome young man, tall and straight like the Captain, but dark and dreamy-eyed like his poor little vestal of a mother. He had that easy, happy-go-lucky do-nothing way that they have from Colon to Punta Arenas and it didn't appear as though The Cedars was going to be restored in his generation. Miss Lucile was exactly his opposite. She had fire and dash and was first in everything—leading cotillions, riding after hounds, china painting or making pretty French speeches. They seemed fond enough of each other in a way, but Miss Lucile used to taunt him about his idle, careless ways and try to spur him up to accomplish something. Then came the night when she dined at The Cedars, and something she said must have stirred that strange mixture of blood in his veins.

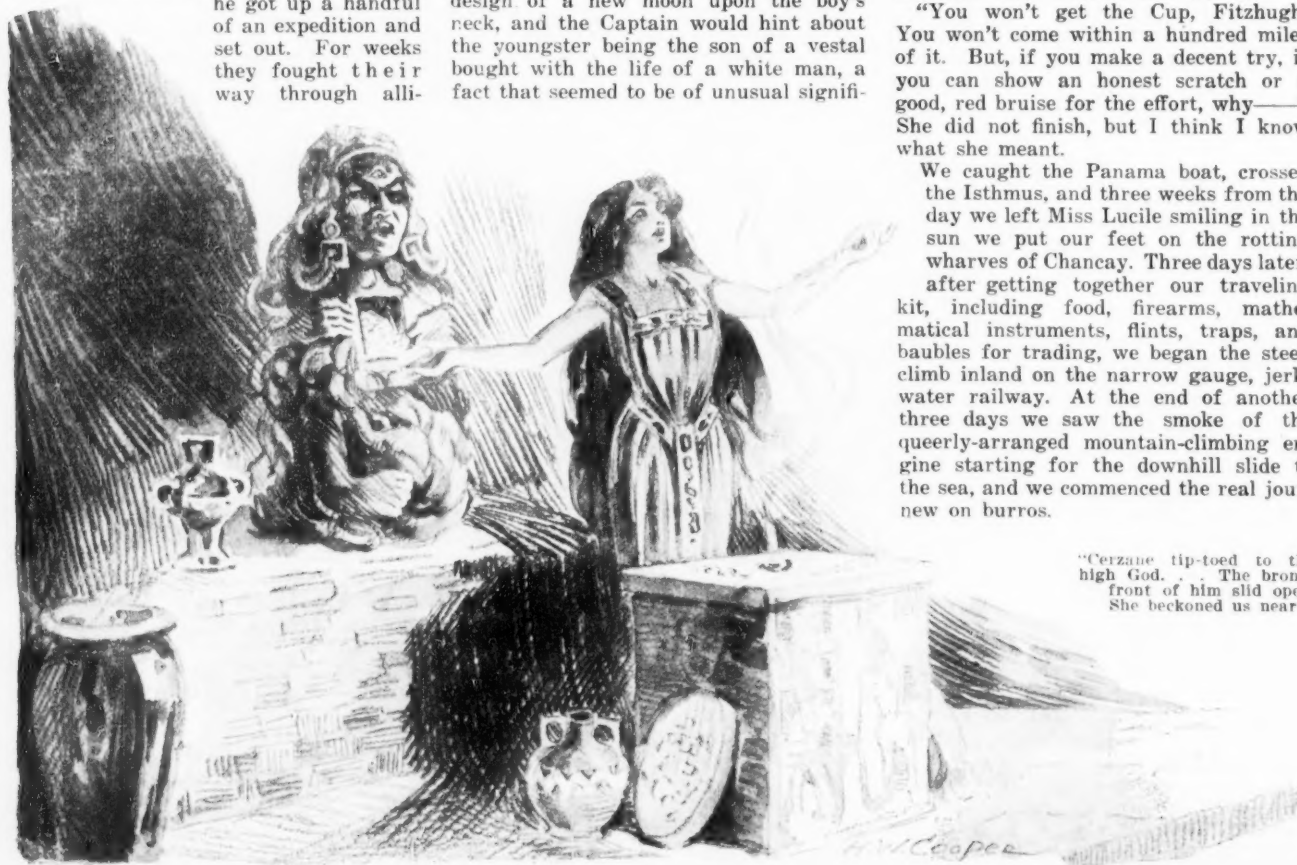
"We'll bring my lady the Cup of the Hundred Emeralds, if we have to operate on the high god Xaquixapetl and take it from his appendix," he said, in his half-jesting, half earnest way. "We'll bring back the loot to restore The Cedars, and we'll have presidents and ambassadors extraordinary dancing the stately minuet in its halls once more, Tompkins." And it looked as if he did mean to try for once.

In a week we set out for Montreal. I was standing so close that I couldn't help but hear Miss Lucile's last words.

"You won't get the Cup, Fitzhugh. You won't come within a hundred miles of it. But, if you make a decent try, if you can show an honest scratch or a good, red bruise for the effort, why—" She did not finish, but I think I know what she meant.

We caught the Panama boat, crossed the Isthmus, and three weeks from the day we left Miss Lucile smiling in the sun we put our feet on the rotting wharves of Chancay. Three days later, after getting together our traveling kit, including food, firearms, mathematical instruments, flints, traps, and baubles for trading, we began the steep climb inland on the narrow gauge, jerk-water railway. At the end of another three days we saw the smoke of the queerly-arranged mountain-climbing engine starting for the downhill slide to the sea, and we commenced the real journey on burros.

"Ceizane tip-toed to the high God. . . The bronze front of him slid open. She beckoned us near—"



I do not propose to outline the precise route we followed after leaving that little, stucco-built, palm-grown, sky-high town of San Iglesias. There have been enough good men to cross that trail of blood, starvation, venom and miasma already; and if there's ever honest occasion to go back, the full directions are to be found in Captain Walker's papers. It's a good three hundred mile downward jaunt from San Iglesias, beginning where the earth comes precious near to scraping the under edge of high heaven and ending in a green, smiling valley shut in by straight, dizzy cliffs and fair enough for any jewel-eyed, Turk-squatting god that ever saw a sacrifice.

The first day out Mr. Fitzhugh potted a mountain lioness just in time to keep the big cat from scratching his heart out. Then I stepped on a sleeping boa constrictor and wondered why I ever left The Cedars. It wasn't a week before one of the burros stepped into an abyss that must have let him out somewhere on the coast of China.

"The burro won't bring back the Cup," said Mr. Fitzhugh, "but the poor devil's made a decent try, eh, Tompkins?"

"Decent enough to satisfy anybody," I answered, wondering what Miss Lucile would think if she could have seen Mr. Fitzhugh with his week's growth of black, silky beard and his dirty, red sweater, leading a solemn-eyed jennet over the top of the world.

A few nights later some green-eyed, hell-snarling giant-cat clawed the life out of the other burro and we had to leave most of the ammunition and provisions. Then we snaked down cliffs where you couldn't see the bottom; crawled on smelly, skin-irritating, rain-bow-blossomed vines over foaming torrents; skirted the alpine lakes of the great puna, keeping well below the snow line; pulled each other out of sucking quicksands, and built huge bonfires to awe the velvet-footed, fire-eyed things that come at you by night in the cordilleras. At first there had been a great many of the mongrel-blooded mestizos, living their lazy lives out on the old terraces left by the Yucas on the sides of the sierras. Then as we descended into the vast, trackless montana, with its numberless quinine-yielding cinchonas, cocoa-palms, tropical fruits, incense, and india-rubber trees, we encountered frequent bands of wild Indians; and it was astonishing how Mr. Fitzhugh picked up their throaty chop-talk just as he had picked up the smoother syllables of the mixed breeds. But as we emerged, shaking and sweating with swamp-fever, into the desert beyond, even these primi-

tive people vanished, and we plodded for a week over a scope of hot, dead sand where the sun shone on no living thing except a species of herb with heart-shaped leaves, large, violet flowers with heavy odor, whose thick stems ramified through the crescent-shaped sand-hills.

Finally the provisions and ammunition gave out, and it looked like a case of lie down and wait for the condors. I made matters worse by stocking up with fever, and I suppose that in my delirium I must have implored Mr. Fitzhugh to go back. I have a misty recollection of him holding my head in his lap and smiling like Satan himself, it seemed to me, as he said:

"We're getting close to the Cup, Tompkins, old man. Cheer up. We'll show Miss Lucile many a good, red bruise yet."

We had cleared the desert and I was flat of my back with the rocks and bushes whirling about like dancing dervishes, when Mr. Fitzhugh came back from a little exploring jaunt, whooping and yelling and thumping my aching bones.

"Eureka!" he screamed. "We're there, old man. I can see the temple of the Most High and Ugly Xaquixapetl through the pass. Rout the germs from your blood and let's go for the Cup."

I staggered up and followed him to the narrow pass. Right under our feet, where the mountain sloped gently down into a perfect garden of the gods, lay the Sacred City. It was a cluster of some fifty pagoda-like, brick and stone houses, shut in on three sides by perpendicular walls of rock, five hundred blessed feet high. On a knoll in the centre was a square, rock-built temple, half covered with tropical vines and supported by huge columns. Totem-poles rose here and there about the village. A procession of some kind was in progress and the smell of burning meat came up.

"Memories of Delmonico! I'm starved," trebled Mr. Fitzhugh. "Let's go down and eat the high god's sacrifice."

"Maybe they won't take to us," I chattered, the fever making my teeth rattle

like minstrels' bones. "Maybe we'd better lie low and slip in to-night."

He shook his head. "When we take the Cup of Fear and Trembling back to Miss Lucile, it must be with the high gods working for us, not against us."

We scrambled out of the pass and walked down the slope. By the time we reached the outer ring of beautifully-carved pagoda-houses, we could hear the procession chanting—rising and falling, sweet and clear, like the music in the cathedrals at Christmas time. They were headed for the temple—olive-skinned, beardless, eagle-nosed people running from five feet to five feet four and wearing robes of gorgeous colors. They must have seen or heard us, but they made no sign, and we fell in behind. There was a tremendous flight of stone steps, exquisitely carved with animals, suns, moons, gods and things, running up to the colossal pillars of the temple; and the procession halted at the top of these and faced about. A little, crafty, old man, with a skin like a faded deed, held out his palm to us and sang out in their choppy lingo, which is mostly "quez," "cac" and petl." Mr. Fitzhugh stepped up and mumbled back at him; they jabbered away and made signs, and then Mr. Fitzhugh turned to me.

"I can't make out all the old fox says, but they've known we were coming since we struck the desert. It's the festival of Xaquixapetl and we're very welcome."

The old high priest turned, the chant swelled up and died away, and the procession went into the temple.

It was like a great, gloomy, empty hotel-lobby, with immense pillars carved with birds, beasts and deities, rising to the roof, and the floor made up of squares of many-colored tiling. At the far end of the chamber was a stone pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and upon

Continued on
Page 137.

—And I saw in the altar-light such a gleam of gems and gauds and gold as I may not hope to look upon again."



The Science of Leading Men

What a Business Executive Must Do to Achieve the Fullest Measure of Success

By GEO. H. SHEPARD

This series of efficiency articles, by Geo. H. Shepard, which started in the last issue of MacLean's Magazine, promises to be one of the most valuable features ever presented. Mr. Shepard is a prominent member of the Emerson Co., an organization built up around Harrington Emerson, the leading exponent of efficiency. Mr. Emerson has done more to make efficiency the master word in business to-day than any other exponent of the New Science. His teachings are being widely adopted and in the series of articles now being presented in MacLean's, readers have an opportunity to acquire a close insight of the Emerson principles.

WE are the creatures of three things, heredity, environment, and will.

Someone has said that heredity is the ship, environment is the ocean, and the will is the navigator. The master of a sailing vessel on the Great Lakes cannot make the voyage of a North Atlantic ocean greyhound; but, within the limits of his land-locked waters, and at the speed of his own craft, he can sail what course he will.

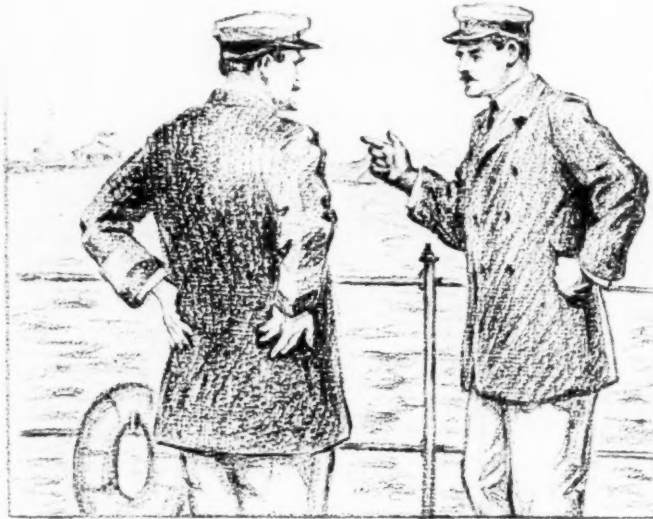
The will can even powerfully modify the effects of heredity. Taking thirty-three years as the average difference of age between generations, a middle-aged person now living is the descendant of two hundred and fifty-six persons, who were living in the early part of the seventeenth century.

Every one of us has a vast variety of heredity, which must contain many counterbalancing elements. If we draw from the haughty noble, we draw also from the humble peasant; if from the hangman, also from Lady Bountiful; if from the village drunkard, also from the village parson; if from the town fool, also from the learned scholar.

The characters of these ancestors have come down to us and exist in us, but environment has brought some of them to the surface and presented them to the world as the character of the man of to-day. Other characters remain submerged, below the level of consciousness.

The will can select for development the strong, good and able qualities that one's heredity has brought him and for continual repression and resulting atrophy, the weak and bad qualities. Such self-education is a long, slow, and always necessary process.

It is possible, under the influence of powerful emotion, of strong suggestion, or of a crisis in life, to make a revolutionary change, to transform the character, to turn down the inherited qualities hitherto manifest and to bring to the surface others not previously recognized. The wonderful reformations of character that have been produced by



The duty of the ship surgeon was to report the matter to the captain—which he did.

religious conversion, show that it is possible to plow up one's personality, to turn down the weeds on the surface and to expose fresh soil on which to grow a good crop; while the quick results of that intense psychic experience show that it should be sought for the strengthening of character.

Even as to one's bodily infirmities, a strong will co-operating with personal hygiene under the guidance of a competent physician, and combined with careful study of methods by which one's weaknesses may be spared and his strength brought into action, can accomplish much.

We have, of course, within limits the choice of our own environment.

As Gulick says, though we often speak of the will as something separate from ourselves, yet it is evident that one's will is in fact, only himself acting.

It is then evident that, within limits, not only is one master of his course in life, but that even if he neither chooses nor builds his ship, he can greatly alter it, and that he has considerable choice of the waters that he is to navigate; in short, that, in great measure, one determines for himself what kind of a man he shall be.

Next to one's own personality, that of

his assistants is of prime importance, especially that of his immediate lieutenants. Industrial managers commonly fail to appreciate the importance of what is known to military men as the Chain of Command, and also lack of knowledge of how to use it. This can perhaps best be explained by quoting from a writer on military affairs:

"It is obvious that a commander of a military force cannot deal personally and directly with all those under his command, but only with a limited number of subordinate commanders. Each of the latter in his turn conveys his will to his own subordinate, and this gradually broadening system, called the 'Chain of Command' is carried on, till every individual of the force receives his orders. These orders are

founded on the original directions of the Commander-in-Chief, with modifications and details added by each lower authority in the chain, so as to suit the special circumstances of his own command."

It therefore appears that an order received by any one below the immediate lieutenants of the Commander-in-Chief consists of two parts, the original command of the chief and those applications of it which are due to the officers intervening in the Chain of Command.

In issuing any order to his subordinates, an executive therefore has two problems, to make clear and unmistakable the essentials of the task; that is, to set before each of his own lieutenants, the proper main ideal; and to leave to every lieutenant opportunity to work out the amplifications necessary for his own force.

When the U.S.S. Oregon was coming around South America to reinforce the Atlantic fleet of the United States at the outbreak of the Spanish War, the Navy Department cabled long and detailed instructions to her commander, Captain Clark, at Rio de Janeiro. He replied, "I can bring the Oregon through. Please do not hamper me by instructions."

Clark's main ideal was to effect a junction with Sampson in West Indian

waters. That was properly set for him by the Navy Department. As to overcoming the difficulties that beset every moment of the voyage, that was properly left to the man who was in contact with them, and who knew more about them than any one in Washington possibly could. However, the lieutenant cannot successfully work out details, and the chief cannot therefore be sufficiently relieved of them, unless the former has both the necessary character and the necessary ability. Hence the great importance of correct selection of the lieutenant.

Selection of Lieutenants

Some men of great ability otherwise are notoriously poor judges of men, and seriously impair their work by bad selections of their associates.

It would unduly expand these articles to take up the work of employment experts and the claims of character analysts. Any one interested along those lines must be referred to the writers on those specialities.

An executive is, in any event, chiefly interested in the choice of his own immediate assistants. A person, to be considered at all for such an assistantcy must already have made something of a record.

As Dean of an engineering college, I had very good success in the selection of new members of the faculty on the basis of their records alone, so that I know this method to be capable of practical application, where the positions are of enough importance to draw applicants of known records. The method chiefly fails, I believe, from lack of attention to three elements of the candidates' records:

Character.

Physical capacity for work, and Ability to deal with people.

I am speaking here of the executive who has to rely on himself for the selection of his associates. If the task is of enough magnitude to warrant the employment of expert advice, that is another matter.

In whatever way an incumbent may be selected for any position, his record therein should be a matter of interest and concern. The discussion which will follow on the principles of standards and of records will explain how the performance of any employee may be watched and judged.

It is a corollary to the Chain of Command that any executive must confine his personal attention to those essentials which he has to set before his immediate lieutenants as their tasks; to set them correctly, to keep informed of the progress of those lieutenants in achievement, to judge them accordingly, and to hold them to proper responsibility; to

give those lieutenants the backing of his own executive authority; constantly to recall them to adherence to his own ideals; and to co-ordinate the work of every one to that of all the others.

The Executive and Detail

Many executives fail from trying to give too close personal attention to details which should be left to their subordinates. In consequence they leave undone their own major tasks in the control and direction of those subordinates and a little failure in this respect much more than counterbalances a great deal of improvement in those details to which the chief may have given his personal attention.

At the same time it is usually necessary to keep subordinates braced up to their work by a certain amount of personal attention to details; but, as such attention must necessarily occur very seldom on any particular detail, it should if possible, come like a bolt out of a clear sky, unexpected and unforeseeable. If this can be accomplished, so that the personal attention of the chief is possible at any moment, he achieves something of

work of which he has had no personal experience. An engineer rises through grades in which his duties have been purely technical, until he becomes a works manager, and suddenly finds himself responsible for an accounting department. A salesman rises to be sales manager, still dealing with problems of selling only; but merit there makes him general manager, and he at once finds himself in authority over manufacturing. Either may go on to be president of the company and become the superior of its treasurer. Besides this, progress is continually filling in behind and beneath a man processes and methods which were unknown, when he was at that stage of his development, and with which he has no longer time to acquaint himself in detail.

The only way to deal with this difficulty is by willingness to take advice, and not only that, but by diligently seeking it from competent counsel.

In earlier days a know-it-all attitude on the part of superiors, combined with resentment of advice, or even suggestion, was common. It seemed to be even expected and considered a part of their

necessary dignity, but it has now been a long time since I met a man of that kind in a position of any importance. The stress of present conditions has eliminated him.

It is a popular and unconscious joke to call the prevailing type of industrial organization military. On the contrary military organization offers to industry a solution of many problems, including this one.

Von Moltke introduced into the

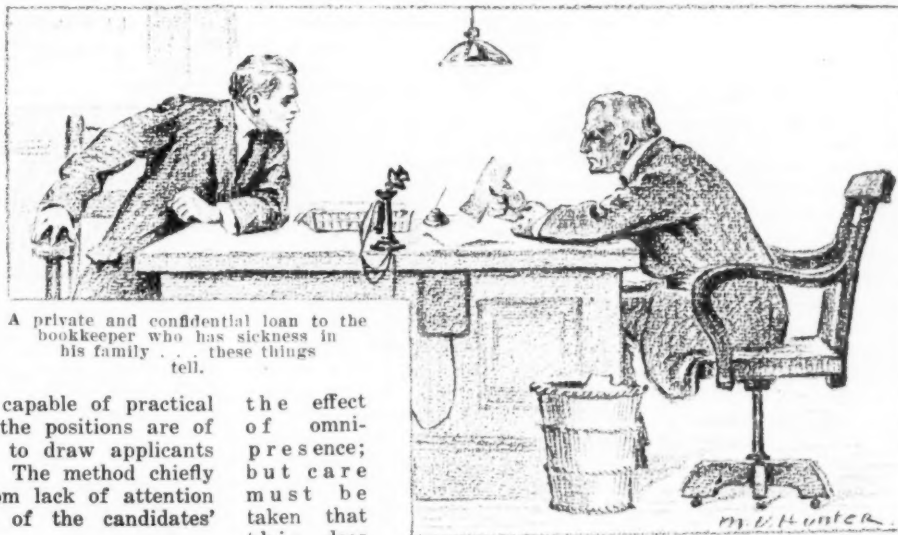
Prussian army staff as a supplement to the line, and this organization has since become universal in military forces and is coming into use in industry.

The fundamentals of line organization are epitomized in the quotation cited on the Chain of Command. This chain extends through the staff, of course, as well as through the line.

The line comprises those people who are directly engaged in the production of results, the staff is auxiliary. To illustrate from the oldest organization, infantry, cavalry, and artillery are line; the rest of an army is staff. In industry three divisions of line are recognized, finance, sales, and manufacture; and the rest is staff.

Particular activities are sometimes difficult to assign; but the outline classification holds good.

The attribute of the line is authority, and its function is to achieve. The attribute of the staff is knowledge, and its function is to advise.



A private and confidential loan to the bookkeeper who has sickness in his family . . . these things tell.

the effect of omnipresence; but care must be taken that this does not make great demands on his time, so that his own proper duties are neglected in consequence.

In the main it is immeasurably better to rely upon proper standards and records, and upon discipline and efficiency reward based upon them.

A chief can not deal with his own immediate subordinates without close knowledge of their work and conditions. If a chief sets a task for a subordinate without positive knowledge that the task is feasible, he cannot hold the latter responsible for its achievement. If he tries to do it, either the subordinate will present excuses that he cannot penetrate; or, if he ignorantly takes a chance and gets rid of the subordinate, he merely delays the work, breaks up his organization, and is in no better fix with the successor.

Grappling with New Conditions

Conditions continually force upon the man in general management charge of

Staff organization is unfamiliar to most industrial managers, and they find it peculiarly difficult to get the idea of an important staff officer without authority, except over his own staff subordinates, the doctor over the nurse, the chief engineer over the designer and so on.

Action Rested with Captain

The following incident illustrates the relation between line and staff. A warship was in port, and the surgeon discovered that the water overboard was so contaminated with sewage that not even distillation made it safe for drinking. The ship made her drinking water by distillation of the sea water. The surgeon, a staff officer, had no authority to order the ship's evaporating plant shut down and the crew furnished with other water to drink. His duty, which he did, was to report the facts to the captain. The responsibility was then fully upon the captain, the senior line officer. If military necessity had obliged the ship to remain in that position and no other supply of water had been available, it would have been the captain's duty to disregard the doctor's warning, and to expose himself and his ship's company to the danger of the sea water, the same as to any other of the risks of the service; but, in so doing the responsibility would have been absolutely his, the mere making of the report had cleared the surgeon. As no such necessity existed, the captain ordered the evaporators shut down, and the ship supplied from on shore with water fit to drink. The shut down and the new supply were both by order of the captain, a line officer, not by that of the doctor, a member of the staff.

Battleships have fought and won victories with less loss of life than would probably have resulted, if the captain had not known that the drinking water was dangerous; and it was not reasonable to expect him to know it, except by providing him with a sanitary expert as a member of his staff and by requiring him to receive the advice of that expert and to give it due attention.

The commander of a naval vessel not only has under him as line, marines, seamen, and stokers; but he has as staff, paymaster, surgeon, and chaplain; that is, he is continually provided with expert business, medical, and humanistic advice. The commander of a naval station may add to these, naval constructor, civil engineer, mathematician, chemist, and experts in submarine work and in flying.

The industrial manager may need any or all these, and he is likely to need also the lawyer, the private detective, and others. No set rule can be given. The principle is to find what kind of expert advice is needed, and then to provide the person to give it.

The "Committee System"

This does not mean that a small plant must have a lot of high-priced experts on its payroll. The principle of personnel must here be headed off by the principle of common sense. There are consult-

ing experts in all lines, who can be called in when they are wanted, just as one consults his lawyer, or his physician. The same man may be at once line head of a department and consulting expert to other members of the organization in matters of his own specialty. There is some use of this form of staff in the common "committee system."

A committee may be needed, to provide competent counsel for some line officer. An example of this is found in a certain works, the sale of whose product is largely dependent upon its appearance. An officer of the sales department is charged with its design. He is advised by a committee consisting of the superintendent of the factory, the master mechanic, and the efficiency engineer. In this case the committee exercises staff functions only. It can advise the designer, but the authority over and responsibility for designs, rest upon him only.

On the other hand several persons, the work of each of whom is closely connected with that of several others, may be brought together into one committee, in order that they may work harmoniously. In another plant, the superintendent, the assistant superintendent, the head of the maintenance department, the tool room foreman, the chief clerk of tool records, and the efficiency engineer are all greatly concerned with tool and machine problems. They are all organized as a tool committee, which holds frequent and regular meetings and devises the best means for tool and machine maintenance and repairs, designs, tool room records, and advises on tool room problems and general tool questions.

Whether such a committee as this should be staff to every one of its members, or whether it should have line authority over them, is a matter of expediency in every case. Before giving such a committee line authority over its members it must be seen that by so doing the several chains of command in which its members are links, will not be broken, and that the authority of its several members is not weakened, nor their responsibility divided.

Laughed at Carnegie

American iron masters laughed at Andrew Carnegie, when he first employed a chemist in his steel mills. No one would now think of operating such a plant without a chemical laboratory and a staff of chemists; but industries like tanneries and pulp and paper mills, which, quite as much as steel works, are industrial applications of chemistry, are trying to get along without chemical advice.

Beside the regular staff, there is a mine of usually undeveloped knowledge in every plant in the minds of the workers. The people who are right next to the job have a better knowledge of details than any one else can possibly have, and many of them have good ideas as to how improvements can be made.

In a certain plant which I was investigating, the general superintendent, with considerable pride, pointed out to me a man who was doing work which had

formerly required two men. Observing the man closely, I saw that he had reduced his operation to a few definite motions which he repeated again and again at great speed. An engineer would have felt some pride at having done that, and thereby having increased efficiency one hundred per cent.; but this workman had done it unaided.

I later asked the foreman what the workman had got out of it. He replied, "He didn't get anything at all out of it, until he kicked for a raise. Then we gave him a cent more an hour." I remarked that it would have paid to raise him more than that. "Why so?" replied the foreman, "He can't go anywhere else and get any more."

That was perhaps true, but the stingy policy of that concern plugged up a source of revenue just as it was beginning to flow. The man who could effect that improvement was capable also of others, if he had been encouraged to make them.

As for the workman himself, he realizes every day that he is saving his employer nearly two dollars from the former cost of the job, and that all he is getting out of it is a beggarly ten cents a day which he has to wring from the boss by a demand. Is it to be expected that he will ever again try to make any improvement or save any money for that concern? Instead, it is exactly this kind of experience which has convinced so many workmen that the only safe course for them is to produce as little as they can without losing their jobs.

The workman who made the improvement should have had a reward so substantial that he would have lain awake nights, trying to devise others. Not only he, but every other worker in the place would have been trying to make good suggestions, if only he had been treated fairly.

The Value of Suggestions

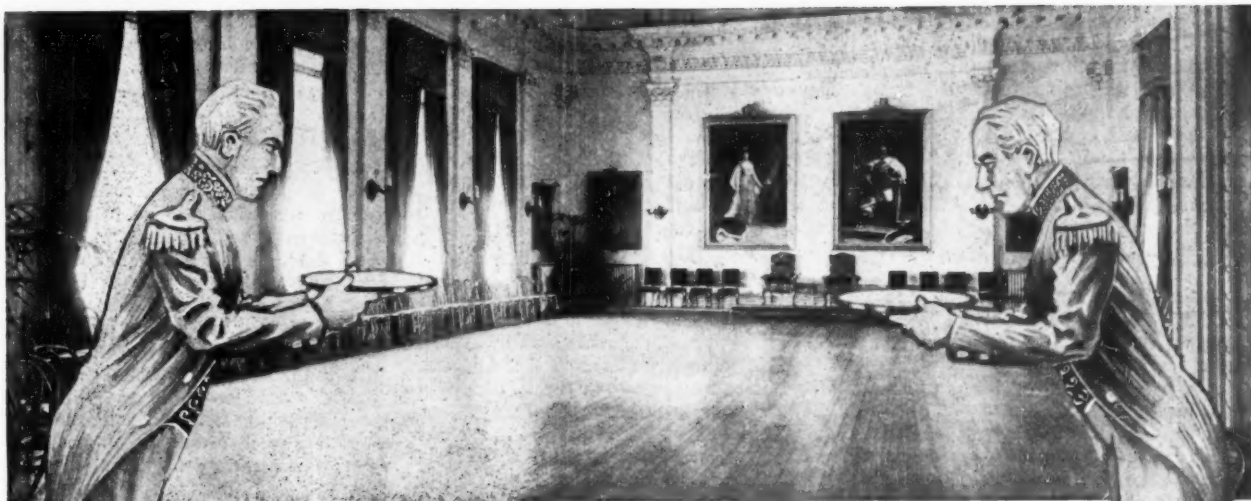
In the most efficient industrial concern with which I have ever come into contact, regular means are provided for every employee to make suggestions to the management. This is right. The office boy may know better than any one else how to keep the postage stamps from being stolen.

In this concern all suggestions go before a committee, and several cash prizes are awarded every month for the best suggestions made during that time. Not only that, but, if any employee of the grade of foreman or above goes for considerable time without making a suggestion, he gets from the general manager an inquiry as to whether he has gone to sleep.

In closing the discussion of personnel, I would say that, in order for an executive to be efficient in the control of his subordinates, he must inspire in them respect, fear, and love.

Respect comes naturally with the office, but the man must hold it by showing himself worthy of it. He must do this by showing ability at his own task, by setting his subordinates an example of the

Continued on Page 134.



A Week-end at Rideau Hall

By MARY GORDON

To Canadians generally the details of royal etiquette are not well known. When a prominent citizen receives an invitation to spend a week-end at Rideau Hall, it is accepted in many cases with a certain degree of trepidation. What must I do and what must I not do are questions which are apt to loom large in the mind. The accompanying story gives the experiences of a couple who spent a week-end with the Governor-General and serves to show the dignity and simplicity of Rideau Hall etiquette.

ONE day a letter came from the Royal household at Ottawa asking us to come up for the week-end. That seemed the culmination of honor. Henry had received all kinds of flattering offices and propositions, ever since he took over the bread and cake-making business, but none so over-powering as this.

Naturally, the only thing to do was to look over our wardrobe and engage a compartment on the midnight train, for Friday.

The Friday seemed rather ominous. Or would have, if I had been other than a sane person, with rational ideas about such things.

Of course, in my heart I was profoundly proud of the invitation, but, after all, we are only simple folk, formerly from a small town. So I was really very much worried. And I began to bemoan the day that Henry ever took it into his head to buy the whole bread and cake-making business for himself. This thing people call sudden wealth has a great many disadvantages. I remember how hard it was at first for me to keep away from the kitchen. And, of course, a real lady never goes into the kitchen.

Well, that was the situation.

Friday night found us in our compartment on the train. Henry tried to hide his nervousness, but I knew he was just as frightened as I was. I haven't been married to him all these eighteen years for nothing. The train swayed and rocked. I scarcely slept a wink. I kept thinking that something would happen. For it was coming on toward spring, and

the frost was leaving the rails. I almost hoped that something would happen, so that our journey would be prolonged. Just a little accident to cause delay. Henry slept quite soundly, to judge from the snores that came from the upper berth.

If I could only have turned back home! But the train pounded on and on. Clickety, click clack, clickety, click clack, over the rails, and Henry snored!

It must have been almost five o'clock when I fell asleep. And I dreamt that I woke up in the morning and couldn't find my shoes, and had to go to Rideau Hall without any! So I don't know that sleeping was any better than being awake.

At ten minutes after seven, I got up. There wasn't a stir anywhere, except the porter, who walked back and forth, outside the compartments, waking people up. It seemed that we were getting near a junction, where one changed trains for Quebec. We come from the East.

I took a long time dressing, so that the minutes would not drag. When I got on the train, I wanted to prolong the journey, but I felt so tired after a sleepless night, that now the trip couldn't be ended soon enough. I seemed to have reached the state of indifference. I wanted to be in some quiet place, away from the clickety, click clack of those train wheels.

About nine, we went in to breakfast. I wondered what all the people would think if they knew we were going to spend the week-end at Rideau Hall.

Now and then, Henry would put down his knife and fork, lean back in his chair

and say something about the Duke or the illness of her Royal Highness. Usually, he would end his remark with: "Mighty nice of them to ask us down for a couple of days."

And people from the other tables would look up from their plates, and steal envious glances at us. Henry evidently enjoyed it, but I never could endure being stared at. I always imagine there is something wrong with my bodice or skirt.

The hours dragged terribly after breakfast. I went into the observation car, while the porter made our berths. I pretended to read, but didn't see a thing on the page. Henry was having his morning cigar in the smoker. I could imagine I heard him talking to the men in there, telling them that we were going to Rideau Hall for the week-end. Lunch was just about the same as breakfast. Only we were met by more stares, when we went into the dining car, and three or four waiters ran to put us at a table. I knew that Henry had been talking.

I took a little nap after lunch. Henry went into the smoking car again. We were due in Ottawa about four. I began to feel more nervous. Of course, we would not see their Royal Highnesses until dinner time. That was the way people did in England, when they gave big house parties. The hands of the clock in the observation car moved slowly. It was ten minutes to five when we pulled into Ottawa. My heart was beating like a sledge-hammer. I thought my head would burst. We filed off the train, with the rest of the people. It was good to get a breath of fresh air. A boy with a red

cap grabbed our bags and rushed in and out among the crowds. There was a long line of people lined up inside the iron railing. The boy with the red cap waited, a minute or two, for us to come in through the gates. He set our bags down near a door that seemed to lead into a tunnel.

"To the Chateau, sir?" he said, when we caught up with him.

"No," Henry said, in a loud voice. "Get a hack. We're going to Rideau Hall."

A couple of men came hurrying up to us. They evidently had heard Henry speaking to the boy.

One of them spoke to us.

"Pardon me, but are you Mr. and Mrs. Henry Higgins?"

He had a low, English-speaking voice, very soothing in such a din.

Henry admitted that we were.

And another man in a funny kind of uniform took our bags, and hurried away with them.

The man with the nice-speaking voice said: "Oh, just come this way, if you please. The motor is just outside the door. We'll send for the boxes later."

"Boxes?" Henry repeated, rather perplexed.

"Yes, or trunks. You call them trunks here in Canada."

"Oh yes, trunks. We didn't bring any. Just the two suitcases."

Probably there might have been an expression of mild surprise on the deli-

cate well-bred face, but it faded in an instant.

"Oh, very well then. We're all ready."

So we were going to be taken up in the royal automobile!

It was the most beautiful limousine I ever saw. And the two gentlemen were so simple and nice! I found out afterwards that they were aides. They asked us if we had had a pleasant journey, and talked quite like anyone. Except that their voices were so much lower and sort of softer than most of the voices one hears in Canada.

We didn't seem to be five minutes going from the station to Rideau Hall. And my nervousness was almost all gone. One felt so at home with the two aides!

We swung in through the big gates, along the graveled driveway, in and out amongst rows of trees. Rideau Hall is situated back from the street a long way. I always wanted Henry to have the house built back from the street. I think likely he'll build another now that he knows how Rideau Hall is.

Someone was waiting at the door. A flunky in a beautiful scarlet coat and black velvet breeches, and powdered hair! He looked just like those you read about in novels. He opened the door of the limousine for us. Another stood waiting to take the bags. Another was on the steps, and still another inside the door.

It was all done so quickly that I didn't have time to think of my nervousness. A lady was in the hall, waiting to shake

hands with us. She was Miss York, lady-in-waiting to her Royal Highness, the Duchess. She took us into the drawing room where all the royal household were waiting to receive us!

How different it all was, from what I thought! And I thought we wouldn't see their Royal Highnesses till dinner time! They were quite as unaffected as anyone, much more so than some of the people at home, who have only their money to make them affected. It was such a pleasant surprise! We chatted with them for a few moments, the Duchess asked us if we would like tea before going to our rooms. But I was not feeling like tea, just then. I wanted to go to my room, where I could be alone and think things out. Why had I always had the impression that royalty was so affected and unapproachable? Just from the "They says." Now I knew for myself. The mere fact of royalty being royal was enough. That was the reason for their naturalness.

I'm sure Henry was relieved too. I could tell that by his face. One of the aides took him to his room, and Miss York came with me. A bright fire was burning in the grate. And such a pretty room. Everything was so cosy and homelike!

A maid came in to unpack my bag. I was just going to begin unpacking it myself when she came. I was so glad I hadn't begun. For it would have been



The drawing room of Princess Patricia at Rideau Hall.

humiliating to have had it all done when she came.

"Has your box come up yet, madam?" she asked.

I did not answer for a minute.

Then I remembered. A trunk!

"No, I didn't bring any."

"Then you will wear this gown for dinner, madam?"

She held up the only evening gown I had brought. What else could I wear?

"Yes, that is the one," I managed to stammer.

She moved about very quietly, hanging up blouses, and the only afternoon dress I had brought. Then she went into a small room adjoining. It was the bathroom. She turned on the bath. Now, I was not in the habit of bathing in the afternoon. But this was not home. And besides, it was nice to have all those things arranged for one.

A fragrance like crushed violets came from the bathroom, when the maid opened the door and announced that my bath would be ready presently. Then, "Is that all, madam?"

I nodded.

"Very good madam, dinner will be served at a quarter to eight."

Then she seemed to sink out of the room.

I began to enjoy the luxury of this royal simplicity. And I determined to advertise for an extra maid as soon as I got home.

The bath made me sleepy. And perhaps, the quiet of the place. For it was the most restful I ever knew. So I lay down on the bed, for a half-hour or so, before dressing. The fire crackled in the grate, and sent a glow across the room. I wondered how it was that we never had such a restful room in our house.

Someone tapped on the door. I jumped up. The handle turned, before I had time to say, "Come in."

It was Henry, all valeted and bathed.

"I'm going down to have a hand at billiards before dinner." He was already dressed.

"But—but, where shall I meet you?"

"Oh, I'll be in the drawing room. We all meet there before dinner."

Henry was becoming quite at home, I thought. But Henry always was like that. Maybe that's how he's done so well in business. He said something about "the wonderful system of things here," and walked out of the room.

I lay down again to get a few minutes' rest, after my sleepless night.



A view of the conservatory at Rideau Hall.

I woke up, with the sound of tapping on my door. It was the maid. She came in to say that there was only an hour before dinner. Was I ready for her?

I was not. So she went out again, saying that she would wait till I rang.

At twenty minutes to eight, everyone was in the drawing room. Some more guests had arrived, while I was sleeping. The Duke took me in to dinner, while the Duchess took Henry's arm.

It was the most delicious meal I have ever tasted. And their Royal Highnesses seemed to know the personal interests of each guest. I could not imagine how they knew. I remembered telling Miss York that I was vice-president of the Foundling Institution at home. But I had not mentioned it to her Highness.

Princess Patricia has a sense of humor. She does not talk much, but seems to have the knack of seeing the fun in anything that has fun in it.

There was a musicale at Rideau Hall that night. Singers were there from Montreal, and there was a local pianist. Their Royal Highnesses mingled with the guests, making everyone feel perfectly at home. In fact, that seemed to be the secret of all their successful entertainments. And they have brought so many of their own things over from England, that it makes Rideau Hall seem much more homelike. They have vases and china of their own, and innumerable photographs. The Princess seems especially partial to her own personal things, and likes to have them around her.

When the guests had gone, we stayed in the drawing room, a little while. The

Duchess said good-night, about half-past eleven, and Henry and I went up to our rooms. I told the maid to wake me at half-past eight. That would give me plenty of time for breakfast and church. Miss York had asked me if I preferred my breakfast in my room, or would I go downstairs. I preferred it in my room.

What a beautiful sleep I had! It was such a relief after the swaying of the train, the night before! I did not wake till the maid tip-toed in, and stirred the coals in my grate.

She prepared the same fragrant bath, and arranged my clothes for me. I could hear Henry being valeted in the next room.

The Duchess was not up when we went downstairs. His Royal Highness was about early, and also Princess Patricia. The Princess is a great

walker, and was just starting out for her morning five miles. She had on a black velvet skirt and orange sweater. She was dressed so sensibly for a long walk.

Miss York and a couple of the aides came to church with us. None of the other guests were up. But we all met at lunch. The Duchess was downstairs, and the Princess, looking the picture of health after her long jaunt.

After lunch, her Royal Highness asked us, if we would like to go for a drive. It was such a beautiful springlike day, I longed to see a bit of the country. So we went out about half-past three, for a long motor ride. We went all around the Houses of Parliament, where the debates and arguments had been going on. They looked so peaceful, that Sunday, I almost thought the newspaper reports must not have been true. But, as Henry says, you never can tell, by the looks of a place, what may be going on inside. Maybe there were men working in there, that very day, Sunday and all though it was. Henry says that politicians have no respect for Sunday or any other day. And we saw where all the Canadian money comes from. The Mint looks more like a jail, than anything else, with its high, iron fence and locks.

We got back just in time for tea. Her Royal Highness was in the drawing room. We hurried out of our motor wraps and came downstairs again. The Duchess poured tea, and everything was as simple as if it were one of our own neighbors. Except, of course, that everything was

Continued on Page 119.

A Test on the Links: By W. B. WALLACE

Illustrated by TERENCE C. MARTIN

How Parental Interference Led to a Wise Selection in the Choice of a Husband

The match-making mamma is recognized as an institution, but the man who permits himself to interfere in the tangled skein of love affairs is occupying an anomalous and dangerous position. It is not always, however, that parental interference results in trouble. Here is a case where the insight of a father led to his daughter finding true happiness. The story is told in a delightfully humorous vein.

"I THINK that I've recovered from this heart attack, and I suppose I can safely return to my law office next week," said Mr Olney, to himself in a ruminative mood. "But since the doctor told me yesterday that another similar attack might be fatal, I've been wondering what will become of Marjory when I go. If her mother had not died—"

Mr. Olney, who had been sitting in the library in his own house, rose and pressed an electric button, and a colored boy in neat uniform soon appeared.

"Where is Miss Marjory, Theophilus?" asked Mr. Olney.

"She's gone off in a mowter-kyar, with Mr. Pottah, sah, to see a tennis tournament, sah. She told me she would be home agin at seven o'clock, sah."

"I don't want to be disturbed by anyone this afternoon," said Mr. Olney.

"Ve'y well, sah," said the boy bowing and turning to leave the room.

The mother and the aunt of the boy had been domestics in the Olney household, and when the mother died Mr. Olney had given the boy employment in the house.

"How are Uncle Peter and Aunt Chloe?" asked Mr. Olney.

"Uncle Pete ain't goin' to las' long; he's got information ob de brain, to-gedder wid an ulster in his stummick. Aunt Chloe is only middlin', thank you, sah. Yistiddy she was turrible bad with the roomatiz, en, dis mawnin' she was in pain, wedder she was a settin', a layin' or a standin', but she's much bettah dis aft'noon."

"Tell her that she must not do any work until she's quite well again," said Mr. Olney.

"Thank you, sah."

"So Marjory is with young Potter again," said Mr. Olney musingly, after the boy had left the room. "I wish I could think well of him. He's good-looking and clever and rich, but there seems to be something lacking in him. He seems good-humored, but, then, he's always had his own way, and a man may be good-humored and not good-natured. Potter's father was clever and smooth-spoken, but selfish and ill-tempered. I hope the son has better qualities than his father. Marjory could never be happy with an ill-tempered husband. So many girls become engaged, thoughtlessly, and enter upon marriage jauntily, as if it were a mere summer's excursion, instead of a life companionship, and the gravest act in a woman's life. Jeremy Taylor says that marriage is the most important die that man can throw, next to the great

cast for eternity, and it is even more vital to a woman than to a man. It would be imprudent for me to say anything to Marjory which might seem like an attempt to check the intimacy between her and this young chap. A parent's opposition often accelerates, instead of prevents, an engagement.

"Now there's young Walter Elliot in love with Marjory also, and I'm certain he is manly, good-tempered and unselfish. It seems strange that Marjory should hesitate between the two young men; but perhaps I'm wrong in my estimate of young Potter. I must devise some scheme to give Marjory a fair chance to test the merits of these two suitors."

The lawyer leaned his head on his hand, and sat in his library for a long while, absorbed in thought.

II.

ON the same evening after dinner, Mr. Olney sat in his library reading a law book, when there was a tap at the door and two young ladies entered.

"Here's my poor old dad," gaily exclaimed the younger one, a fair-haired girl of apparently about nineteen years of age. "It's a shame you should be confined to the house these lovely days, while your daughter is enjoying herself outdoors like a butterfly."

"But really, father," she added, more quietly as she kissed him affectionately, "you were in my thoughts all the afternoon, and I'm going to spend this whole evening with you, instead of going to the theatre with Cousin Louise and Mr. Potter."

"No Marjory," said her father, smilingly, "I must give the law-books the preference to-night, and you must go to the theatre. Was the tennis good to-day, Louie?" he asked, turning towards his niece.

"Yes, indeed," replied Louie, "there were some excellent setts."

"I used to think tennis a fine game, until I took up golf," said Mr. Olney, "and then I realized that there is only one royal and perfect game in the world, compared with which all other games seem insipid and trivial."

"I like golf very much, father," said Marjory, "and when you get really well again I am going to have some more golf matches with you."

"I'm glad you like it," said her father. "I was thinking this afternoon that as you and Louisa play golf about equally well—"

"You mean equally badly," interjected Marjory.

"And as young Potter and young Elliot are in the one class as players, I might offer a couple of prizes to the winners in a foursome match, which you four could arrange to play. Theophilus has often caddied for me, and I'll let you have him as one of the caddies in the contest. The outing will be a holiday for the little chap."

"Isn't that a capital scheme!" exclaimed Marjory rapturously. "But it's only like the dearest, kindest and most thoughtful father that ever lived. A good match would be Ralph Potter with me against Mr. Elliot and Louie, and we could play it to-morrow."

"Agreed," said Mr. Olney. "My only regret is that I won't see the contest. I've missed my golf very much in my illness, and often think of the superb old game. Indeed, one afternoon, sitting here, I was guilty of writing a little piece of poetry concerning it, which I'll read to you both some day."

"You'll read it to us now," said Marjory. "I am not going to leave this room until I hear it," she added, assuming a tragic air, folding her arms resolutely, and making a very comical attempt to look heroically determined. "A corporation lawyer's first attempt at poetry should receive prompt acknowledgment. Your victims are ready now, sir!"

"If the only way to get you out of this room is to read the 'poem,' I'll do so," said her father.

All the world's a links,
And all the men and women merely golfers:
They have their victories and their defeats;
And one man in his time plays many rounds,
His games having seven stages. At first the Caddy,
Dragging the golf-bag with his little arms:
Then, the truant School-boy, with nimble feet,
And fun-expectant face, keeping away
Most willingly from school. And then the Lover,
Playing sweet twosomes; with woeful excuses
Made for his mistress' foibles; then a Star Player
Full of strange oaths, and critic of his "pard,"
Jealous of "honors," graceful and quick in driving
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the championship. And then the "Has Been,"
In fair rounds only, a bit stiff-jointed,
With eyes of care, thin hair, of Nature's cut,
Full of "I saw's," and reminiscences;
And so he plays his part: The sixth stage shifts
From "knickers" to the quiet pantaloons,
With spectacles on nose, and watery-eyed;
His youthful clothes exchanged; the links too long
For his shrunk stroke; and his big, raucous voice,
Turning again to childish treble, chattering
At club-house. Last round of all,
That ends that strange eventful history
He lies in "long grass," past "recovery,"
Sans score, sans club, sans ball, sans everything.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Marjory. "It appeals to me even more than the original lines."

"It's just possible that, as a critic, you would be open to the suspicion of bias," said her father, laughingly. "Now, good night, girls, and be sure to retire at a reasonable hour to-night, so as to be in good form for the contest to-morrow."

"But why should you stay up so late every night tiring your eyes with these dry old law books?" protested Marjory.

"My dear child, you ought not to refer so irreverently to these volumes," replied her father, in mock indignation. "They contain many passages as enthralling, elevating and fascinating as the best lines of Shakespeare or Milton. In proof of this let me read to you a couple of soulful stanzas from Morawetz on private corporations, or would you prefer a few passionate sonnets from Colebrooke on collateral securities, or some sweet selections from the dainty lyric known as 'Cooley on Constitutional Limitations?'"

But the young ladies had fled.

When Mr. Olney was alone again, he chuckled, and said half aloud, "Golf is a great revealer of character. It's a sort of moral X-rays, as a searching test of self-control and temper. An unselfish temper is the best guarantee of happiness in the married state, and this game may disclose the temper of the two young men. Some golfing philosopher has said that the soul is very naked in a bunker.

I remember once seeing a man's soul exposed in all its unattractive nudity when he drove a ball out of bounds. My little scheme may have good results. I want Marjory to have a husband who possesses the qualities of a true comrade, so that she may have a reasonable prospect of enjoying with him the long twosome of connubial life."

III.

LATE in the afternoon of the day of the match, Mr. Olney instructed his housemaid to send Theophilus to the library as soon as the boy returned from the match. The four players had arranged to dine at the club-house after the match, but Theophilus arrived at his employer's home early in the evening.

"Now Theophilus," said his employer, "there are some boys who go to a picnic or an excursion, but beyond being able to tell you the next day that they had a good time, they could not tell you what they really saw. Other boys have excellent powers of observation and can give a very interesting account of what they observed. You might give me a little account of any interesting points in the game you saw."

"Well, sah, Mr. Pottah, heerd dat I wuz a caddy of 'speriunce, so he got Miss Mawjory to let me caddy fo' him, and she

ingaged for herse'f young Clem Jackson, who is reckonized as jes' ord'nary. De game wuz what dey call a two-ball forcem. De two gemmun, fust made a private bet on de match, and de whole pawty stawted off, kinder jolly-like. Mr. Pottah, Miss Mawjory's pawtner, began by drivin' a reg'lar 'mendyous stroke, and Miss Mawjory follered it up pretty well. Miss Louie she didun' play quite so well as Miss Mawjory, en, aldoo her gemmun fren', Mr. Elliot, played studdy, he was not quite up to de perffessional standin' of Mr. Pottah, so, at de end of de mawnin', when dey finished de fus' half er de match, Miss Mawjory and Mr. Pottah wuz ahead by three up. Mr. Pottah was suttinly a cheerful winnah, and wuz most jubilatin' en libely, at de result of de mawnin' game. But, den, dere were de yuther rouns to play, yit. Well, befo' dey stawted on de nex' roun', de ladies and gemmun luncheoned at de club house, and I luncheoned in de reah of de club house, under some bushes, with de yuther tree caddies. And after we caddies had tucked away a pretty good lunch, what do you s'pose Miss Mawjory brought us from de club house? Ice cream!" exclaimed the boy, his eyes

Continued on Page 116.



"Den he up and sez to me, 'Why don't you keep still when I'm drivin.'"

When You Build Your Bungalow

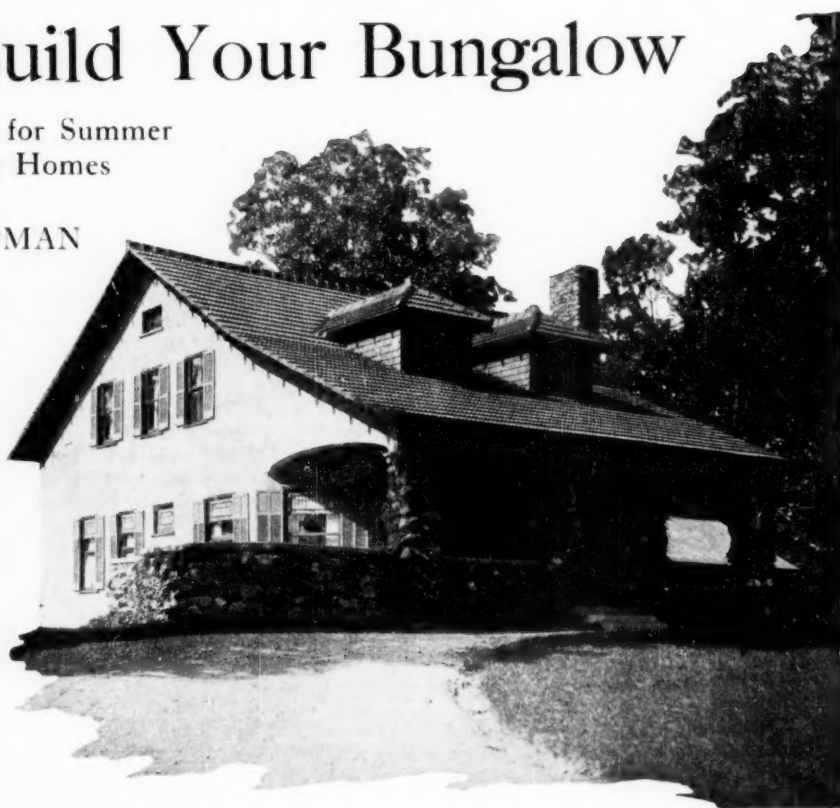
A Sketch of Types and Plans for Summer Dwelling and Permanent Homes

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

A LOW rambling mass with wide verandas, overhanging eaves, floors of stone and single storey construction; these are the characteristics of the true Indian bungalow. It is not the typical native's home but a rest house erected along a main road of travel. Perhaps it is this suggestion of rest that has made the bungalow so popular both as a summer dwelling and permanent home and that has given to every country or suburban house the least informal or picturesque in its lines, the name bungalow. It has even been advised that the new dictionaries define a bungalow as "a house that looks as if it had been built for less money than it actually cost."

It is not easy to design a house of the bungalow type. It is, properly, a one-storey affair, or at least any space on an upper floor is of minor importance. The first difficulty is the separation of the sleeping quarters, the living quarters and the service portion of the house, without wasting about one-quarter of the whole area in hall space. It is not uncommon to see a bungalow plan where the bedrooms open directly from the living-room with perhaps a bathroom across on the other side of the building next to the kitchen for the sake of a condensed plumbing system. If a bungalow is worth building at all, it is worth careful planning so that the life of the household while it may be more informal than could be possible in the city house will still be comfortable and not robbed of convenience and privacy.

The true Indian bungalow usually has its bedrooms strung along a long



A foundation and stone pillars with a low tile roof and dormers give an effect as homelike as it is substantial.

The city dweller, with the old love of space and fresh air and flowers not yet extinct, endeavors to surround himself with as close an approach to country life as city limitations allow. Hence the popularity of the bungalow. It lends itself to artistic adornment and when set in proper surroundings presents almost a rural appearance. The accompanying article will be of particular interest to those who contemplate building a bungalow, but will appeal to all as well.

straight corridor, but unless this scheme is carefully handled the result is likely to savour more of a hotel than a private dwelling. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules in drawing plans but for the simple dwelling or summer home a good basis on which to develop the final layout is to have a large living-room extending through the middle of

the building from front to rear, with the bedrooms opening at one side, the dining-room at the other, the kitchen and service portion extending out beyond the latter. With this scheme the bathroom or bathrooms may come between two adjacent bedrooms open-

ing into each. Of course where you have a hall running between the sleeping quarters and the living-room the placing of the bathroom offers no difficulty.

Another essential in the plan is a porch. Whether it be a broad piazza running right around the building or a deep cool entrance shade with roof extending right down from the ridge-pole, or a series of little fern-boxed dens hidden here and there among stone pillars—the building would not be a bungalow without it, but provision should be made that it will not darken too much of the interior. Where a porch is carried across the entire front or rear, its roof may be broken in the space over the centre living-room windows by a section of uncovered rafters after the pergola fashion. A vine that does not mass too rapidly might be trained over this, or the framework could be covered by a roll awning when desired.

In planning a bungalow for a summer home we may consider two main types, one with the bedrooms and bathroom separated from the living room by a long hall, the other where the bedrooms open directly from the living-room with a bathroom between and opening into both bedrooms. The former plan is more convenient but requires extra space for the hall, and is less compact and bungalowy. Both have sleeping porches, a feature



A good type of bungalow for an inexpensive summer home.

that should never be omitted in planning a summer home. City dwellers pretty generally appreciate the benefit and luxury of breathing a nightful of pine-woods ozone, but they sometimes forget the dangers of pitching their beds on a damp earth floor. In neither house is there a dining-room. The screened porch will answer this purpose ideally, during the greater part of the season that the house is occupied, and on rainy days or cool evenings the table can be set in one end of the large living-room beside an open fire of pine logs. What more could you want?

This would scarcely do for a permanent dwelling though, where we have to provide for year-round comfort and less simple housekeeping. In this we would require a basement or cellar, more bedrooms and less crowded quarters for kitchen work. The plan outlined will be determined to a great extent by the shape of the lot, and of course it is more economical to make it as nearly square as possible to get rid of quirks and corners in the roof—, which is the most expensive part of any building. An "L" shaped building offers excellent possibilities to the architect and if the space on the lot be limited, allows for a square grass plot at the back door instead of a long strip so narrow as to be of little use.

There are several fine points about the "L" shaped plan shown here. The little square porch at either corner of the front is decidedly bungalowy and snug. You would never need to have "Sweet Home" on the door-mat with an approach like this. The vestibule inside the door facing the street besides serving the practical office of taking charge of coats and breaking draughts, gets over the inconvenience of casting the callers directly into the family circle. The living-room fireplace which is placed so that it uses the same chimney as the kitchen stove, has bookshelves built in at the sides—a strikingly solid and handsome piece of architecture if well done.

More of the built-in idea is carried out in the dining-room where a china cabinet fills in the recess beside the coat closet. Any housekeeper will appreciate the convenient arrangement of the kitchen with relation to the dining-room and pantry and the way in which both the service and living portions of the house are isolated from the bath and sleeping quarters, without making it necessary to pass through any of these

will be little sunlight coming in through the side windows. The hall isolating the bedrooms will be longer, but the same convenient communication of rooms is maintained as in the preceding plan. A point of particular importance in building on a narrow lot is to use every possible means of getting light. In this plan the whole of the outside wall of the dining-room is taken up with a bay-window.

Then we have the square plan and as many of our so-called bungalows built for permanent homes have two storeys, we may as well combine the two types in one. A two-storey house is not properly a bungalow, but where it still tries to hold fast to the low, snug, earth-hugging type, popular usage has almost entitled it to the name. The only difference in planning a two-storey bungalow and any other two-storey house consists in the way we use the second floor space just under the eaves. Even where we have two storeys and an attic the slope of the roof still affects the head room in the second flats. The plan shown here with its closets pushed into the low spaces and the smallest bedroom extended to a sleeping porch explains itself.

While we have a pretty free independence in planning the exterior of a house, there are certain main characteristics that rightly belong to the exterior by reason of its location. A sea-coast or lake-side bungalow would naturally be worked out on a long rectangular rather than square plan in order to catch the ocean view and breezes in as many rooms as possible and to get the harmony of a long building paralleling the coast line, the color scheme too

should be influenced by the long gray stretches of sandy beach. White clapboards with gray weathered shingles or perhaps a light gray-green roof may not convey a very attractive picture, but then in its native environment such a house would seem so much at home that we might almost fancy the mermaids coming up and building it in the night. The whole



Top—An ideal style of bungalow for fresh air and sunlight. Note the open air sleeping room and uncovered rafters for porch roof.

Middle—A pleasing combination of frame and cement blocks. The low long lines make this a good type for a hill or raised lot.

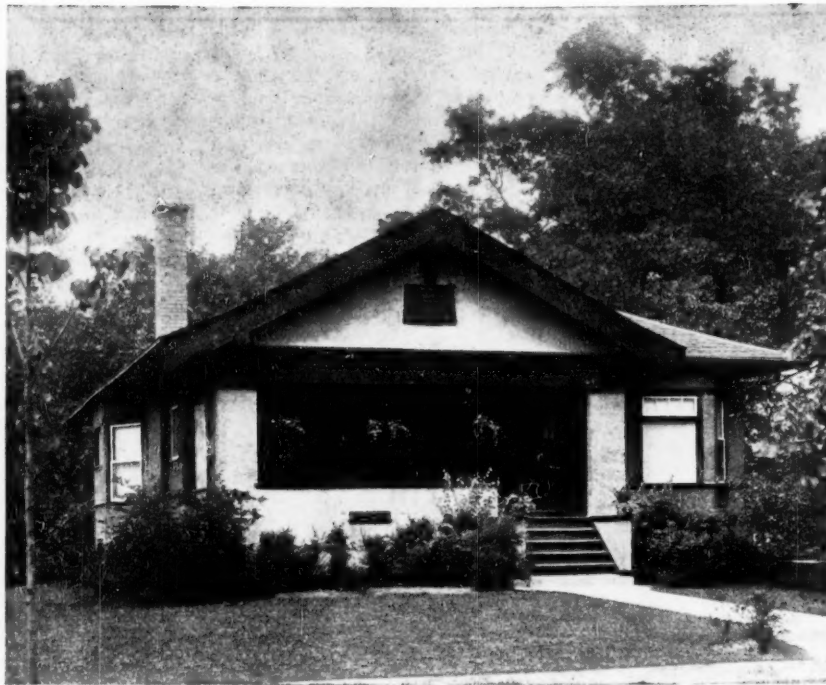
Bottom—A fine, old-fashioned style, with cobblestone chimney and latticed casement. The projecting hipped roof overcomes the appearance of a two-storey building.

portions to get to another,—all this too with little space wasted in hall room.

Where we have to build on a narrow lot our plans are a little more restricted. It is better to have the entrance directly into the living room instead of through a vestibule in order to get as much window space as possible in the front. When the neighboring lots are built up there

aim is to give an impression of peace and stability—to make our bungalows look as though Nature herself had planted them in their surroundings.

For the bungalow in the woods, or anywhere among trees one of the first considerations will be to keep the rooms well lighted. The wide porch roof might be dispensed with altogether. Usually the builder has come from a sun-baked city and would hesitate to cut down any of the trees about his home, but all the benefit and comfort of a home in the woods will be lost if the trees are so thick and near that they bring continuous dampness. A good principle is to have the trees far enough away to shade the space between them and the house rather than the house itself. The ideal material for a bungalow in the woods would be hewn logs, but a log house is both difficult and expensive to build. The same effect can be obtained, though, in a summer home by using slabs nailed directly to the ordinary stud frame leaving a space of from half an inch to an inch between each pair. The open joints are then covered with strips of half-inch wire mesh, and some brown hair mortar mixed, using a generous quantity of hair and



A charming type in frame and stucco where the deep porch, square pillars and window nooks add to the bungalow atmosphere.

about one part Portland cement to three parts sand. This is pressed firmly into the joints until it forms a clinch over the wire mesh, and although the joints open up to a certain extent after a year or two it does not take long to fill them up again. Slabs could be nailed on the inside from the floor up, to form a wainscot, using burlap to cover the walls above it. Weathered shingles also make an

appropriate finish for a wood bungalow.

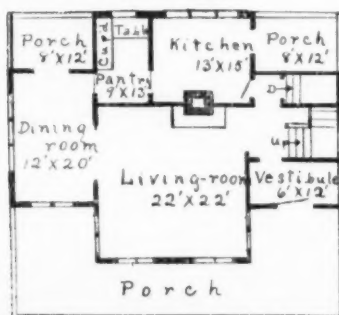
The building of a summer home like this would be a holiday fete for a man who has learned to love the trails of the woods, but unfortunately many of the busy people cannot be spared from the world of brick walls and elevators long enough to hew their own trees and trowel off their own foundations. Still they can build their homes in an incredibly short time—homes to be proud of too, by using "readi-cut" material. The entire supply of lumber for the selected type of house is cut to the exact measurements required before it leaves the construction

company's mills, so the work of fitting and fastening it together is very simple. The expense is considerably lessened too, when material is cut out "wholesale," avoiding the inevitable waste where uncut lumber is bought for a single building.

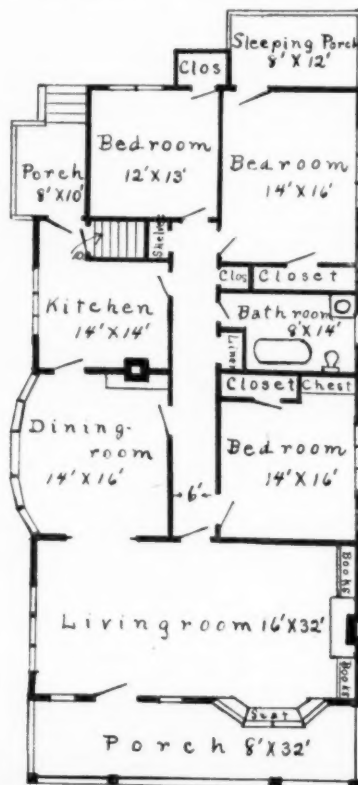
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The spaces where head room is very low are used as closets.



Plan for ground floor of two-storey bungalow.



A typical bungalow plan for the narrow lot.



Types for the summer home. The layout where a hall isolates the sleeping quarters is less compact but more convenient.

Spanish Gold

By GEO. A. BIRMINGHAM
Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD

The Story of a Search for Treasure on the Coast of Ireland and the Amusing Situations which Arose

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The Rev. J. J. Meldon, curate of Ballymoy, a village on the west coast of Ireland, while visiting his friend, Major Kent, comes across an old pocket-book of the Major's grandfather, in which he finds an account of some treasure, supposed to have been hidden by the Spaniards of one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada, on the island of Inishgowlan. The Major possesses an excellent yacht, *The Spindrift*, and they decide to take a trip to the island and search for the treasure, which Meldon is very confident of finding, but of the existence of which the Major is very skeptical. Meldon also owns a yacht, *The Aureole*, a worthless tub, which he lets to a Mr. Langton, who, with a friend, wishes to take a trip round the coast. On arriving at the island Meldon and the Major find Higginbotham, an old college chum of Meldon's, engaged in surveying the island for the Government, and dividing it up into allotments. He informs them he is prevented from completing his work by the obstinacy of one old man, named Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, who owns a piece of land in the very centre of the island, entirely surrounded by other people's land, but with which he will not part at any price. Meldon, not wishing to divulge the real reason of his visit tells Higginbotham the Major is a Government mineralogical expert who has been sent to examine and report on the island's mineral resources. Meldon and the Major start to explore the island and discover they are being followed everywhere by an old man, who turns out to be Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, and who declares he cannot understand a word of English. Meldon tells him they are naturalists looking for sea beetles, and manages to get rid of him; continuing their search, they find an inlet with a hole, which is only visible at low tide, and here Meldon decides the hidden treasures must lie. On returning to the yacht they notice the arrival in the harbor of the *Aureole*. The following day Meldon starts for the inlet and the cave, and on his arrival discovers a man, who is being lowered over the cliff to the entrance of the cave. This turns out to be a Sir Giles Buckley, the friend who is with Langton, on the *Aureole*, and a son of a neighbor of the Major's, who had lately died. Sir Giles would also have heard of the treasure, as his grandfather was a friend of the Major's grandfather, and had visited the island with him. After some discussion, Sir Giles calls out to Langton to haul him up, and both he and Meldon depart, as the tide has nearly covered the hole in the rocks. The following day, Meldon having set adrift Sir Giles' boat to prevent his leaving the yacht, again visits the cave with the Major. They make their way through a long underground passage and eventually find two old iron boxes which, however, are empty. At this point Langton and Sir Giles appear on the scene through a hole in the top of the cavern which it seems is just under Thomas O'Flaherty Pat's plot of land. Disappointed they all return to the yachts, and find that the Government yacht has arrived in the harbor with Mr. Willoughby, the Chief Secretary on board. Willoughby lands to visit Higginbotham and Meldon follows. Higginbotham, in vain tries to dissuade Meldon from seeing Willoughby, who is much incensed at Meldon's tale of the geological survey, but Meldon insists, and we here find him in the midst of a conversation with Willoughby, who is beginning to be amused at his good-humored nonsense.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

"VERY well. I won't. I suppose we may consider the whole matter closed now and go on to talk of something else."

"No. It's not closed," said Mr. Willoughby with a fine show of spirited indignation. "I still want to know why you told Mr. Higginbotham that I sent Major Kent to make a geological survey of this island. It's all very well to talk as you've been doing, but a man is bound to tell the truth and not to deceive innocent people."

"Look here, Mr. Willoughby," said Meldon, "I've sat and listened to you calling me a liar half a dozen times, and I haven't turned a hair. I'm a man of remarkable self-control and I appreciate your point of view. You are irritated because you think that you are not being treated with proper respect. You assert what you are pleased to call your dignity by trying to prove that I'm a liar. I've stood it from you so far, but I'm not bound to stand it any longer and I won't. It doesn't suit you one bit to take up that high and mighty moral tone, and I may tell you that it doesn't impress me. I'm not the British public, and that bluff honesty pose isn't one I admire. All those platitudes about lies being lies simply run off my skin. I know that your own game of politics couldn't be played for a single hour without what you choose to describe as deceiving innocent people. Mind you, I'm not blaming you in the least. I quite

give in that you can't always be blabbing out the exact literal truth about everything. Things couldn't go on if you did. All I say is, that being in the line of life you are, you ought not to set yourself up as a model of every kind of integrity and come out here to an island which, so far as I know, nobody ever invited you to visit, and talk ideal morality to me in the way you've been doing. Hullo! Here's Higginbotham back again. I wonder if he's brought Thomas O'Flaherty Pat with him. You'll be interested in seeing that old man, even if you can't speak to him."

Higginbotham started as he entered the hut. He did not expect to find Meldon there. He was surprised to see Mr. Willoughby crumpled up, crushed, and cowed in the depths of the hammock-chair, while Meldon, cheerful and triumphant, sat on the edge of the table swinging his legs and smoking a cigar.

"You'd better get that oil stove of yours lit, Higginbotham," said Meldon. "The Chief Secretary is dying for a cup of tea. You'd like some tea, wouldn't you, Mr. Willoughby?"

"I would. I feel as if I wanted tea. You won't say that I'm posing for the benefit of the British public if I drink tea, will you?"

It was Meldon who lit the stove and busied himself with the cups and saucers. Higginbotham was too much astonished to assist.

"There's no water in your kettle," said Meldon. "I'd better run across to

the well and get some. Or I'll go to Michael Pat's mother and get some hot. That will save time. When I'm there I'll collar a loaf of soda-bread and some butter if I can. I happen to know that she has fresh butter because I helped to make it."

Mr. Willoughby rallied a little when the door closed behind Meldon.

"Your friend," he said to Higginbotham, "seems to me to be a most remarkable man."

"He is. In college we always believed that if only he'd given his mind to it and taken some interest in his work, he could have done anything."

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it. He has given me a talking to this afternoon such as I haven't had since I left school—not since I left the nursery. Did you ever read a book on pragmatism?"

"No."

"You don't happen to know the name of the best book on the subject?"

"No, but I'm sure that Meldon—"

"Don't," said Mr. Willoughby. "I'd rather not start him on the subject again. Have you any cigars? I want one badly. I got no good of the two I half-smoked while he was here."

"I'm afraid not. But your own cigar-case has one in it. It's on the table."

"I can't smoke that one. To put it plainly, I daren't. Your friend Meldon said he might want it. I'd be afraid to face him if it was gone."

"But it's your own cigar! Why should Meldon—"

"It's not my cigar. Nothing in the world is mine any more, not even my mind or my morality or my self-respect is my own. Mr. Meldon has taken them from me and torn them in pieces before my eyes. He has left me a nervous wreck of the man I once was. Did you say he was a parson?"

"Yes. He's curate of Ballymoy."

"Thank God I don't live in that parish! I should be hypnotised into going to church every time he preached, and then— Hush! Can he be coming back already? I believe he is. No other man would whistle so loud as that. If he begins to ill-treat me again, Mr. Higginbotham, I hope you'll try and drag him off. I can't stand much more."

CHAPTER XVII

MELDON flung open the door of the hut and entered. He at once took possession of the remaining cigar and lit it.

"I met Mary Kate," he said, "and I sent her on with the kettle. By the way, Mr. Willoughby, have you such a thing as half a crown about you?"

The Chief Secretary plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out a number of coins, gold and silver.

"Take it all," he said; "I don't feel as if I should ever want money any more."

"Thanks," said Meldon. "I'll take half a crown. It's for Mary Kate. As

a rule I only give her sixpence at a time, but she naturally expects more when she's fetching water for a Chief Secretary's tea. Higginbotham generally gives her sugar-candy."

Meldon's grin and the look of embarrassment on Higginbotham's face hinted to Mr. Willoughby of a joke behind.

"I wish," he said, "you'd tell me about Mary Kate and the sugar-candy."

"Oh, that story's hardly worth telling," said Meldon. "It was only that she nearly had the face ate off Higginbotham one afternoon."

"She ate his face! But surely—"

"He wasn't trying to kiss her, if that's what you're thinking of. Higginbotham's not that kind of man at all. Besides, she's quite a little girl, though remarkably intelligent. No. There was some slight understanding about some sugar-candy between her and Higginbotham. Both of them came to me and complained. I did what I could to set the matter right. You've not been troubled about it lately, have you, Higginbotham?"

"No; it's all right now."

"Is that all I'm to be told?" said Mr. Willoughby.

"There's really nothing more to tell, and besides I want, while I think of it, to warn Higginbotham about the condition of his bed. I happened to spill some broken glass and a few oars on to your bed this morning, Higginbotham. It

doesn't really matter about the oars. You'd be sure to notice them as you got in, but you might not see the glass. What I advise you to do is to take the blankets and things outside the door and shake them well before you go to bed."

"I don't suppose it would be any use of my asking," said Mr. Willoughby; "but I should greatly like to know how you came to strew Mr. Higginbotham's bed with oars and broken glass."

"I don't think it would interest you much," said Meldon.

"I assure you it would. I can't even imagine circumstances under which it would be any temptation to me to put oars—of all things in the world—and broken bottles into another man's bed."

"It wasn't broken bottles. It was a broken window-pane. The circumstances were these: This morning I wanted to conceal some oars—"

"From?"

"From their owners, and—"

"Oh, from their owners. I see. Stupid of me not to have guessed. Please go on."

"From their owners, who would, or at all events might, have made a very bad use of the oars if they had been able to get at them. Very well. I naturally thought at once of Higginbotham's bed."

"I don't see why you say 'naturally.' It doesn't seem to me at all a natural place to think of. I'm sure I should never have thought of it."

"It doesn't much matter in this case what you would have thought. Higginbotham's bed was the place I thought of at once; and I am still of opinion, in spite of anything you say, that it was a good place. I couldn't open the window, so I smashed it. That's the whole story. I don't suppose it's as good a one as you expected. But you would have it."

"It's better than I expected," said Mr. Willoughby, "and I'm much obliged to you for telling me."

There was a gentle tap at the door. Meldon jumped down from his seat on the table and took his cigar out of his mouth.

"That's Mary Kate, I expect, with the hot water."

It was Mary Kate. She entered the room with a sheepish grin on her face. In one hand she carried a kettle of hot water, in the other hand a loaf of soda bread. The kettle was a good deal



Meldon was struck on the head from behind and rolled over senseless on the floor. "I've settled the curate," said Sir Giles Buckley. "Have you got a hold of the old man?"

the heavier burden of the two, and she had evidently carried it first in one hand and then in the other. Its handle had some flour on it. The bread was mottled with black off the kettle.

"That's a good girl," said Meldon. "Here's half a crown for you. How much money is that you have now altogether?"

"It's four shillings," said Mary Kate.

"There," said Meldon, "I told you she was an intelligent child. Now listen to me, Mary Kate. The reason you're getting half a crown this time is that the gentleman over there in the chair is the Chief Secretary. Do you know what a Chief Secretary is?"

"I do not."

"Well, I haven't time to explain it to you now; but if you come up here tomorrow to Mr. Higginbotham he'll tell you all about the Chief Secretary. How's Michael Pat?"

Mary Kate grinned.

"If you're going to grin like that when I ask you questions," said Meldon, "you'd better go home."

He pushed her gently from the room and shut the door.

"Now, Higginbotham, put that kettle on your stove and bring it to the boil again. And you'd better take a note of your engagement with that child. It won't do for you to be out when she comes. Now for tea."

"Mr. Meldon," said the Chief Secretary, "I'd take it as a personal favor if you'd stay here and see me through the interview between Father Mulcrone and the old man who won't give up his land."

"Certainly. You're not expecting any sort of a fight, are you? If you are, I'd better go and borrow a stick somewhere."

"Oh, no. Nothing of that sort. It's only that the priest got rather the better of me yesterday. He made me promise what will cost the Government a thousand pounds and he'll probably want to get as much more out of me this afternoon."

"That'll be all right," said Meldon. "You leave it to me. Give me a free hand, that's all I ask. I'll manage him for you."

"Thank you," said the Chief Secretary; "he's a persistent man, but if anybody can get the better of him I'm sure you can."

"I suppose," said Meldon, "it was either a pier or seed potatoes he wanted the money for. Probably seed potatoes. The place must be rotten with piers already."

"He wanted both," said Mr. Willoughby. "It was the potatoes I promised."

"Well, I'll get out of that if I can. But don't count on it. I may not be able to manage."

Mr. Willoughby looked rather doubtfully at the loaf of bread with the smears of kettle-black which Mary Kate's fingers left on it. He was not reassured by the way in which Meldon cut it up. The plan was simple. Grasping the loaf firmly, he sliced off long strips. These he laid one by one flat along the palm of his left hand and held them in position by pressing his thumb into the corners. Then he drew a buttery knife across them. Hig-



Sir Giles pitched forward and fell—The bag burst open and the contents were scattered broadcast.

ginbotham laid out his two cups and his slop bowl. They were quite clean. Meldon's hands were not. When tea was over Meldon suggested that they should smoke.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Willoughby, "that I've no more cigars with me. The rest of my supply is on board the Granuaile."

"Higginbotham," said Meldon, "stick your head outside the door and see if the steamer is coming into the bay yet. You must try a fill of my baccy, Mr. Willoughby. I'm sure Higginbotham will have a spare pipe."

He pulled a lump of black twist tobacco out of his trousers pocket and handed it to the Chief Secretary. Then he rose and began to search for a pipe. Mr. Willoughby eyed the tobacco, turning it over and over in his hand. Higginbotham returned with the news that the Granuaile had just appeared round the south point of the bay.

"I fear," said Mr. Willoughby, "that this tobacco is too strong for me. I think that as the Granuaile is so near I'll wait

until I can get some more of my own cigars."

"All right," said Meldon. "I'll have a pipe. I'll step down to the pier as soon as I have it lighted and be ready to meet Father Mulcrone. I'll send the boat back for the cigars. In the meanwhile, Higginbotham, you'd better go and collar Thomas O'Flaherty Pat."

"He promised to come here," said Higginbotham, "as soon as ever the Granuaile dropped anchor."

"Don't you rely too much on his promises," said Meldon. "That old boy has taken you in once or twice already. You can't believe a word these people say," he explained to Mr. Willoughby. "Even Mary Kate would lie to you if she stood to gain anything by it. They simply don't know what truth is."

"Are they pragmatists?" asked Mr. Willoughby.

"No; they're not," said Meldon severely. "If you had listened to me when I was explaining to you what pragmatism is, you'd know that these people aren't pragmatists. I can't go into the whole

question again now, but I'll just say this much: The pragmatists, according to their own idea, know what truth is. And what's more, they're the only people in the world who do. Now what I said about Thomas O'Flaherty Pat and Mary Kate is that they don't know; therefore they can't be pragmatists. That ought to be fairly obvious. I'm off now to meet Father Mulcrone. Goodbye."

"Mr. Higginbotham," said the Chief Secretary, "did you follow that reasoning about the pragmatists and Mary Kate?"

"Not—not quite. But I didn't take up ethics in College. Meldon did."

"Did you watch him cut the bread-and-butter for tea?"

"I did. I was sorry he insisted on cutting it. His hands were— But he's a really good sort at bottom, though he has his peculiarities. I've known him for years."

"It must have been a great privilege. Did you see the bit of tobacco he offered me?"

"No; was there anything wrong with it?"

"He took it out of his trousers pocket," said Mr. Willoughby, "and it was quite warm. Mr. Meldon is certainly a very remarkable man. I wonder how he'll get on with Father Mulcrone. I wonder will he succeed in capturing all my cigars."

The Granuaile's boat, with Father Mulcrone seated in the stern, approached the pier. Meldon hailed her. The priest, a plump man, with a weather-beaten face and small, keen grey eyes, waved his hand in response.

"Delighted to see you," said Meldon, as the boat touched the pier and the priest stepped ashore. "I have heard a good deal about you. My name is Meldon—J. J. Meldon. I'm acting with the Chief Secretary here and he asked me to meet you."

"How do you do? How do you do?" said the priest.

"Quite well. I needn't ask how you are. Flowers in May are nothing to you in the matter of bloom of appearance."

Father Mulcrone seemed a little surprised at this warm compliment.

"What does the Chief Secretary want with me now?"

"We'll come to that in a minute. First of all I want to know is there nothing else that would do you except a pier?"

"A pier!"

"Well, seed potatoes, then. I forgot for the moment which it was."

"The season's very backward, very backward indeed," said the priest, "and the poor people will be badly off next spring. Unless we get some help from the Government there'll be starvation in our midst."

"Have you a Board of Guardians on the island?"

"We have not. And I wouldn't say but we're as well without one."

"I dare say you're right," said Meldon. "But about those seed potatoes. The thing for you to do is to get the nearest Board of Guardians to pass a good strong resolution."

"That might be done."

"Tell them to put something in about the representatives of the people and the inalienable rights of the tillers of the soil."

"They'll do that whether I ask them or not."

"Get that resolution forwarded to the Local Government Board in Dublin. Then wait three weeks."

"What for?"

"Oh, it's the usual thing. If these things aren't done properly the Chief Secretary can't act, simply can't. Then send a deputation to wait on the President of the Board. You understand me?"

"I do, of course."

"It'll be as well if you could spare the time to go up with the deputation yourself. Lay the matter before them in temperate language—strong but temperate. Then you'll see what'll happen about the seed potatoes."

Father Mulcrone winked at Meldon.

"Do you take me for a born fool," he said, "that you're talking that way to me?"

"As you've asked me the question straight, I may as well say that I don't take you for anything of the sort. I knew the kind of man you were the minute I set eyes on you. But I promised the Chief Secretary that I'd try and do you out of those seed potatoes if I could."

"So you thought you'd get him off if you persuaded me to have a lot of resolutions passed and go on a deputation."

"I did think that, and what's more I think it still. But you wouldn't fall in with the plan."

"I would not."

"Very well, then. We'll pass on, as they say, to the next business. There's an old fellow on this island called Thomas O'Flaherty Pat."

I know him well," said the priest.

"Well, you'll hardly believe it, but that old fellow is holding out against the entire Congested Districts Board. He won't give up his wretched little house and the bit of land round it, hardly big enough to sod a lark, and it with a hole in the middle that would swallow a heifer."

"I'll talk to him," said the priest.

"I thought you would. That's the reason I sent for you. Come along. We have him set out waiting for you. At least I told Higginbotham to go and get him."

Taking Father Mulcrone's arm he walked up towards the hut.

"I almost forgot to tell you," he said, "that the great difficulty about old O'Flaherty is that he can't talk English."

"He'll talk it quick enough when I get at him."

"I just thought he would."

"For the matter of that I'm not sure that I wouldn't as soon sort him in Irish."

"Just as you like, of course," said Meldon. "It's all the same to us, so long as you bring him to his senses."

"What right has a man like him to be thwarting the excellent intentions of the Board?"

"None," said Meldon; "and poor Higginbotham, who's brimful of the most excellent intentions you can possibly imagine, is nearly heart-broken about it."

You'd be sorry for Higginbotham if you saw him; he's growing thin."

"I have seen him," said the priest, "if he's the inspector the Board sent out. He was over at Inishmore this morning, just after the yacht left, looking out to see which of the people had consumption."

They reached the hut and found Mr. Willoughby seated in the hammock-chair. Higginbotham was absent in pursuit of the reluctant Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. Mr. Willoughby rose at once and offered the chair to the priest.

"No, thank you; no, thank you," said Father Mulcrone. "If I sat down in the like of that chair I'd never get out. I'm a heavy man."

"Father Mulcrone and I will sit on the bed," said Meldon. "Oh, it's all right, Mr. Willoughby. I'll move the oars and give the quilt a shake. I don't want to set Father Mulcrone down on a pile of broken glass. I've more respect for him than to do that."

He took the quilt outside the hut and flapped it vigorously up and down.

"I see Higginbotham and the old man coming down the hill together," he said. "There's quite a little crowd after them, but we needn't let anybody in unless we like. By the way, Mr. Willoughby, Father Mulcrone and I had a chat on the way up from the pier about those seed potatoes. He can't do without them. It's a case of potatoes or coffins for the people on those islands next spring."

"I feared so," said Mr. Willoughby with a sigh; "but I'm sure you did your best."

Higginbotham with Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, a dignified captive, entered the hut. The old man took off his hat and bowed courteously to the men in front of him. He held himself erect. His fine eyes wandered gravely round the hut. His face expressed neither curiosity nor obsequiousness. Mr. Willoughby was a gentleman, accustomed to the society of titled hostesses and the manners of exclusive London clubs. Higginbotham could behave gracefully at suburban tennis parties. Meldon and Father Mulcrone were strong and self-assertive men. Thomas O'Flaherty Pat looked and behaved in this company like a genuine aristocrat. He waited for what was to be said to him with an air of courteous aloofness. He appeared fully conscious of a certain superiority in himself, a superiority so self-evident as to require neither assertion nor emphasis.

"You are Mr. Thomas O'Flaherty, I think?" said Mr. Willoughby.

"Ni beurla agam," said the old man, bowing again.

Then Father Mulcrone began. He spoke in Irish, rapidly and at some length. Thomas O'Flaherty Pat replied in a few calm words. The priest spoke again, raising his voice indignantly. Again he received only the briefest of answers. A torrent of words followed from the priest. Father Mulcrone had made no idle boast when he said that he could deal with the old man in Irish. He never paused for an instant, never hesitated for a word. Thomas O'Flaherty

Continued on Page 100.

"Boss" Bowser of British Columbia

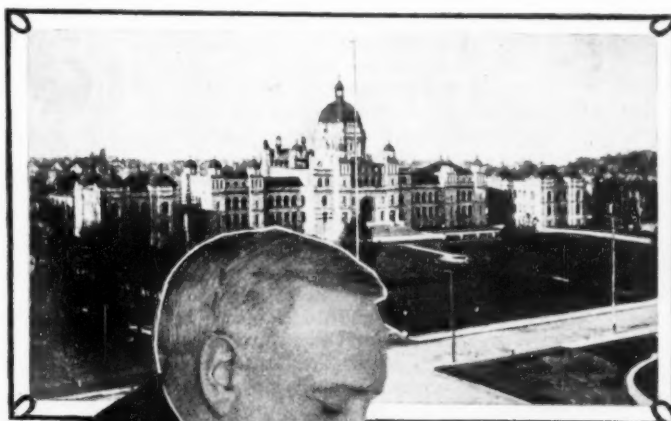
A Sketch of the Napoleon of Pacific Coast Politics

By W. A. CRAICK

One predominant feature of United States politics is not found in Canada—"Bossism." Every American state, every city, every ward, has its political dictator. In Canada, political machines exist, but the acclimated "boss" very fortunately does not. There is possibly only one man to whom the term has been definitely applied—a hard working, forceful member of the B.C. Government whose resemblance to the "Little Corporal" is not confined by any means to facial outlines. Why the Hon. Mr. Bowser has become known as "Boss" Bowser and wherein his Boss-ship consists is made the subject of the accompanying article.

IN the British Columbia Legislature the first desk in the front row on the Speaker's right is occupied, not by the Premier, as is customary in many assemblies, but by the Attorney-General, the Hon. W. J. Bowser. The arrangement, though not intentionally significant, yet has a meaning. Despite the attractiveness of Sir Richard McBride's personality and his undoubted abilities as a politician, it is no secret that the strength of his government rests very largely on the remarkable organizing and administrative powers of his Attorney-General. The two men are complements one of the other and, while Sir Richard is specially qualified to act as a popular and picturesque leader, without the practical support of Mr. Bowser there is little doubt that to-day his party would scarcely occupy the dominating position to which it has attained in the government of the province.

The Attorney-General of British Columbia, more perhaps than any other politician in Canada with the possible exception of the Hon. Robert Rogers, is entitled to the designation "Boss." It is as "Boss" Bowser that he is most commonly referred to among the people of British Columbia. Yet the term, in his case, must not be taken as inferring anything evil or iniquitous. A keen politician and ambitious to hold the control of the Conservative party in the province, he has undoubtedly gone to considerable lengths to gain his purpose but that he has trespassed beyond the point where the sanction of law or custom ends is asserted by few and denied by many. Even political opponents admire the skill



The Hon. W. J. Bowser at work at his desk—A view of the legislative buildings above.

with which he has made everything serve his purpose and his friends do not hesitate to applaud the long-headed discernment with which he has handled difficult situations.

There is another description of the man, which is occasionally mentioned among his greatest admirers. "Who do you think he looks like?" they will ask, and wait expectantly for such reply as may be hazarded. If one happens to be a sufficiently clever discoverer of likenesses, he may hit upon the answer at once. Otherwise, the resemblance not being exactly obvious, it may take a

good deal of guesswork to arrive at the desired conclusion. The elucidation of the matter might indeed be rendered easier were Mr. Bowser to dress in character for some fancy dress ball or skating carnival. Then the facility with which he could be transformed into the hero to whom his followers do him the honor of likening him, would be so apparent that there could be no further hesitation in exclaiming that he looks decidedly like the Little Corporal.

Examine the Bowser physiognomy carefully and there is undoubtedly considerable justification for the ambitious parallel. There is the Roman nose and the determined protruding chin, two features notably Napoleonesque. There is also the high forehead, denoting brain power, and the strong mouth, indicative of force and tenacity. Beyond this the man's figure has lately been growing from sparseness to moderate corpulency, while in height

he comes pretty close to the stature of the famous Emperor. Of course all such comparisons are merely interesting little diversions, introduced either to flatter the subject under consideration or to afford a moment's entertainment for such as like to work out resemblances. Beyond the chance outward similarity, it would be foolish to attempt to push this particular parallel further.

That the Premier of British Columbia and his Attorney-General were college chums is a matter not widely known or generally appreciated. The pair first met in Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1887, as

freshmen in the law school of Dalhousie University. Sir Richard McBride was then a lad of seventeen, Mr. Bowser his senior by three years. They remained together during the course, both receiving the LL.B. degree at the commencement exercises of 1890. Whether they shared their ambitions during their student days or even whether they had any serious ambitions at all, is known only to themselves. All that can be said is that they were thrown together during a formative period of their lives and doubtless came to a thorough understanding of each others' character and capacity.

While Sir Richard was a native of the province which he now rules and had gone across the continent for his legal training, Mr. Bowser was born in the east. He was the son of a merchant and shipowner in Rexton, a small village in the County of Kent, New Brunswick, and there he was born on December 3 in the year that witnessed the confederation of the Canadian provinces. For his education he was sent to Sackville, where he attended Mount Allison Academy until he was ready to take up the study of law at Halifax.

It was probably owing to the representations of "Dick" McBride that he decided to go to British Columbia to begin practice. Rexton offered no chance for him and the cities of the Maritime Provinces were already well supplied with legal practitioners. Accordingly he went west in the year following his call to the bar and settled in Vancouver. The Pacific terminus of the C. P. R. was then a pretty small place but it was on the threshold of that astonishing expansion which has already carried it forward to fourth position among the cities of Canada. In this growth, as one of the leading lawyers on the coast, Mr. Bowser has shared and to-day may be regarded as one of the most prosperous professional men of British Columbia.

His political career may be said to have begun in 1896. In the memorable election of that year, when only twenty-

nine years of age, he contested Vancouver in the Conservative interest but owing to a split in the party, which admitted a second candidate, he was unsuccessful. In this connection it is interesting to note that while he was electioneering in Vancouver, his old college chum, McBride, was running in New Westminster and with even less good fortune. The two young politicians were not yet to realize their cherished desire.

If Tables Had Been Turned

Two years later a provincial election was held and again the pair were in the field, Mr. Bowser running in Vancouver and Mr. McBride in Dewdney. It would hardly do at this time to speculate as to what might have transpired had the tables been turned on that occasion and the Vancouver lawyer have won instead of the New Westminster barrister. As it was the future premier obtained a five-years' advantage over his friend and they were momentous years in the political history of the province. They saw three coalition governments break to pieces and they also witnessed the promotion of the young member from Dewdney, first into the front benches, then into the leadership of the opposition and ultimately into the premier's chair.

On assuming the premiership, Mr. McBride announced his intention of running the government for the future on party lines. He dissolved the Legislature in 1903 and appealed to the country, presenting himself to the electorate as an out-and-out Conservative. In the election which followed, Mr. Bowser for the third time solicited the suffrage of the Vancouver electors and this time his hopes were not disappointed. He was elected as one of the members for the city and took his seat as a private member. Had it not been for his lack of experience and the fact that members of the cabinet had already been selected, there is little doubt that "Dick" would have given his friend "Bill" a portfolio at once.

It is now seven years since the Hon.

W. J. Bowser became Attorney-General of British Columbia. In that time he has made himself the master, at least of all the minutiae which go to make up the strength of the government. As is generally known the Conservative party is so strongly entrenched in power in the province, thanks to the wonderful organization which he has engineered, that at the last general election the Liberals were unable to capture a single seat and the only opposition in the house to-day consists of two Socialists elected by the miners on Vancouver Island. The situation is actually farcical and even Conservatives themselves are compelled to admit that the condition is not a healthy one. But from the standpoint of the Attorney-General, it is an achievement politically that must afford much satisfaction.

An Outspoken Man

Compared to the Premier, Mr. Bowser cannot be described as a popular man. He is entirely lacking in the winning qualities which have made "Dick" McBride so much liked among all classes of the community. He is pugnacious, argumentative, dictatorial. He calls a spade a spade, says yes or no with full intent to abide by his decision, makes little effort to conciliate opponents and consequently irritates them not a little. Were it not that back of it all, he was sincere and on that account had won the respect of those with whom he has had dealings, he would probably be the most unpopular man in public life in British Columbia to-day.

The Attorney-General realizes his deficiencies and has more than once tried to overcome them but without much success. It is pretty hard for a man of his disposition to transform himself into a light-hearted, good-humored and ingratiating chap, these being natural and not cultivated traits. At any rate he has a sufficient sense of the humorous to tell a pretty good story about one of his

Continued on Page 113.

The Theft of the Honan Ruby

The Third of the Porter Series

By T. B. COSTAIN

Illustrated by JOHN G. KEMP

A SINGULAR degree of interest attached to the ball of the Purdon-Hutt's. After amassing a fortune in real estate James Purdon-Hutt had settled in the capital to give his better half an opportunity to realize an insatiable ambition for social distinction. Considerable progress toward the desired goal had been made by means of lavish entertainments, but Mrs. Purdon-Hutt had still a long climb ahead of her when Wade Alberson arrived at the capital. Alberson was an Englishman of good parts, who had knocked around the world for twenty years or more and had managed in that time to find his way into all

the most inaccessible corners of the globe. He had seen strange sights within the walls of Lhasa, the Forbidden City, had hunted with a native king in the heart of Borneo, and had been driven out of India as the result of a raid on a native temple. He was of good family, but of doubtful antecedents. And when he reached Canada, he had in his possession a ruby of unusual size, which he valued at a figure with four ciphers.

How he had obtained the Honan ruby, which was the appellation by which it became known, was a matter he did not seem inclined to explain. He was on his way home to find a market for it, but in

passing through Ottawa met James Purdon-Hutt, and found a purchaser.

The sale of the Honan ruby was announced a few days previous to the date of the Purdon-Hutt ball, and interest in that event went up several degrees. The interest became intensified when the new owner of the ruby gave it out that his guests would be allowed a glimpse of the famous stone on the night of the ball; for the season then drawing to a close had been marked by a series of mysterious robberies. At nearly every smart social function one or more of the guests had been robbed of jewelry, and the thief had been clever enough to completely de-

fy detection. Purdon-Hutt's announcement, therefore, had all the effrontery of a direct challenge to the unknown depredator—for what ambitious cracksmen could resist a chance for "big game" such as the Honan ruby?

As Peregrine Porter was shown into the reception room, a well-dressed man of about thirty, with a close-clipped reddish mustache and a shrewd and rather handsome face, passed him on his way out. He nodded in an off-hand way to the journalist.

"Good day, Mr. Philip Manly Tredham," said Porter.

Tredham noted the slightly ironic tone of the greeting and gave a sharp glance back over his shoulder. He did not stop, however.

"It would seem from your tone that you do not approve of Mr. Tredham," said Mrs. Vardon, coming forward to

have been so few interesting men in town recently."

"I imagine the past of Philip Manly Tredham, if exhumed, would provide plenty of interest," said Porter, seating himself where he could command the best view of his pretty hostess. "But I don't know anything about his past: I'm only concerned with his present and future."

"But do you really know anything to prove that he is what you suggest?" she asked, in a more serious tone.

"I have no absolute proof," replied Porter, "But I am ready to stake anything that this Tredham is the mysterious

afternoon, even if I had not met him here. The fact is I came on purpose to tell you. I want your assistance."

Mrs. Vardon was the centre around which the most exclusive little coterie in the capital rotated. Married to a wealthy manufacturer when a mere girl, she had been left a widow at the age of twenty-four with a substantial fortune to which no legal strings were attached. Beautiful, with the black hair and spark-



"Stop the dance!" he called.
"Mrs Vardon has been robbed!"

meet her caller. "Why, may I ask?"

"My reason may possibly only serve to enhance the value of his acquaintance in your eyes," said Porter, taking the hand she had extended and holding it just a trifle longer than the conventions allow. "Your friend, dear Mrs. Vardon, is a thief."

"How splendid!" exclaimed Mrs. Vardon, ensconcing herself on a couch heaped high with pillows where she made, as Porter was quick to appreciate, the most charming picture imaginable. "There

Raffles who has so successfully raided all the best houses in Ottawa during the past season. There have been things, of course, which point to him, and back of that has been a certain amount of intuition on my part. I unconsciously felt for my watch the first time I saw the fellow."

"There is something fascinating about him," said Mrs. Vardon, leaning forward excitedly and clasping her hands about her knees. "But now that you've started, you simply must go on and tell all about him. Do the police know?"

"An unnecessary question. Of course not," replied Porter. "I intended to tell you all about this Tredham business this

ling dark eyes which exercise so powerful an appeal, she had the still more potent quality of vivacity carried almost to the point of brilliance. It soon came about that the drawing-room of Mrs. Vardon was the gathering

place of the most interesting people in the capital. Parliamentarians, often a cabinet minister or two, artists, writers, wits in all walks of life, were always to be found there. Mrs. Vardon's ambition was to establish a rival for the famed salons of French history and she was succeeding to such an extent that to have the entree was a guarantee of one's mental eligibility if not necessarily of one's social standing. Porter was an habitue and reputed to stand high in the favor of the young widow.

"I've been interested in studying this series of robberies," began Porter. "The fact that they've all happened during some social event or other points strongly

to their being the work of a gentleman burglar, an incredibly clever Raffles. It happens that three men have been present on every occasion when jewels have been stolen. Two of the three are so obviously above suspicion that I need not mention them. The third is Philip Manly Tredham.

"I became so convinced that this smooth customer from across the seas was at the bottom of it that a week ago I took it on myself to watch him. Don't know as it was my business exactly, not being a policeman, but the unvarying success that the beggar scored piqued me. I felt I wanted to prove myself a match for him. And beside I needed exercise, badly.

"Well, I got the exercise alright. For a whole week I dogged him and he certainly did make me work. I used half-a-dozen different disguises, even descending to the level of a red beard and false eyebrows. I've rather a knack for that sort of thing so Tredham doesn't suspect yet that he has been under surveillance.

"Two nights ago he made his first false move. About seven o'clock he left his apartments and walked slowly along a side street. A rough-looking tramp stepped up to him with his hand outstretched. Tredham put something, presumably a coin into his hand, and walked on without a word, but I could have sworn that in taking the money, the tramp shoved a note into Tredham's hand. I got a good look at the beggar afterward—a dwarfed figure of a man who somehow or other gave me an impression of almost inhuman strength. Last evening Tredham sallied out at the same hour and at the identical spot dropped a coin into the hands of a tramp—the same tramp. Whoever this dwarfish beggar is, he and Tredham are up to something."

"Really, this is most exciting," exclaimed Mrs. Vardon. "What do you suppose they are plotting? To rob Government House or to raid the Mint?"

"I think they are getting up an added feature for the Purdon-Hutt ball to-night," said Porter. "They're after that ruby. And here is where you can help me. You haven't been wearing your pearl necklace since the robbery scare started. Would you wear a duplicate string to-night if I obtained an imitation set for you?"

Mrs. Vardon thought for a moment and then voiced her willingness.

"Give Tredham one dance," went on Porter. "When you start to dance make sure that you still have the necklace. Don't let him leave you at the finish until you make sure it is safe."

The Purdon-Hutt ball had proceeded with unusual success. The rather pleasurable sense of uncertainty with

which the guests came was enhanced by the fact that the house was found under guard. A policeman stood at the front gate and two more officers patrolled the yard. Inside a number of stalwart servitors, who looked very much like plainclothesmen in disguise, were posted at points of vantage. The Honan ruby was produced at an early stage and passed from guest to guest, proving quite as large as the newspaper descriptions had depicted it. When the stone had made the rounds safely and been carried up-stairs again, the guests exhibited signs of relief from high tension.

Porter had an interesting bit of news for Mrs. Vardon when the time came for the one dance he had been able to secure with the pretty widow.

"Do you see the man playing the 'cello in the orchestra?" he asked, in a low tone, as the course of the dance brought them close to the musicians. "Just give him a casual glance. That's the tramp who met Tredham."

Mrs. Vardon caught a fleeting glimpse of a misshapen man with ponderous shoulders, and a dark face, almost gargantuan in its irregularities and loweringly sinister in expression. Though



He was brought up under the revolvers of the two policemen.

standing up to play his instrument, his head was but a trifle above the handle of the 'cello. And yet in the one startled glance Mrs. Vardon got an impression of strength, almost of power, in the squat, grotesque figure. He looked like a king of the gorilla tribe in a dress suit.

Mrs. Vardon shuddered. "He looks the personification of evil," she whispered. "I am almost sorry I came."

"A Scotland Yard man once told me of a famous criminal whose description fits this tramp musician," said Porter. "If this is the man, we are in the same room with one of the master minds of the underworld. He has never been convicted, although the sharpest wits of the police of Europe and America have been trained to catch him."

"You are a model of discretion or I would never have told you all this," he continued, as he led her to a seat. "An idle hint set in circulation now would scare this precious pair and ruin all

chance of getting them red-handed."

"Your reminder is hardly necessary," rejoined Mrs. Vardon. "I'll not say a word."

After supper, when the time came for the widow to dance with Tredham, it so happened that Porter was not engaged and thus at liberty to watch. Tredham guided his partner through the maze of swaying figures with easy grace, chatting and laughing, apparently in the highest of spirits. They waltzed slowly out of the crowd at one end of the long room and swung around past the orchestra, where the dwarfish 'cello player stood, handling his bow like one well accustomed to its use. Then they began the return trip down the room, and, as they came closer, Porter saw that Mrs. Vardon's neck was quite bare of ornament. The necklace had disappeared.

He stepped briskly out into the middle of the floor.

"Stop the dance!" he called. "Mrs. Vardon has been robbed!"

The intelligence that something was wrong sped through the assembly like an electric shock and in a moment the big room was in silence. The dance had stopped and at the far end the musicians ceased playing.

"What's wrong?" asked Purdon-Hutt, hurrying up with real alarm depicted on his sharp-featured countenance.

Mrs. Vardon's necklace has vanished," explained Porter, in low tones. "She had it on when this dance began."

"I can vouch for that," put in Tredham, his face a study of amazement and chagrin. "I—really—this is most awkward. I am quite willing to be searched, of course."

"No one suspects you, Tredham," said their host, brusquely. He was turning to issue an order for an officer to be called when an excited voice in

the surrounding group interrupted with—"My bracelet—I had it a short time ago—but it's gone now."

On several sides exclamations of a similar nature were heard. Guests began to take a hasty inventory and losses were found on all hands. Purdon-Hutt, beads of perspiration standing out on his agitated features, received report after report of loss from his now thoroughly aroused guests.

And then came the climax. A sharp cry of alarm was heard on the floor above and one of the servants plunged headlong down the front stairs with the startling information that the Ruby of Honan was stolen. After its inspection by the guests, the stone had been returned to a safe upstairs and a man left in the room on guard. He had just been found, bound and gagged, with the safe door standing open and the jewel of fabulous value gone!

Continued on Page 120.



Donald Brian in one of his cowboy parts.

A Waltz to Fortune

How Donald Brian, Dancing Adonis,
Became a Stage Star

By MARGARET BELL

When a lithe, nimble-footed young Apollo set the heads of matinee-goers awirl with his dancing to the sensuous music of "The Merry Widow," a new star appeared in the mimic firmament. Donald Brian danced his way to greatness. Ever since he created the role of Prince Danilo, Brian has held a first rank among matinee idols; and it appears that he is only at the threshold of his career. Donald Brian is a Newfoundlander by birth, so that his spectacular success is viewed with pride on this side of the line.

As a matter of fact, Donald Brian does not altogether enjoy the reputation that his ability has thrust upon him.

On the contrary, he loathes it. For, when one thinks of a matinee idol, one of necessity, thinks of large, liquid eyes, a shock of black, fluffy hair, combed Brandon-Tynanlike back from a noble brow, and a voice to correspond with that nobility. Yes, and more. One thinks of a row of mirrors placed at such angles as will best display the different attitudes of the handsome demigod, to the best possible advantage. And one thinks of scents and gold cigarette cases, and nails manicured to the last point of effeminacy. And of,—

But hold. I am not commissioned to exhaust my vocabulary on a detailed eulogy of the typical afternoon Apollo, as one imagines him. Rather of Donald Brian, the most beloved matinee hero of the day, who, in no way, corresponds with the description which is typical.

And this brings us back to the original sentence. The laugh. Which explanation suffices as an explanation of Mr. Brian's attitude toward all matinee yearners.

Love Making is Boreome

After he had finished his gruelling task of stage love-making, he forgot, for a moment, that he was living in a mimic world, and allowed his relief to make itself felt in a long-drawn sigh. The heroine, to hide her laughter, hid her head in his shoulder, and shook with a series of unrestrained laugh-sobs. And the audience, hearing the sigh, laughed too. Thus must Donald Brian, the hero of so many debutantes and school girls and school girls' mothers, have slipped a cog in the revolution of his idolatrous demeanor.

And he was not sorry. For playing the stage hero becomes boreome at times.

Probably it is only early environment, making itself felt, this dislike of mimic ardor. Or probably it is only the natural feeling of man against appearing ridiculous. For where ever dwelt the man who enjoyed making love in public? Romeo didn't, or Petruchio, or any of the Shakespearean lovers. And coming on down to our own times, amongst the men who have the greatest list of conquests to their credit, neither do Nat Goodwin or

DeWolf Hopper. Probably James K. Hackett enjoys making stage love, but he is a different type of stage demigod. We are now dealing with Donald Brian.

Is a Newfoundlander

And speaking of early environment, it is natural enough to suppose that that might have had much to do with forming his ideas on the subject. St. John's, Newfoundland, would not naturally suggest a demonstration of one's abilities at love-making, even on the stage. To speak of St. John's is to speak of reserve, of reticence in ideas. And St. John's was the birthplace of this stage idol, just thirty-five years ago.

When he was quite a youngster, he used to spend his days in a machine shop. From eight in the morning till six at night, he worked there, clad in ambition and blue overalls. He used to sing as he worked, which characteristic still clings to him. Only, in those days, he was care free and happy, as only a manual worker can be. For he had not then the cares of a whole continent of amusements seekers to contend with. His greatest ambition was to finish his day's work, discard his overalls and make himself clean for the evening.

And see him now! His greatest ambition naturally, is to get away from his night's work, clean off the grease, paint and rouge, the trade mark of every player, forget the atmosphere of the theatre and enjoy a good meal.

Perhaps I should not say that this is his greatest ambition. For in so saying, I wander slightly from the path of truth. In which alleyway anyone of us should shudder to find ourselves.

But all of the above-mentioned list of details is what happens, every night after an exacting three hours of dancing, singing, love-making and the like.

As a matter of fact, he would like to retire to a farm and write plays. And forget all about his dancing and stage capers. This may happen, in five years.

Mingles with Crowd--and Listens

He likes awfully to mingle with the crowds who are his nightly audiences. Walking or trolley riding are the best ways. And very often, almost always in fact, he sits there, as with ears deaf and eyes unseeing, and listens to the com-

A CERTAIN audience, with one accord, leaned over in their seats and shook with honest laughter.

Which is not so remarkable in itself. Many audiences go to the theatre, for no other reason. And many shake with what they think is honest laughter, when it is not honest at all. Honest in this case meaning natural or spontaneous or—what you will.

But, as a rule, an audience, no matter how unschooled in stage tactics, will never laugh at a real effort to make stage love. Sentiment is a universal attribute, and as such, must not be ridiculed.

That's the strange thing. For the hero in this instance, had just finished as dainty a ten-minute session of love-making as had ever been seen on any stage. The heroine buried her face in the pads of his shoulder,—likewise a perfectly legitimate bit of behavior on the stage or off. Moreover, the hero was the best known stage hero of to-day, the lion of matinee girls, the Adonis of all preying Venuses, Xantippes or Cleopatras, the *dernier mot* in afternoon idols, Donald Brian.

Then, why the honest laughter?
Ay, there's the point.

ments which are hurled toward him, from every corner of the car.

No, he is not a conceited man. For it is not for pleasant things that he listens. School girls and debutantes, with all the candor that their age allows, express their opinions of their popular idol, in no mild-voiced terms. When the light of the trolley car discloses to them the slightly irregular features of their stage demigod, his small, brown eyes and the scattering of grey hairs around the temples,—ah, when daylight turns its cruel rays on him thusly, great is the consternation in that trolley car. And many and varied are the epithets which are hurled toward the defenceless ear drums.

"Oh, he's not nearly so handsome off the stage."

"And his hair is positively getting gray."

"I'll bet you he is almost forty. You never can tell the age of actors, by their looks."

Alas! The tribulations which attach themselves to the life of a stage hero. Happier far the days spent in the whirling, sweating turmoil of the machine shop in old St. John's! Happier far the hours when young Brian sang in the choir of the old home church! Thrice joyful the moments languished with the fishing line, on the bank of the old creek!

'Tis a hard life, this one of living up to an ideal. And the lithographers will make Donald Brian a great, handsome fellow, with the look in his eye, of the professional breaker of feminine hearts.

Alas, the day when he went to Boston to school, and took up the study of the human voice! Better far to have remained soprano boy soloist in the church in St. John's! Better to have left the stage out of his ambitious reckonings. For this same ambition has the habit of leading one into divers places, if one is not strong and mighty in one's powers of resistance. Donald Brian was never strong and mighty. Hence the tribulations of his incredible success!

He kept on following in the wake of his ambitions. And he met many obstacles and some successes. First in Boston, the town of his singing studies, he enlisted in the comedy called "Shannon of the Sixth." And Donald Brian, the unsophisticated professional, with an adept hand for the rabbit's foot and stick of grease paint. He was only sixteen at the time, according to careful calculation in dates. That was in 1897. Sixteen, with a voice just advancing beyond the boy soprano pipings. A boy at this age feels that he can go out and lay the head of the whole world on a charger. And it is that very feeling that has made governments topple and republics rise out of chaos, the very feel-

ing which has given the scaffold and electric chair any excuse for their respective beings.

Everyone remembers that quaint, old-time ditty called "On the Banks of the Wabash." Young Brian's next step in this weird career he had chosen for himself, was in a comedy which that old song would bring to mind. It had to do with more of that estimable stream than the banks however, and hence was known as "On the Wabash."

He was getting on. The first thing a

his right foot on the first rung of the elusive ladder.

He remained there, for a season or so. That is, apparently, he remained there. We are taught to believe that one cannot progress by remaining too long in the same niche of success. Donald knew this. Therefore, he studied and planned. Probably, at that time, his ambitions yearned for the matinee idol shrine, who knows? It would only seem natural. For he was still very young.

Well, anyhow, he placed his left foot on the rung, before very long. "The Man from Mexico," was the helping agent, this time. And he went on studying. He learned, in some inscrutable way, that he was rather graceful on his feet. In a play, one spends much of one's time on one's feet. See how logical was Donald's reasoning? He began to think of dancing that was different. Many dances are different, but one cannot truthfully say that they are graceful. Donald knew this, even at that early stage of the game. And he resolved to learn dances that were both graceful and different.

"The Man from Mexico" was followed by "The New Boy." This gave young Brian the opportunity of approaching the second rung.

For a young fellow, he did a great deal of thinking. And he began to reason things out for himself. He knew that the Stock School was an excellent training school for young actors. And he decided to benefit by it. So the next

season found his name registered in a well-known Stock theatre. And he was not sorry he had registered there. For the end of the season showed that he really had advanced.

He had a good opportunity to put this training into practice the following year, in "The Chaperons." He had now reached up to about the third rung of the ladder. And the press had begun to notice him. The press is an elusive thing, as fickle as it is elusive. But it

did not avoid Donald Brian, and from the first, was less fickle than is its wont.

It was in his work, the next year in "Florodora" that he won the most enthusiastic epithets so far. The public likes "Florodora," and it liked Donald Brian.

He next took an important part in "Fifty Miles From Boston," the following season. People back in St. John's were watching their Donald, and now and then, they received clippings from the papers, saying very nice things about him. And they were naturally quite proud. For it is a strange thing about

Continued on page 111.



Donald Brian in his latest play.

The lower view shows the "Futurist Twirl," the latest of modern dances.

young man learns, when he has begun to "get on," is the proper color scheme to choose for ties, shirts and socks. Donald already had a penchant for neat knots. This is one of the most necessary requisites for a successful stage appearance. Hence, it may be guessed that the Newfoundland boy was about to place

The Ulster Leader

A Pen Picture of Edward Carson,
from an Outside Standpoint

By HUGH S. EAYRS

Edward Carson is the man behind the Ulster movement. The eyes of the world have been focused on the northern county of Ireland ever since this iron-jawed lawyer propounded the proposition, "Ulster will fight." What manner of man is Carson—a hero or a notoriety-seeker? Is he sincere or is he bluffing? These questions are on all lips. The accompanying article is presented in an endeavor to show the man as he is; not in any effort to either laud or belittle Carson himself or to throw any light on the Ulster problem. It is a pen sketch of Carson, the man viewed in a purely impartial light.

IT is a long, long time since the world has seen such a man as Sir Edward Carson. It will be many years before we shall see his like again. Perhaps it is a good thing. Perhaps it isn't. Opinions differ, and the difference is not according to whether he who opines has a habit of waving a green flag when John Redmond leaves St. Stephen's, or of shouldering a dummy rifle for Carson, Craig and the rest of the "bhoys" in Farnham Wood. Somehow, everybody, friend and foe, recognizes Sir Edward as being a man with a mission, and people either forbear or forget to laugh at the man who is called, half in jest, half in earnest, the King of Ulster. The period of laughing has gone. The deadly determination of the man has conquered it, and relegated it to the limbo of the things that were, but are not.

This article does not propose to discuss the merits or the demerits of Mr. Asquith's Government of Ireland measure. It would be more or less a waste of words anyhow, for there are some questions that have their partisans for and against, and not all the eloquence of Burke could ever alter the effect which a recital of the facts of the case has upon its champions and its opponents. The Government of Ireland is one of these cases. Much water must flow down the River Shannon before the Nationalist will admit that Home Rule for Ireland is a mistake, or the Ulster Protestant agree that Ulster, in common with the rest of the country should govern itself. Pity 'tis, 'tis true, that a *real* settlement is as far off as ever. There are many amongst us who would sleep better o' nights if the hatchet were buried, once and for all. All this talk about the indifference of the man on the street is only real, so far as printers' ink is concerned, when the printers' ink is spread over an organ which wants the obstacle of public opinion removed from the path which its party heroes are treading. Three months ago, I was in England, and even then, before the Witches' Cauldron at Westminster began to seethe, men were either jauntily

confident or sadly despondent or bombastically defiant over the issue of the Government of Ireland bill.

It is not too much to say that Sir Edward Carson is the reason why the conflagration has been, and is, so intense and so immense. One look at his face tells you that here is a man who must be a tremendous power, an invaluable asset to the side for which he fights. The craftiness and art and clever cunning of many lawyers have no place in his armory. They have not even representation in the man's face. Humor, too, is missing. It isn't wanted. It is almost scorned. The only humor which Sir Edward permits himself is a kind of cynical, grim, I-scorn-to-do-it humor. Perhaps in his Trinity College days, Sir Edward was a "broth of a bhoys." Then, like the rest of the Trinity men, he painted the town a sort of red by such mirthful incidents as bursting a bag of flour over the head



Two views of Sir Edward Carson. Above he is shown in a typical pose on the platform.

and shoulders of the mayor of Dublin. I have sometimes wondered, when he has been speaking in the House, what time John Redmond sits with his head in his hands, if these two makers of movements so opposite ever remembered that they have both the same Alma Mater. For Redmond is an old Trinity man, too.

Sir Edward, by profession, is a barrister. A. G. Gardiner, the brilliant editor of the *Daily News and Leader*, calls him the hatchet-faced lawyer. He is one of the greatest English advocates. His particular forte is criminal cases. The methods that distinguish him as a party leader allow the observer to pick him out and set him apart from his fellows as a pleader.

He uses no fine methods. The longest way round is never the shortest way home with Edward Carson, K.C. He never plays with his opponent, in the cat and mouse way of many lawyers, seeking to trap him into some sort of *cul de sac*. But with a dogged determination, reminiscent, in some sort, of a bull rushing at a five-barred gate, he overbears his witnesses. "Did you?" or "Did you not?" says he, and that's all there is to it. "Insistent cross-examination produces excessive exudation" was his mot at a famous criminal trial some years ago.

It was not alone the love for adventurous politics that has made him devote all his time to Westminster rather than the law courts. Sir Edward has a

Continued on page 94.

Nothing New Under the Sun



The Sign



Two and Three -
Bases Full



A Word to the Umpire

DUDLEY WARD



The Fans

"Baseball in the Stone Age." Third sketch of series by Dudley Ward.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

The articles in this section are condensed or paraphrased from the magazines mentioned at the head of each article. The extracts are not necessarily verbatim. To give the gist of an article, several pages in length in the space of a column or two, paraphrasing and condensation are necessary.

The Birth of a Kingdom A French Writer Gives an Account of His Recent Experiences in Albania

(From *Lectures Pour Tous*.)

In the present condition of European affairs an event such as the formation of a new realm is altogether an out-of-the-way occurrence. Two sanguinary campaigns and the menace of further international complications have resulted in the appearance of the Kingdom of Albania. A writer who has just returned from this picturesque country here gives us his impressions of things he has seen and enables us to witness that unusual phenomenon, the birth of a new kingdom.

WHEN, in October last, the realm of Albania was created by the will of Europe there were eight aspirants for the throne. Of these, Prince William of Wied was the one to carry off the prize, thanks mainly to the indefatigable efforts of his aunt, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, better known by the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva.

It was pre-eminently a military sovereign that was required for the new realm. A diplomatist, an administrator, a politician would all have been out of their element here. The Albanians, indeed, are the last real warrior race of Europe. Divided into tribes, they recognize only the law of the sword. They are the sons of the eagle, for ages past independent in their mountain fastnesses. In them have been preserved the laws of the early ages of man and patriarchal government. What can be more curious than their ancient traditions, that, for instance, which compels a man to marry the wife of his deceased brother? Blood vengeance is inscribed at the head of all their legislation. The *vendetta* in Albania is far more terrible than in Corsica. The code of honor is practically that of the Iliad and of the Odyssey, such as was

observed by the heroes of Homer. Add to this an extreme susceptibility and a jealousy with regard to their native soil which renders the Albanian mountains more impenetrable than the sacred regions of Thibet, also peculiar manners of thought which look upon robbery and abduction as somewhat chivalrous methods of acquiring what one desires, and you will have some idea of the problem that the young chief of the third squadron of the Prussian Guard is up against.

The Prince has settled upon Durazzo as his future capital. Poets in Homer's time wrote of this place as Epidamnos.

It was known to the Romans as Dyrrachium. Caesar, Pompey, Augustus, and Justinian built summer residences there and Cicero lived there in exile. Pending the arrival of the Prince the government has been administered by Essad Pacha, who a year ago proclaimed himself ruler. A senate has been formed consisting of fifteen beys, chosen from the richest and noblest men of the country. To them fell the duty of arranging the protocol of accession. Delegates were appointed to carry the good news to the distant tribes on the wild banks of the black Drin, or on the mountains of the interior. Each tribe had to be consulted and to give their consent, such referendum being in conformity with ancient Albanian custom.

Organizing the Public Services

The consent of the clans being obtained, the next step was to organize the different administrations. This was no easy task, as may be gathered from the recital of a few of the incidents I experienced during the journey I lately made.

We had, first of all, to do with the Customs officers, guardians of the land and maritime frontiers. These personages, clad in new uniforms, were the most ferocious specimens of their kind I have ever met with. A photographic apparatus has about the same effect upon them as a bomb. I saw them compel a photograph reporter from Leipsic to open a case of plates, which, thanks to indefatigable exertions and precautions he had managed to carry so far with him intact.

In spite of prayers, threats, tips, he was forced to take out his plates one by one. They were passed from hand to hand and held up facing the sun. Of course, they were all spoilt and worthless.

Everything is regarded as a possible subject for taxation: clean linen which, in their eyes, must be new, books, cards, spectacles and note books. There is, moreover, considerable confusion between the douane and the octroi, that is between the taxes collected on entering the country and those collected on entering each town. At every town one enters, the



Prince William of Wied, now King of Albania.

whole process has to be recommenced and gone through again. It is Charybdis after Scylla.

As for the police of Scutari, Durazzo, and Vallona they disport themselves in magnificent plum-colored uniforms. Boots, caps, swords, all new. The twenty-million Albanian loan is already accounted for in advance.

No Taxes for Us

"We ask nothing from the state," say the tribal Albanians, "we do not need its administration or its benefits. On the other hand we refuse to pay it money." The Albanians have always refused to pay taxes, so in order to familiarize them with the idea, indirect taxes were instituted, notably one on tobacco. In the towns this has been collected without any great difficulty. A pound of tobacco which used to cost 6 piastres now costs 20. But the hamlets and villages were still recalcitrant and continued to manufacture excellent tobacco locally. In the stores you could see side by side on the same counter government tobacco and contraband tobacco. The peasants imagined that it was simply a question of quality—such as exists, for instance, between any two of our proprietary brands.

A tower of the barracks at Durazzo has been turned into a post office. Presumably the Albanians write very little, as the office is only open from midday till 2 p.m. All letters, however, are registered. One hundred thousand stamps were ordered from Vienna with the portrait of the national hero Skanderbey, which both the engraver and printer misunderstood and made it "Skanderberg." After this it was decided to wait some time before ordering anew. But the supply is exhausted; philatelists having made a clean sweep of these curiosities, and it is now impossible to get stamps in Albania. I tried at the post office to get one of two cents. The manager, who unites in his person the whole staff of telegraphist, clerk and postman, politely replied:

"Ah! They are very rare, our stamps! I might perhaps find you one, but the two-cent stamp is now worth four dollars." I declined his offer.

A state bank has been inaugurated. It is going to issue notes. For the coin, it has been decided to order the 20-cent pieces at Vienna and the 10-cent pieces at Rome. The coins of lesser denomination will be Turkish paras. There are great times in store for Albanian money changers.

A journal has been started. It is called the Echo de Kroja and consists of a single page issued once a week in Albanian. It deals exclusively with European politics.

Last proof of civilization, a cinematograph has been installed. Every afternoon at Durazzo, you can see small boys

playing the role of sandwich men with large boards on which you read:

Cinema

Prince of Wied.

This is the first present of the new King to his subjects. The idea is to use it as an educational agent.

There remains much still to be done. The inactivity of the Turk has left its mark too plainly on these races and on this land.

It was noticed recently that the Commission of Control, which sat sometimes at Durazzo, sometimes at Vallona, made the journey by boat once a week to Corfu. What was it that compelled these high politicians to absent themselves thus?



A Falcon chained.

A few tell-tale feathers.

Swooping a partridge.

What mystery was there? Was it to deliberate in secret on fixing the frontiers, or arranging for the arrival of the new King? No. It was in order that each member might have a bath and get a shave.

Modern Falconry

Revival of an Ancient National British Sport

(From *The Windsor Magazine*.)

One of the remarkable features of modern life, looked at from a sportsman's point of view, is a steadily growing inclination to revive those old British games and sports which were once a feature of the national life.

FALCONRY as a sport has never been anything like extinct in the British Isles; but its devotees have kept it up without any of the pomp and show which

once distinguished it. However, the famous old pastime is now followed by a select few with a zeal and enthusiasm that only those who have experienced its delights can appreciate.

No man has done more to encourage the revival than Capt. Radclyffe, and the success he has achieved with his hawks bears convincing testimony to the extraordinary care and attention he has devoted to the sport. This is somewhat curious, as hawking might be termed a slow sport by the hypercritical if the size of the bag is any indication of a day's sport. If a day's hawking produces four brace of birds, falconers consider they have had a fine return; but what would four brace mean to a man and a gun? There is, however, a peculiar fascination and charm to every falconer in the fact that he has, as the result of his own teaching, made one of the wildest of creatures obedient to his will, and always ready to afford him amusement and sport when the opportunity presents itself.

No descriptive writing can in any way give the reader an adequate idea of the excitement that the sport produces; but as at present falconry is not widely known to the general public, we will endeavor to give an idea of the training of the birds and of the sport itself.

The day we went a-hawking was a cold, windy, and cheerless day in September. Ideal hawking weather should be a bright autumn morning, without a gust of wind to disturb the hawks in their flight; and if it rains the chances of a kill are discounted, as the hawk's wings suffer materially from the wet. The party, including the two falconers and the beaters, and accompanied by six dogs—a black retriever, two pointers, two spaniels, and the ubiquitous fox-terrier—presented a picturesque group, the most pleasing feature being the hawks, with their variegated-colored hoods, which were carried on a frame called the cadge.

The hoods are kept on the birds till the "cast-off"—that is, when the hawks leave the wrist to go after the quarry. The hawk is also attached to the falconer's hand by a leash, or leather thong, which passes through a band or "jess" tied to the bird's leg, and is adroitly slipped before "casting off" the hawk from the fist. One of our party was allocated to a position in the fields to "mark"—that is, to take a note of the particular place partridges might have flown to after we had beaten the adjoining fields.

The object of the falconer was to drive the game into the open heath, where the hawks have a better chance of killing than in the enclosures, for the partridges are cunning enough to take shelter in the ditches and bushes. After a tedious journey over hills, bogs, and ditches—for we had to beat round into the valley—the dogs startled a covey of birds,

which flew to some neighboring cover and were promptly "marked down."

We then started another covey of partridges, and it was decided to cast off one of the hawks. Swiftly and gracefully the bird selected first took the air, and in a moment she was "waiting-on," which is the technical expression when the hawk is soaring in circles above the head of the falconer in expectation of the game to be sprung. In the meantime the dogs are assisting by pointing and finding the game, when suddenly a bird is sighted, and then the game begins. The party tear off at breakneck speed to see the "stoop" or swoop of the hawk on to its prey. The falconers and beaters meanwhile are shouting "Yo-hup! Yo-hup!" and "Helaw-helaw-helaw!" at the top of their voices to the hawk, to encourage her in her stoop; but she wants no encouragement, for she has already sighted the game from high up aloft, and the poor quarry's fate is sealed. The startled bird, which turns out to be a landrail, intuitively knows that the hawk is on the wing, and prepares for flight. You almost wish that the landrail will escape that swift and terrible stoop. The falcon has seen the landrail from above, and like lightning she sweeps down in a rush that the eye can scarcely follow. You think for the moment that she must miss the quarry on the wing, for the first "stoop" is by no means invariably successful, and the falcon will "throw up," i.e., regain her point of vantage above the quarry, and "stoop" again repeatedly until she strikes or "binds." But in this case she struck and "footed" the landrail at the first lightning-like "stoop."

Incredible Velocity

As a reward for her performance, she is sometimes allowed to eat the bird she has taken, for it must be mentioned that the quarry is killed almost the instant that the falcon captures it. Instances are known of a falcon missing to take the quarry, although it has struck it in the flight, and the birds have been picked up minus the head, such has been the force and velocity with which the hawk accomplished the stoop. James Rutford, the best and most experienced falconer of his day in England, who was one of our party, informed me that it is computed that a hawk travels at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour when effecting a stoop. Nevertheless, one cannot conceive any way of measuring the speed. All one can say is that it is the fastest movement made by any living thing in the world. It must be seen to be believed.

It was hoped we should not go unrewarded without seeing a partridge taken. Tramping a few miles over hill and dale, over ditches and bog, and forcing your way through furze-bush and stinging nettles, are unconsidered trifles with hawking men, and we presently forgot everything in the excitement produced when the dogs startled a partridge. One of the hawks had been cast off and then there was a mad rush down a steep hill to see the stoop; and a fine stoop it was, the falcon taking the partridge in full flight, although for a moment it seemed

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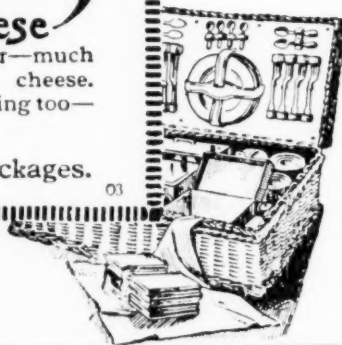
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that the game would escape. As the party was getting hungry, it was necessary to get the falcon on the cage again, and for this purpose a "lure" was thrown out—i.e., a dead pigeon attached by a piece of string, which is twirled in the air by the falconer. By this means the hawk is induced to come to the ground and allow herself to be hooded and leashed.

Training the Hawks

The best kind of falcons for English game-hawking are those caught when very young. These are known as eyases or nestlings, and are captured from the nests by hand just before they can fly. Falconry, curiously enough, takes its name from the female bird, the male bird being known as a tiercel, which is a third smaller in size than the female. The training requires great care and patience. When the hawks are taken from the nest, they are allowed to fly loose and at liberty for several weeks, until they are full-grown and have attained complete use of their wings. This is termed "flying at hawk." They are fed each day with fresh meat tied to blocks of wood outside the hawk house. This latter is usually some rough shed erected for the purpose. After four or five weeks thus flying at liberty, the young hawks attain their full power of flight, and when sufficiently advanced in this, they naturally become almost wild, and have to be caught up by means of snaring lines placed over the meat on which they feed each day. The falconer, being hidden from sight inside the hawk house, captures the hawk by means of pulling a noose tight around the legs of the young bird when it comes to feed. They are then hooded and placed on a pole to which they are tied day and night and their training commences.

Young passage hawks can be bought for ten or fifteen dollars and good nestlings, just taken from the nest, for five or ten dollars. A trained hawk may fetch a fancy price, according to its quality.

That falconry as a general sport is reviving there is no doubt. One of the greatest obstacles in the way is the heavy expense incurred in the training. A professional falconer is retained, who usually requires a heavy fee, for there are few of them who thoroughly understand their art. A very large open space in which to fly the hawks is required. The falconer generally needs one or more assistants for game-hawking, and a certain number of dogs are necessary. Also the feeding of the hawks is another incidental heavy expense if a large number of them are kept.



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Sir Charles Wyndham, the English actor, was told as a young man that he would not live long. The other day, at the age of seventy-seven, he was occupied in learning a new part for a play he is going to produce. "I don't contemplate retiring yet," he said, "and when I do I shall simply go out. There will be no farewell performance for me." Other members of the theatrical profession who are still young are: Sarah Bernhardt, age 69; Ellen Terry, 66; Sir John Hare, 70.

Identifying a Criminal

Graphic Description of the Late M. Bertillon's Methods

(From Sir Ray Lankester's "Science from an Easy Chair" article in The Daily Telegraph.)

M. Bertillon is often wrongly represented as the inventor of "the finger-print system." The actual fact is precisely the contrary of this. M. Bertillon, as a matter of fact, opposed and rejected the finger-mark system of identification. He devised a system of measurements which has been called "Bertillonage," and was successfully put in practice by him as director of the Anthropometric Bureau of the police authorities of Paris. This system had nothing to do with finger-marks, and it was only after many years that Mr. Bertillon added the finger-mark identification of the English to his system.

THE recent death of M. Alphonse Bertillon, head of the Identification Department in the Prefecture of Police of Paris, brings to mind the wonderful mensuration system which he invented and which now forms one of the principal means for the identification of criminals in most countries of the civilized world. M. Bertillon was born in Paris on the 22nd of April, 1853, and founded his system of mensuration in 1880, when he was 27 years of age. He published several books on the subject, to which he devoted practically the whole of his life, among them being Modern Ethnography; The Savage Races, 1883; Judicial Anthropometry in Paris, 1889; Judicial Photography, 1890; Anthropometrical Identification, 1893; Comparison of Handwritings and Identification of Handwriting, 1897; and, finally, in conjunction with Dr. Chevrin, in 1909 he published their well-known work on Metric and Photographic Anthropology.

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of M. Bertillon in Paris a little more than twenty years ago, when I visited his laboratory with my friends Dr. Roux and Dr. Metchnikoff, of the Institut Pasteur. Bertillon was then a strikingly handsome man of Southern type, about forty years of age, tall and lean, with dark hair and beard, sallow complexion, and finely-cut features. He had a suite of rooms arranged, one for measuring, another for photography, another for the numbered cabinets containing the record cards, and another as his study and library. The measurements, which after some years of trial he had found most suitable to his purpose, were, he told us, seven, namely: (1) The length of the head from back to front; (2) the breadth of the head; (3) the stretch of the arms extended horizontally, measured from finger-tip to finger-tip; (4) the height when sitting (from buttocks to top of the head); (5) the length of the middle finger; (6) the length of the cubit—that is, from the elbow to the top of

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the middle finger; (7) the length of the left foot. An arrested individual had been brought in and all seven measurements of him taken by M. Bertillon's assistants in our presence. "Take the card," Bertillon said to me, "and see if you can find his record here."

The first thing to do was to see under which of the three head-lengths the prisoner came. His measure in this item was 8 in., therefore he was to be sought in the first section. At the date of our visit M. Bertillon had, so far as I remember, about 30,000 individuals' records or cards in his cabinets. At the start the prisoner was a possible one out of 30,000. But the measurement of the length of his head made him one of about a third of that number—those with the longer heads. He became (if there at all!) one of 10,000. Then I referred to the freshly-prepared measurements and got his head-breadth. He belonged to the broader section, and again two-thirds of the cards were excluded—he became one of 3,300, and so on until the last measurement, that of the length of the left foot, brought us to one of three drawers—those of the largest foot-measurement. There were twenty cards in the drawer.

If M. Bertillon possessed the record of this man, it must be one of these. "Take out the cards and read the notes on the back," said M. Bertillon to me. There were nine cards with eye-color brown, six blue, five grey. The prisoner's eye-color was brown. "Now look at the photographs on each of the nine cards with brown eyes," said the director. I did so. One had a considerable resemblance to the prisoner, though the beard was different. M. Bertillon looked at the card and, showing the photograph to the prisoner, said to him, "Your name is Gustave Mercier; you were arrested four years ago at Tours for vagabondage." "No, sir," he replied, "my name is Legros, and I was never at Tours in my life. There is a resemblance to me in the photograph, it is true, but it is a mere chance resemblance."

M. Bertillon took no notice, but (reading from the card) said to his assistant, "Scar of a cut behind the left ear, an inch and a half long." The assistant turned the prisoner's head to the light, and, touching the scar, said, "Yes, sir. There it is!" "A similar scar on the inner side of the fourth finger of the right hand," continued M. Bertillon. "Here it is, sir," said the assistant. "A large mole on the right shoulder-blade, with a smaller one below it," continued the director. "Take off your shirt," said the assistant to the prisoner. "Eh bien! assez! Vous etes plus fort que moi. C'est moi, Mercier!" that personage exclaimed. There was nothing much against him, as it happened, and he was dismissed with the report and an attendant policeman, to be dealt with by the Commissioner of Police, who, I was told, would only caution him and set him free.

That was the Bertillon system. We saw another prisoner measured and identified, and a third was measured and was found not to be on record. He was photographed, and his card was, there and then, placed in its proper place, awaiting future developments.

A Monarch at Eighty-Three

An Intimate Character Sketch of Austria's Grand Old Man

(From *The Lady's Realm*.)

The recently announced illness of the Emperor of Austria-Hungary reminds us that the aged monarch is the doyen of all the sovereigns of Europe, being now in his eighty-third year. It is doubtful whether any but a small circle of councillors and attendants, who grow less in number every year, as their total sum of years increases, really knows anything of his actual personality. This intimate view of his daily life will therefore be of exceptional interest.

TO few men is it given to occupy an exalted position for so great a length of time as has fallen to lot of the aged Emperor of Austria and Hungary. His reign which has been far from a happy one, has now considerably exceeded in duration that of our own Queen, Victoria. Bravely has he met and withstood every kind of blow from an adverse fate. Punctiliously as ever he still performs all those duties of kingship and governor, which at his age he might be well excused for delegating to one younger than himself.

His enemies call his "the most perfect official in Europe," and it is very certain that the Emperor is a most successful business man, a master of method and detail, and that everyone who comes into contact with him, must be absolutely "correct" in every way.

The representatives of big newspapers, whose business it is to attend the steps of royalty, when visiting this country, all agree that whereas there is hardly a monarch who is absolutely to time, the Emperor of Austria forms a striking exception. Kaiser Wilhelm, on arriving at the small wayside station of Penzing, near the Palace of Schonbrunn, in Vienna, naturally hastens to reach the door of the railway carriage to anticipate his aged host. It is frequently a struggle to get there in time. On the platform stands the Emperor, slim and upright, a military figure par excellence. No one ever casts a glance towards the red velvet canopy to see whether he is there or not, for they know that he will advance like a clockwork figure at the given signal and that his steps are so nicely calculated that all the most precise requirements of etiquette are filled, the sovereign in the in-coming train getting just that degree of deference due to his rank and estate in the world. Of course the Emperor has had long practice at the difficult task of reigning over this large Empire and of presiding as the chief of the most exact court of Europe.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, a certain roughness, the Emperor is the most popular man in the Empire. Whether he goes to Hungary or Bohemia, he is sure of ovations, all along the line of route. He visited Bosnia three years ago. The detectives, who were called upon to accompany the monarch, did not relish their task. They knew by experience that their work would be very difficult. The monarch who

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is so solicitous for the safety of his guests, cares nothing for his own safety. There was considerable risk of some disaffected Serb, or fanatic Mahomedan, making an attempt upon the life of the Emperor. This he knew as well as any of his retinue, but nonplussed them all by dismounting from his carriage in the streets of Sarajewo, and mingling with the crowd, just as if he had been in Vienna or Buda Pesth.

In every capital of Europe it will be noticed that the court carriages and automobiles always drive at a certain pace, when carrying strange monarchs. The pace is not the result of chance. It has been carefully calculated by the police, as that most likely to confuse any ill-intentioned malefactors. The Emperor himself, however, never drives quickly. To the great distress of both police and doctors he insists on proceeding through the streets at foot pace, and receiving the ovations of the crowd.

The Emperor has only one physician in ordinary, who, like the other personages about him, is a friend of his youth. Doctor Kerzl is over seventy years old and is an old campaigner, who does not believe in any kind of pampering. He has accompanied the Emperor on the battlefield and to countless manoeuvres, and both old soldiers sleep in an iron camp bed. The Emperor has no faith in doctors, or medicine, and it would appear that Kerzl shares his belief. The Emperor's relatives have often tried to persuade him to allow a younger doctor to attend him. They are afraid that Kerzl's views coincide too exactly with those of the monarch.

The position, however, is no easy one. The Emperor, forgetting the need for precautions at his advanced age, orders his carriage without consulting the doctor. The latter is sometimes only informed of the monarch's intention of paying visits on a raw spring day, in an open carriage, after the vehicle is ready at the door, and the Emperor has sallied forth clad in nothing but his uniform, as he dislikes the military cloak, and will not allow his attendants to wrap him in carriage rugs like an elderly person who has lost his vigor.

The Emperor-king does not take many holidays, for he works harder than any man in his kingdom, in spite of his advanced age. He occasionally, however, takes a well-earned outing at Ischl, where he spends part of his time rambling the mountains, in that delightful part of the Salzkammergut, quite alone, except when he permits a gamekeeper to accompany him, or a forester to take him to the best point for shooting one of the large herd of deer that roam the forest. The forester, like the other attendants on his Majesty, is an old man. He is generally seen awaiting the arrival of the train from Vienna. The Emperor, after his official welcome is over, inquires what prospects there are in the hunting world, and his subjects are somewhat startled every summer to hear that the monarch has risen at 3.30 a.m., an hour earlier than usual, for he always rises at 4.30 and rides toward the top of a mountain which forms part of the imperial domain, doing the last few hun-

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dred yards on foot to the dense part of the forest where stags may be shot by the skilled stalker.

The Emperor is never alone at Ischl. Members of the imperial family come and go throughout the summer; but the children of the Archduchess Valerie are the monarch's favorites. They take up their residence at the same time as his majesty, in the Ischl villa, and throughout the summer the prime gardens and forest walks, which extend upwards from the villa grounds, are enlivened by the voices of the children and their friends. The Archduchess has nine children, of whom the eldest daughter, who fell in love with her brother's tutor at Ischl last summer, is prime favorite with the Emperor. She very wisely told her grandfather that she could not live without her handsome soldier lover, during one of her walks with the aged monarch among the moss-grown Ischl woods. He, acting as usual without consulting anyone, summoned the lover to an audience, made the necessary enquiries, and only issued his commands in the matter to the somewhat scandalized archducal papa after he had practically disposed of his grandchild's hand, without even asking the formal consent of her parents, for it is the Emperor alone who decides all matrimonial questions in the imperial family.

The Emperor has rigged up a stage for his grandchildren who always spend part of the summer in rehearsing for an amateur performance for his birthday on August 18th, and in order that the villa may not be reduced to confusion by the efforts of these amateur actors, the performance is given in a small house called "The Cottage," at the end of the grounds, where they can make as much noise as they choose without the danger of disturbing the monarch or his ministers. The first ballet master from Vienna is in charge of the troupe of dancers, and the Emperor has the gratification of seeing a really pretty spectacle got up entirely for his benefit.

A World-wide Symbol

Do You Know the Meaning of this Sign?

(From The World.)

The Swastika is perhaps more worn than any other similar symbol of its kind to-day, and yet how many people even of those who wear it have the least idea of its meaning? This seems to be the unfortunate fate of symbols which become a fashion. The readers of the present article, however, will take place among the more enlightened as far as this particular symbol is concerned.

"OF the many forms of the cross," says Thomas Wilson, "the Swastika is the most ancient." The peculiarity of this special cross is that all four arms of equal length and size are bent in the same direction to right or left; when turned to the right it has been called the Swastika, and

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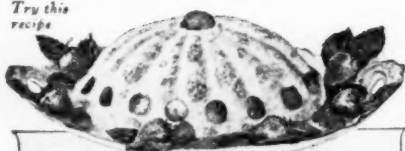
But, without that taste which makes it inviting, few children would eat half enough.

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when to the left, the Sauwastika, the meaning of which I shall refer to later. later. This cross has at different times been called by various names, but nearly all countries have universally adopted the name of Swastika, a Sanskrit word denoting happiness, pleasure, and good luck. Thus it was worn as an amulet and a sign of benediction, good fortune and long life.

The theories presented concerning the symbolism of the Swastika are extremely numerous. The origin and early history are lost in antiquity, but in the opinion of Thomas Wilson it might have served as the symbol of a religion, a people, or a sect; secondly, as a charm; and thirdly, as an ornament or decoration. What gives to it peculiar interest is its migration, for there was no country and no time when it was not known. D'Alviella calls it "Gammadion" quite as often as Swastika, and says that the Anglo-Saxons gave to this form of cross the name of Fylfot. It seems to have been regarded, in turn, possibly as a symbol of fecundity; a representation of water; a symbol of lightning and storm; but he himself is inclined to regard it as a solar symbol, the arms or branches of the Gammadion representing rays in motion. The triskele—such as is represented in the



Swastika

Sauwastika

A Swastika (India)

three legs of the Isle of Man — is regarded as a solar symbol, and is derived from the tetrascele or cross with four rounded arms, a variety of the Swastika. The solar disk is frequently found in connection with the latter symbol, and one fact often quoted in support of its solar significance is that on a coin of Mesembria in Thrace, meaning "the town of noon," the Swastika stands for the light of the sun.

The Hindoo Swastika

If this interpretation of the Swastika as a solar symbol be correct, it is interesting to note that Sir George Birdwood says that the "right-handed" Swastika is with the Hindoos the emblem of the god Ganesh, typifying the sun in its course from east to west, and symbolising light, life, and glory. The "left-handed" Swastika or Sauwastika belongs, on the contrary, to Kali, representing the course of the sun in the subterranean world from west to east, denoting darkness, death, and destruction. Hence the general impression that the arms of the Swastika should turn to the right, though the wearers are ignorant of the reason.

Should we, then, take for granted that the Swastika is a symbol of the sun—an emblem of the great Life Giver—what is more likely than that it thus derived its significance of good fortune and long life? In the present day the Hindoos, at the time of the new year, paint the Gammadion in red at the commencement of their account books. As an orna-

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ment it is still woven by the Buddhist women of Thibet into their skirts. Here, too, it is placed on the necks of the dead, signifying, possibly, renewal and endless duration of life.

Who can know, for certain, the significance of this symbol as old as the world and as wide? Only we, of to-day, may remember that to these people, of yesterday, long passed, it must have meant much, and so wear it as a symbol rather than as an ornament.

A Fuel of the Future Peat Treated by New Methods an Efficient Substitute for Coal

While peat, or "turf" has been used for many years as fuel in parts of Ireland, Holland, and even occasionally in the United States, it has never been accounted of great economic value, because of its humidity and its large percentage of earthy matter, rendering it of low heating power, not to mention its acrid smoke. The new method of treatment here described, however, will if successful overcome these difficulties.

HITHERTO peat has been unable to seriously compete with coal as a fuel owing to its bulk and its large content of water and ash. It is frequently used as a fertiliser, as stable litter, or for making charcoal, but as a fuel it has only been in use among the poorest people of the countries in which it is found.

New methods of using it in practice abroad during the last few years, however, have caused peat-bogs to be considered a valuable national asset. Peat has even been made available for use as fuel in locomotives through the invention of a feeding-device by a Swedish engineer. The details of the device have not been made public, but it is said that peat-powder is mixed with a small percentage of coal and fed automatically into the furnace. No alteration of boiler or fire-box is required, and three tons of peat preparation do the work of two tons of coal. Reports have it that the experiments have been so successful that some Swedish railways have been buying peat-logs.

A description of the successful exploitation of peat in Europe is given in the monthly supplement of the *Larousse Encyclopedia*.

For some years, says the writer, a better understood exploitation has enabled us to find in peat a source of important riches; besides its use for fuel, to which we will return, this substance has been employed as a litter for animals, as a disinfecting substance, as a medium for absorbing molasses fed to stock, etc. . . .

Peat-bogs represent considerable areas in northern regions as well as in Europe (Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Ireland), as in Canada (nearly 40,000 square miles) and in the United States. Even in France over 90,000 acres are thus unproductive. . . . It is evident that a new profit will re-



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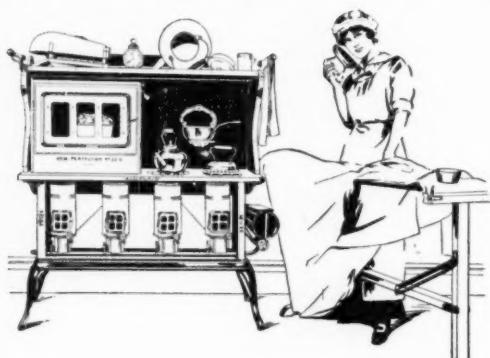
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sult from the working of peat-beds; these vast areas will be drained and devoted to agriculture.

The peat lies in horizontal layers, the upper ones of which clearly betray their vegetable origin, while the lower ones are increasingly black, opaque, and compact, as the carbonization becomes more complete. Such compact turf may contain as high as 65 per cent. of carbon. When dry it is a light, spongy substance with an earthy fracture, weighing from 500 to 580 pounds per cubic yard. We read in regard to the exploitation and preparation of peat:

The simplest exploitation of peat-beds consists in cutting it with a special ax and allowing it to dry in the open air. . . . The minimum quantity is thus extracted. The amount is increased by the use of more or less powerful excavators, according to the nature of the peat and the presence of roots. Extracted in a solid mass or even in a muddy pulp, it undergoes a mechanical preparation; it is soaked in basins to separate it from earth and stones and then filtered under pressure. Instead of natural drying in the air it is more rapid in substitute artificial processes, either by circulation of hot air in tunnels or by special furnaces; the original feature of such driers consists in the use of part of the turf itself as a fuel. After drying, the turf, first broken up, if necessary, is formed into blocks by powerful compression in a 'briquette' machine.

Modern methods are still more efficient. They consist of distillation and gasification. The former transforms the peat into coke, the latter into gases utilizable for heating or for motive power.

In these methods many by-products, principally salts of ammonia, may be recovered, thus rendering the transformation very economical. . . . The transforming of peat into charcoal was primitively accomplished by kilns, as in the case of wood; but since the gaseous products were lost, the process was not very economical. The distillation in closed vessels is preferable; special arrangements permit the condensation and recovery of tars, mother-waters, sources of alcohol, of acetic acid, of ammoniacal salts, etc.; the charcoal obtained, better calcined and denser, richer in carbon, constitutes a fuel something like coke, especially when washed peat is used to charge the retorts. Among the apparatus recently applied to carbonization, one of the most original heats the purified peat in a steel cylinder by the aid of an electric resistance in the interior, the electric energy being produced by the heat proceeding from the combustion of the gases disengaged. One hundred pounds of dry peat yield about thirty pounds of coke utilizable in metallurgy to charge furnaces, heat boilers, etc.

Gasification is an ultra modern procedure much employed in Sweden, and consists of burning the turf with an insufficient quantity of air in order to obtain a large quantity of combustible gases.

Making the Passover Cake

Interesting Facts Concerning a Little-known Industry

The charge of making their Passover cakes with Christian blood is one which has lately been industriously circulated against the Jews in Russia. The particulars of the Motza industry, as given in this article, are therefore of special interest at the present

A THRIVING industry centres round the manufacture of the thin brittle cakes of the Passover and there are large motza bakeries in different parts of England, and in various states of America, Russia, Germany and Italy. But the English-made motza, however, is popular all the year round, and consignments go to such varied spots as China, Australia, South Africa, North Africa, Eastern Europe, and Gibraltar.

A motza bakery is a most interesting place to visit, particularly as Jewish ecclesiastical law governs the process of manufacture. The first consideration, it can well be imagined, is the flour to be used. A suitable blend has to be found and this can hardly be described exactly, as the same flour is used for the manufacture of daily bread, though good bread could be manufactured from the same flour.

The whole secret of getting motzas the right quality is to have the right flour, and as soon as this is chosen the Ecclesiastical Authorities are called in to inspect the mill before the grinding starts. One of the main things they insist upon is that the wheat shall be unwashed and be absolutely free from sprout. After the wheat is ground the bags of flour are sealed by an overseer, and the flour is then stored away from everything else in a separate room.

The next step is to get the machinery ready, and it is necessary to have religious inspection before we can actually start. The covering on the machines along which the dough travels must be renewed and the doughing tubs must be thoroughly cleansed, in fact one of the most essential features is that everything in the department where the manufacture goes on is to be made scrupulously clean.

What the Cakes Really Are

The machines upon which the motzas are made are the ordinary type of biscuit machines fitted, of course, with special dies according to the kind of Passover cake that it is required to make. The machinery is kept exclusively for the manufacture of Passover cakes, though this is not essential, as it can be used for the manufacture of ordinary Kosher biscuits so long as it is thoroughly cleansed before the cakes for Passover are to be made. Once, however, the manufacture of Passover cakes is started the machines cannot be used for anything else until the whole of the quantity for Passover has been made up.



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For people, more and more, are mixing Puffed Grains with berries. The tart of the fruit and these nut-like morsels form a delicious blend.

Serve Together

When you serve berries, serve with them a freshly-crisped dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Mix the grains with the berries, so that every spoonful brings the two together.

The grains are fragile, bubble-like and thin, and the taste is like toasted nuts. They add as much deliciousness as the sugar and the cream.

Strawberries, you think, are hard to improve upon. But try this method once.

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The cakes themselves consist simply of flour and water, but the whole process of mixing, rolling, cutting and baking, is done within the limited time of eighteen minutes. The dough is rolled into very thin sheets and must not be allowed to lie either in the doughing tubs or on the machines, as, of course, the great idea is to prevent any possibility of fermentation. No flour or dust of any description must come in contact with the dough or fall upon the finished cakes themselves, and all imperfectly baked cakes are rejected. Special appliances for drying the cakes are fitted up, and they require to be packed almost immediately they come out of the oven.

Several varieties of motzas are manufactured. The ordinary round variety is known as the Leeds motza or the Carlisle motza. These are similar in shape to the motzas that have been in use for hundreds of years past. Square-shaped or American motzas which were introduced some few years ago from America are also manufactured. They are somewhat thinner than the round-shaped Carlisle or Leeds motzas. Another variety is the German motza which is a round cake of the same size as the Carlisle motza, but thinner and covered all over with small holes, whereas the Carlisle or Leeds motzas are only pricked in horizontal lines across the cake.

By-production and Prices

These are the standard motzas for general consumption, but in addition smaller sized motzas are made, one of which is known as the tea motza about half the size of the Carlisle motza, and another known as the fancy motza, which is about half the size of the tea motza. The only other one made is the egg motza; this contains eggs in addition to flour and water, as eggs are not prohibited at certain times during the Passover season.

The Carlisle motza is the most in demand, but the American motza is becoming more and more popular as the thinner cake is more crisp and is thus better liked.

Other products of the cakes are motza meal and farful. The motza meal represents motzas ground up by special machinery and is used for baking purposes while the farful is used in soups, etc., and is really made up of small pieces of motzas baked in a certain way.

As will be readily appreciated these different motzas are sold at varying prices. The lowest price at which they are retailed is 4d. per pound for the cheapest variety, and 1s. and 1s. 2d. per pound for the egg motzas.

Unleavened cakes similar to those manufactured for Passover are eaten all the year round and there is a regular demand for same, a sign that the motza is not unpalatable.

One of the few countries which has not been penetrated by the railway, Iceland, is, it is announced, now to have a railway some sixty miles long. Hitherto all land journeys in the island have had to be made on horseback, for there are said to be no highways even in the inhabited districts.

The New Morals of Business

The Passing of the Kings and Giants of Finance,
Commerce and Industry—Opening of a New
Era—What Will be the Result?

(From the World's Work.)

We have here a striking comparison between the old and new ethics of business in the United States. We are told what has been wiped out, what has been changed and what has been created in finance and commerce, how a business police force is being instituted. The writer looks with some apprehension upon the possible results of this policy.

IN FINANCE, as in the making of nations, the ruins of one regime become the foundation of another. To-day the ruins are apparent enough, but what is going to be built upon them depends upon many things that so far are not revealed to the eyes of men. The architect of to-morrow has not yet published his plans.

The ruins of the so-called McKinley era, it has been said, are clear enough to view. The very men who made that day are mostly dead or gone.

In corporation affairs, as in the lists of men, sweeping and revolutionary changes have passed across the scene.

In banking and legislation, miracles have happened overnight. The heart of the banking systems of the country has been ripped apart. The closely tied-together banks of New York, exercising what all men knew to be a close co-operative control over all great financing, all great streams of money and credit, and all initiative in the purely banking world, have been forced to draw apart. Voting trusts to perpetuate that power without too large an investment have been dissolved.

The cramped and inadequate currency system of yesterday has been swept away. In its stead stands an experiment in asset currency, something such as never was in any land before, a hybrid of central bank, pure asset currency, and bond-secured circulation.

Again, the first petards have been exploded under the tariff wall, and here and there are quite appreciable breaches in that wall.

The Passing of the Individualists

Individual opportunity in commerce and finance reached its climax, one may say, in the School of the Magnates—during the three or four brief years when every industry of great importance was headed by A Man. The earliest magnates died, and none succeeded them. Only shadows followed the early Armour and Pullman—pioneers in the concentration of organized finance into the hands of one man. No new men come to wield the sceptres of autocratic power in any of the giant trades of commerce, finance, or transportation.

Here has been a great evolution, and we seem to be already in the third stage of it, almost before we understand that we have passed out of the first. In 1901,

the individual reached his climax. In 1909, it was the age of syndicates and machines to carry on and perpetuate, if possible, the power of the individual, dead or retired. In 1913, one may mark the revolt of business and of the public against the cold and cynical rule of mere machinery. Business may be controlled, combined, beaten, remodeled, revolutionized, exploited, inflated, deflated, watered, plundered, and put in jail, and it will stand it so long as the power that does these things to it is the power of a man; but when inanimate machinery attempts to do the same things, or one tenth of them, or even, looks as though it might do them, both business and the public which licenses the business to live rise up and tear things to pieces until that danger is past and men return to power. It is coming to be realized even by the public that American business and finance are much over-organized; and that it may be quite as well to go back to first principles in many respects. So, in the more modern trades, you may find the head of the business a real worker, a man of labor and of real manufacturing skill, or transportation skill, as the case may be. In the automobile trade, the rubber industry, the railroad business, the new men whose names come to the front are men of practical cast, not bankers, lawyers, brokers, capitalists, or promoters.

Changes in Financial Methods

The regulation of the underwriting syndicates is one of the demands made by reformers. The voting trust, a little device invented so that a few men may control the administration of a railroad, a bank, or an industrial corporation without actually owning the stock, seems also to be anathema. Experience has shown that a voting trust holds its power only so long as it works well. In principle it is probably an anachronism and neither commerce nor finance will miss it very much if it passes into history altogether, as it seems likely to do.

Interlocking directorates draw the fiercest lightning. It is not that a man or a firm merely sits on two boards of directors. The principle against which the forces of government, business, and society have revolted is that a single man or house, being powerful in the counsels of, for example, a railroad, a steel company, a locomotive concern, a car company, a train-lighting company, and a banking house, shall use its influence to see to it that the railroad buys its rails from the steel company, its cars from the car company, its lights from the lighting company, and its engines from the locomotive company; that the steel company, etc., do their shipping by the railroad company; and that all of



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them do their borrowing through the bank and carry their deposits in the bank in which he is interested.

These cardinal matters of control and regulation are well on their way. There remains the greatest task of all. It is proposed to create some sort of a system of control for speculation. It is proposed to see to it that every transaction on every stock exchange be "legitimate," whatever that means. To be sure, no one has yet proposed that margin business be wiped out entirely; but some men have seemed to intimate that it might be a good thing if "selling short" were made a capital offence.

New Morals for Commerce

Having glanced over the revolutions that are going on in finance, look now at commerce. Glimpse only the high spots, for to explore the whole of this great field in detail would take a book. First, it is enacted that no more shall industry grow fat in the indolent shade of a tariff wall, but must go out and work for its profits.

Now, on the top of this, comes industrial regulation framed on the lines of railroad regulation. Some things stand out. There are too be no more price pools to fix a price and to force all the manufacturers in an industry to make that price.

There are to be no more secrets of any sort, apparently. It is the temper of the public that the minutes and the records of the meetings of men who control and dominate industry shall be wide open, just as they are in the railroad field.

Is it good, or bad? It looks good for somebody; but it looks rather gloomy for somebody else. Let every man solve his own riddles. One thing, however, is fairly certain. Just as the growth of railroad regulation failed to bring it about that the margin of profit grew larger in the railroad field, so will it be almost certain that the new era of business regulation will not enlarge the margin of profit in manufacturing and in merchandizing.

Commercial Ten Commandments

This, then, is the promise of a commercial to-morrow. Let us sum it up. The day of the giants in finance and industry is over. They come to us no more. In the matter of men, the promise is a promise of a leadership under men who work, practising efficiency, skill, patience, and statesmanship.

In finance, there is definite assurance of regulation of fiscal agencies, syndicates, directorates, banking pools, voting trusts, and various other holy or unholy details of the past.

In transportation, the greatest of our industries and the worst tried, we are promised, some day, physical valuation, close governmental control of rates, an era in which no railroad shall carry traffic for nothing or less, a fangless serpent eating bread and milk out of the hands of the public. We are promised, too, cheaper and better service.

In industry and merchandising, it is the dawn of a sterilized age in which sterilized corporations shall sell sterilized goods at sterilized prices and by sterilized methods. All the germs are to be ex-

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally, A. G. MORRIS, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Our "Gravity" design gives greatest convenience, as well as ease of operation with quick and thorough work. Do not overlook the detachable tub feature.

tracted. If you make a little agreement to buy your raw material, to sell your finished product, to steal a process from your neighbor, to fake the quality of your goods, to "get the jump" on a new market line—in fact to do any naughty thing—the Interstate Trade Commission will get you if you don't watch out.

Here and there, as one contemplates the future of American business, the eye pauses to note new kinds of commissions, state and Federal, new bureaus of industry, new possibilities of licenses, Federal and state, and newly decorated officers, both local and national, appointed, maybe, to be the policemen of business and traffic. In fact, the multiplication of the police force in business is the really significant aspect of the situation; for it seems not unlikely that when they will not let Mr. Hill run his own railroads at all they may give him the job of being the Lord High Commissioner of All the Railroads. Carry the analogy through to the end and you may, unconsciously, limn the real picture of to-morrow. Nobody really knows. And this is no Book of Revelations.

The First Hydro- Aeroplane Ferry Hydroplane Proves its Superiority as Ferry Boat to Every Other Method of Locomotion

(From The Technical World.)

The hydro-aeroplane ferry here described is the first heavier-than-air flying machine to achieve a commercial and financial success. At San Francisco, a company for ferrying passengers by aeroplane has also been incorporated and regular trips are soon to begin. This latter concern hopes to have in operation shortly a fleet of forty boats—at least that is the plan of the promoters.

THE initial trip of the hydro-aeroplane ferry of the Florida line was made on New Year's day. Six thousand people gathered at St. Petersburg and, just before the time scheduled for the start, an auctioneer sold the right to cross, to the first passenger, for four hundred dollars. The usual fare is five dollars each way. The flight from St. Petersburg is made at ten in the morning and the return from Tampa at two in the afternoon.

Tampa Bay, on the west coast of the Florida Peninsula, is about twenty-five miles long and fifteen or twenty wide. The little city of St. Petersburg is situated upon the western shore, and Tampa lies on the north-eastern side. The route of the hydro-aeroplane extends for the most part over this sheet of water.

The first trip to Tampa with pilot and passenger occupied twenty-three minutes—a speed of about forty-seven miles an hour. The return was accomplished in about twenty minutes, or at the hourly rate of about fifty-four miles. The wind was back of the machine during this part

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Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, made from fine skins, perfect fitting, in White, Tans, Beavers, Browns, Greys and Black, with 3 Press Buttons to match Glove; Plain Points. 69 cents per pair.

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of the journey and so assisted in hastening the homecoming.

On the out trip the hydro-aeroplane stuck to the water as long as it was in sight from the shore. It is understood that upon the return the speed rose as high as seventy miles per hour.

As illustrative of what is likely to happen with regular schedules an experience of the second day may be cited. A fast trip was made to Tampa without accident at the average rate of nearly fifty-seven miles per hour. Upon the return, when the craft was eight or nine miles from St. Petersburg, the forward group of three cylinders went out of action because of the clogging of the supply pipe. This accident left the machine under only half its power, so that the pilot brought it down to the surface of the water.

When the accident occurred, a launch put out. The aircraft's passenger, an employee of the local post office, swam to the boat, with the idea—as he afterwards explained—of reaching the post office at his proper hour. The launch reached the shore again in half an hour. But the hydro-aeroplane had, in the meantime, been got into working condition, and its superiority as a means of rapid transit was quickly demonstrated, for it reached the pier fifteen minutes ahead of the launch.

The San Francisco-Oakland aeroplane ferry promises to be a much larger project than the Tampa Bay line after it gets underway, but the company has not progressed as far as has the Florida concern, though such a ferry is badly needed. Great numbers of business men and women are forced to travel across San Francisco Bay night and morning going to and from their offices. The trip is six miles by boat ferry, taking half an hour in the best of weather, but in case of fog, a delayed and often a dangerous trip. Various means of transportation have been suggested—an enormous bridge was agitated at one time. This air ferry may solve the problem.

The company has adopted the Curtiss flying boat, a biplane of the best type. It will carry a one-hundred-horsepower engine and will be able to fly in a seventy-five-mile wind, a speed which exceeds the requirements made by the United States Government for its military flying machines. It will have water-tight compartments, and the three passengers carried in addition to the pilot, will be protected from waves and spray in landing, and against rain. The craft will carry a liquid compass, a revolution counter, a speed indicator, a barograph, a map holder, and other late aeronautic improvements. Each one will carry two powerful searchlights for use in foggy weather. The trans-bay trip, a distance of about six miles, will be made in six or seven minutes. Ultimately, when the machines have proved themselves dependable and the traveling public has been reassured through familiarity, the company expects to have a fleet of forty flying boats making regular schedule trips between San Francisco and points across the Bay.

-----STYLES-----



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The Eighth Wonder of the World

Immense Value of Electricity from Harnessing the Poles as a Result of Arctic and Antarctic Expeditions

(From the New York Press.)

If there be any truth in the argument here submitted that by harnessing the poles electricity in unlimited amount can be produced at practically no expense other than equipment, there is indeed an eighth wonder of the world in store for us, and the value of Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, which is frequently called in question, would rank second to none in the world of exploration.

That the time is not far distant when the acknowledged electrical forces of the North and South Pole regions will be utilized by man for the greater part of the world's industry is the argument of an Englishman who undertakes to answer the oft-repeated question, "What's the use of exploring the polar regions; of what value will these researches ever be?"

TO the average person such expedition spells a "grand sport" of international importance. The scientist, naturally, views it from a different angle. To him there opens a vast field for speculation. There are, for instance, the dimensions of solid land, mountains and probably volcanoes to be ascertained and geographically fixed. There are the atmospheric and magnetic phenomena to be observed and notes taken of the actual dips and variations the needle registers.

What it May Mean to Commerce


Then there are shells, fossils, minerals and other oddities that an expedition is always expected to pick up on its journey. Lastly, we come to the commercial—the sordid—part of it. The anticipation may run into gold, coal, copper, and so forth; but if the expedition returns safe and sound there are sure to be articles, books, lectures, dinners, balls and whatnot.

Taking these elements now as the motive for the present venture, it seems totally inadequate and absurdly disproportionate to the risks and expenses involved. Hence, to any one whose mental vision is not limited by five cities or continents, they all form merely an insignificant and superficial part as an explanation of the determined and persistent, as the German would say, "Drang nach Nord und Sud."

The Mediterranean is the highway of the world's commerce; the Suez Canal is its waterway; we control both. The former is the heritage of every world-ruling nation; the latter is a providential gift through a far-seeing man. The Panama Canal confers upon America a monopoly that at present has no equal; but they all sink into utter insignificance beside the possession of the North and South Polar territory. A nation holding these two axial points of our Mother Earth will

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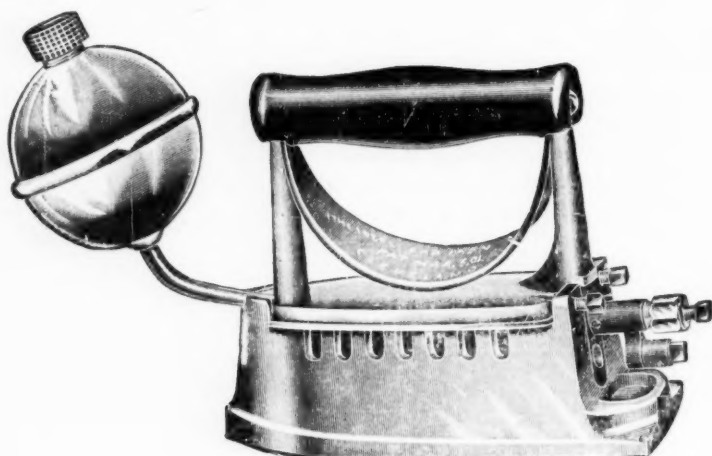


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Why?

Poles Control Electrical Power

Some few years ago I stood in an exhibition room, attentively regarding the supposed or original bits of iron, twisted wire, glass tube containing filings, and various odds and ends of small things, when a man who stood next to me gave the name of "Marconi's Mystery" to the whole collection in front of us. And "mystery" it has proved to be ever since—in more than one sense. However, I anticipate to see similar scientific debris, this time christened, say, "Polar Mystery," and patented in England by an Englishman—if he has brains big enough to accomplish this feat. It is no longer a secret; every college student is taught that the Polar regions are the converging points of our terrestrial magnetisms, and similar to the poles of ordinary pieces of steel magnet.

In the harnessing and controlling of this stupendous power lies the great secret of the whole Polar scheme! Can the reader realize what that means to the world? What that means to the nation that controls it? Well, it means this: when the "Polar Mystery," the new transforming plant, a mechanism differing from the dynamo as the dynamo differs from a gas engine—call it magnetic pump—is ready to be set up at the two poles, when some future Sir Engineer has laid, approximately, of course, say, at the South Pole, two giant cables, one to New Zealand, the other to South America, and similarly at the North to Siberia and Greenland, so that any two opposite poles may be joined and ready to produce the world's eighth wonder—then!—well, what will happen then?

Nothing more than what has happened many times before—the decline of one industry and the rise of another. Employment will have to be found for those at present engaged in the coal trade, for it is certain that coal will never be used to the same extent as before.

Manufacturers of coal gas will have to join the fate of our fast vanishing horse-drawn vehicles. As an illuminant gas will become as rare as a pair of candle snuffers in a village home. Why, every cottage, flat or shanty will have its glow lamp, radiator and electric cooker.

By the mere restriction and confinement of this power to civilized races, the continuance of white men—in Europe at least—will be assured almost indefinitely; and his fear of the "yellow peril" will then be remembered as an unpleasant nightmare. That the status of the workingman will make a tremendous upward leap may be inferred from the cheapening of all manufactured commodities and the comfort resulting from the universal employment of Polar power.

Vote Hunting in Australia

How Elections are Fought in the Sister Dominion

(From the London Magazine.)

There is a strong appeal to the imagination of British people in the fact that under their flag there is a Dominion holding a whole continent. Yet no other Empire in the world's history ever had all of a continent to itself. Once every three years the whole continent goes to the polling booth to elect a Parliament. The following breezy description of the election gives us a vivid pen picture of this incident in the sister Dominion.

THE population of Australia is as yet small—not five millions—but there is no reason of climate, of fertility, of resources why one day it should not be one hundred millions. In that case the Australian Parliament controlling as it would an army of 5,000,000 men (for there is Universal Service in Australia) and a fleet greater than that of Great Britain to-day and with an overseas trade of fifteen billion dollars (Australia's present overseas trade is worth 785 million dollars) might be a paramount Parliament.

Meanwhile it is an interesting enough Legislature to-day, with its distinction of controlling the destinies of a whole continent, and its racy, forceful democracy. It has to deal only with the big affairs—such as the army, the navy, Imperial policy—having under the Federal system State Parliaments to do the odd jobs of national housekeeping. Its debates and its election campaigns are thus kept on a dignified plane as regards the issues involved.

There is full adult suffrage in Australia, and men and women record their votes in about equal numbers for the election of members of Parliament. There are more men in the country than women, but about the same proportion of the two sexes uses the franchise. The woman's vote does not change

and appeals for the women voters; and these are somewhat less able to stand the test of logical examination than the arguments intended for the men voters. And at the game of electioneering women show a cheerful irresponsibility and gaiety of invention that make the male agent envious.

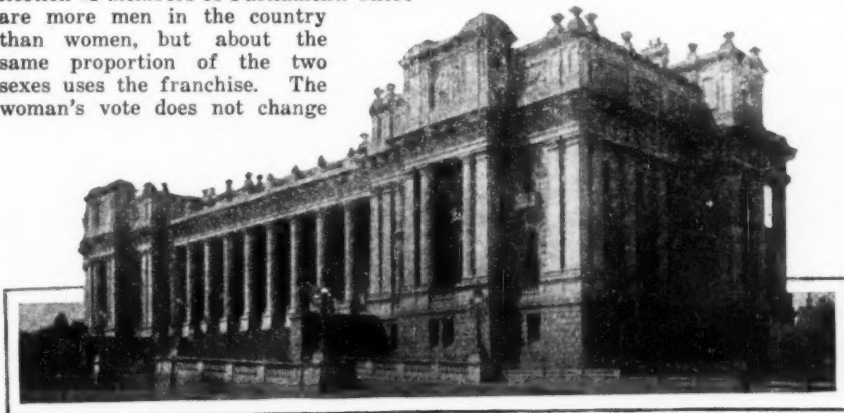
I recall when Mr. J. C. Watson, then leader of the Labor Party and ex-Prime Minister of Australia, was contesting South Sydney against Sir James Graham. He told me one day that he had found that the women canvassers for Sir James Graham were declaring that if he (Mr. Watson) were returned a general system of Socialism would be at once introduced, and women would have their children torn from their arms, to be brought up in State institutions.

"That is pretty steep," I commented indignantly. "Won't you make Sir James repudiate it?"

"Well," said Mr. Watson, with an expression of comic dismay, "there are a great number of domestic servants in the electorate, and I find that my women supporters are stating positively that if Sir James is returned the wages of servants will be at once reduced to 10s. a week, with gaol for those who won't work at the price. I think we'll have to let one story contradict the other, though I am sorry for them both."

Mr. Watson was returned.

One must be doing something in Australia to win respect; it is no use to point to what one's father or grand-



The Federal Parliament House, Melbourne.

the results or the character of the elections much. It does not, for instance, work to make its politicians archangels. The Mere Man, with no signs of wing feathers sprouting on his shoulders, still has a chance of getting into Parliament. Nor have women insisted on reducing the electoral issues to trivialities. But it is a fact that the wise candidate in Australia has a separate set of arguments

father has done, and to do anything well, whether it is lecturing at a university or making a road, earns consideration. So unless the Australian candidate has the natural democracy indigenous to the country, and can talk to the voter as a man and a brother, he finds canvassing difficult.

One great trouble of the "canvassing" work in the Bush centres is the whisky. Australians are not a hard-drinking



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nor back-breaking effort when you use a Bissell. It readily gathers up the threads, clippings and other miscellaneous litter that utterly defy other methods of cleaning.

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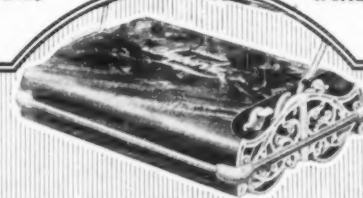
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people, but "shouting" drinks is a national custom. On being introduced to a man, he asks you, as in duty bound, to "come and have a drink," and it is your duty then to "stand another." Happy the candidate who can honestly say that he is a teetotaler. He is then excused from this disastrous ritual.

Perhaps it is a matter of the survival of the fittest, but there is a very large proportion of teetotalers in the Australian Parliament. A return from the Parliamentary refreshment-room some years ago showed that members, on an average, spent less than 6 cents each per day on alcoholic liquors. As the lowest price for a drink is 12 cents, the average is very low.

Still, a candidate sometimes is betrayed by the hospitable obligations imposed upon him by canvassing.

An Australian politician of great prominence told me one day half-seriously: "You ask me the secret of what you call my political success? Mainly, my boy, it was this: When first I stood for — the dear old friend who had been the member before came to me and said, 'Now, I want you to come along and have a drink with me; and I want you to have just what I have.' He called, 'Whisky, your own special.' I called, 'Whisky, your own special.' And when I drank it, it was just cold tea. 'I have every pub. in the electorate educated up to that,' my old friend told me. It was the most valuable political tip I got in my whole career."

Money counts for little in Australian electioneering. All the returning officers' expenses are paid by the Treasury, and a candidate for the House of Representatives would lose his seat if it could be proved that he had spent more than \$1,000 on the election.

A young man, entering political life, can expect that his party organization will run him and pay his expenses on his first attempt. If he wins the seat (with a salary attaching of \$3,000 a year), he is expected afterwards to pay his own expenses; but the expenses are very small. I have known a man to win a seat on \$50.

Sometimes a rich man candidate comes forward with the idea of winning a seat with money. The glad word goes around, and the thirsty gather together from all quarters. The rich candidate is ingeniously "bled." No one has scruples about promising him support and votes.

I remember a very rich man once standing for a seat held by an able Labor member. The Labor man advised all his supporters to join his opponent's committee, membership of which made one certain of very "hospitable" treatment. They did so. By and by the rich candidate had a committee, drinking and eating at his expense, which comprised more than half the male voters of the electorate. It was expensive, but, as he pointed out before the poll, it meant that victory was sure. At the poll he got just twenty-six votes! The artful Labor man "rubbed it in" at the declaration of the poll. "It has been a glorious victory for democracy," he said, "and a victory won without sacrifice and without thirst!"



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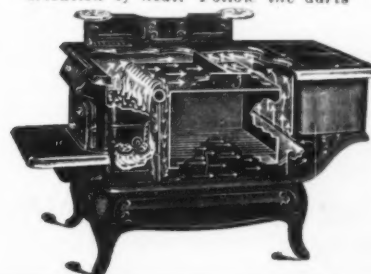
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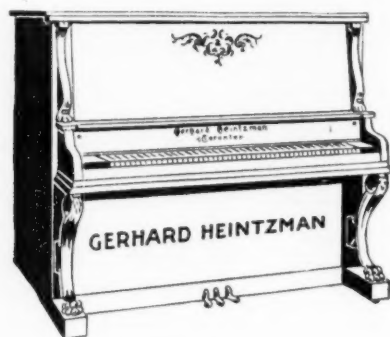
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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
TECHNICAL BOOK DEPARTMENT 143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

"Rather unprincipled," someone may comment. Perhaps; but better anyhow than the rich succeeding in buying votes. For myself, I confess to finding an Australian election contest, with its humor, its directness, its verdicts depending chiefly on merit and sincerity and honest effort, an attractive phase of democracy.

The Novel of the Future

Coming Fiction to Deal with Character Rather than with the Sword or the Purse

(From T. P.'s Weekly.)

As civilization advances so does the style and subject matter of our fiction change. Joseph Keating here gives us his ideas as to what will form the subject matter of the novel of the future.

THE first novel ever written was the story of Adam and Eve; and the last novel that will ever be written will be the same story—only different; because there is only one story in the world and that is the conflict of human weakness and divine strength, the drama of grace and disgrace. The novel of the past following the descent of man from his perfect state fell away from its perfect original—the conflict of passion and spirituality—and became a mere rattle of sword and armor and vulgar chivalry.

The novel of the present is chiefly inspired by the ideal of a coarse amusement like prize-fighting. The basis is passion and gold. The novel of the future will be occupied with the conflict, not of blood and gold, but of blood and spirit; and nothing will be of importance except an emotion. Yesterday—the battle of the sword; to-day—the battle of the purse; to-morrow—the battle of the soul.

The novel of the future will be concerned only with the clash of character, not with the clash of metal—either of steel or gold. The impulses of a king are just as interesting as the impulses of a navvy. Neither is given by God or Nature a spiritual superiority over the other. Each immortal soul wears a crown and commands an army and navy and houses of parliament trying to rule its own turbulent kingdom. The wars of that soul's kingdom are dramas of more supreme interest than the trifling affairs outside; and the future novel will be the story of those secret wars. In reality the novel of the future will be an examination of conscience, wherein will be shown the stupendous conflict of spirituality with passion; and by that wondrous revelation the individuality of each character will learn how to develop the power of self-expression, independent of joy, pain or evil, defying the penalties which this world inflicts on a character that is brave enough to be itself; and when the novel of the future has expressed the ultimate secret of individuality we shall very likely find that it does not seek happiness in sins of passion, in selfishness, in the glorious luxury of being itself, but in keeping outside the gate of heaven to push in some other individuality.

Fair Play for the Child

Happiness the First Consideration. Let Him do as he Likes,
as far as Possible

(From The Cosmopolitan.)

Obviously the simplest and most effective way of making a child happy is to let him do as he likes within reason. His preferences will no doubt run contra in many cases to the conventional ideas of his parents or guardians, but Dr. Hutchinson, the writer of this article, contends that he will be the nearer right in his preference. Instinct will keep him from going very far wrong.

THE child is guided by instinct, which is usually right in direction, at least; the grown-up, by convention and tradition, which are at least half the time wrong. An intelligent balancing between the two, with a presumption in favor of the preferences of the child until clearly proved to be injurious, would give the best results.

From the modern scientific point of view, the child wins all along the line in the battle of the foods.

The happiest, healthiest, and most vigorous children are those who are given full milk in abundance from the very earliest; eggs, buttered crusts, scraps of tender, rare meat, and fruit, from the time when the teeth first begin to show themselves; meat at least once a day from the time they are three years of age; and some other protein, such as milk, eggs, bacon, fish, or cheese, at every other meal; who are given all the butter they can eat on their bread, and from one-eighth to one-third of a pound of sugar distributed throughout the day in the form of sweetening in their puddings, bread and milk, cereals, and with their fruit, or in the form of plain cake, cookies or good home-made toffee. One reason why children sometimes show a tendency to gorge themselves at the table is because they have been made to go too long between meals and become ravenously hungry.

Beginning in infancy with feeding every three hours, the number of meals per day should be gradually reduced until it reaches five, but should not drop below this until the child is at least twelve or fourteen years of age. Three square meals a day, with a "piece," or light luncheon in the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon, should be about the standard programme for the average child. If a child does not go to bed until two hours or more after the last meal, a glass of milk with crackers or cookies is advisable and will make his after-midnight sleep sounder.

Do Not Force Him to Eat

Another question which is a perpetual source of civil war in the family is the problem of forcing a child to eat things it doesn't like. Unless the food is of high nutritive value and absolutely needed to

provide him with a balanced ration for his immediate requirements, there is neither merit nor reason in endeavoring to force him to eat it.

If a child is finicky and faddy, and inclined to pick over his food and not take enough of it, the trouble is usually because he is not being supplied with a sufficient amount of some single food element, such as sugar or fat or fruit, for which he will often have a positively abnormal craving. When this is gratified, he will "even up" and show a normal appetite all round. Or else the root of the trouble is in his habits of life, particularly insufficient exercise in the open air, insufficient sleep, or badly ventilated living-rooms and bedrooms. Take him out of school or nursery, and turn him loose to play in the dirt, almost regardless of the weather, two-thirds of his waking hours; give him a nap in the middle of the day, and all the sleep he can possibly be made to take at night, and his appetite will very soon come round all right. The next chronic clash in the perpetual skirmish between the instinctive and the traditional codes comes over the question of sleep, or more precisely, of getting up in the morning. There is no possible way in which a child can spend his time more profitably than in sleep. Nor is there any authentic case on record of a child's injuring himself by sleeping too long or spending too much time in bed.

It is best to try to get him to bed in reasonable time after dark, in order that he may take the bulk of his sleep in the hours of darkness, and get his play in the sunlit hours. But there need be no hard-and-fast rule about it, and so long as he is happy and wide awake, there is no particular merit in sending him to bed, providing, of course, that he can take time the next morning to get his full quota of sleep out.

Never Wake Him

One rule, however, is almost without exception; and that is, when a child once is soundly and sweetly asleep, no matter at what hour he retired, he should never be waked for anything short of a flood or a fire. Nothing less than some emergency threatening his life or health should be allowed to shorten his sleep; least of all, such second-rate trivialities as school or an early breakfast.

When a child wakes and wants to get up, by all means let him. Give him his breakfast and send him out-of-doors. But the poetic, popular illusion that children love to rise with the dawn, greet the rising sun and paddle about on the dew-starred grass has precious little real evidence in its support.

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Buy with discretion; examine carefully this the sturdiest of cars and you will find it, without question or doubt, the most inexpensive car to buy, and the most economical car to operate.

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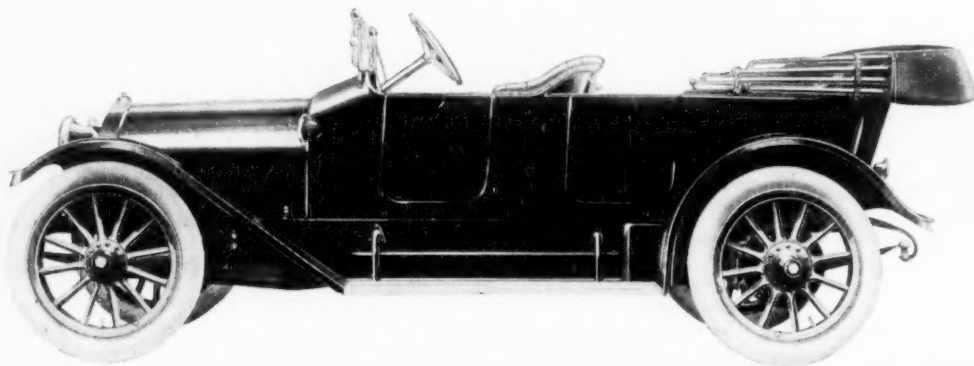
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Dr. C. N. DeBlois.

Perhaps the acutest and most irrepressible conflict between the child and the code is that between school and play, between study and enjoyment. And here again science brings up its heaviest batteries in support of the child, rather than of the code or curriculum. The principal business of the child, up to fifteen years of age at least, is growth, and his principal industry, play in the open air. Anything which interfered with these is neither healthful nor educational.

Our wisest and broadest-minded educators to-day are breaking away from the fetish of the school-room, making the education of the child a red-blooded, joyous, active thing in the open air, and actually forbidding his confinement in the school-room for more than a third of the school day, on any pretext. They are frankly declaring that any system of education which does not bring the joy of living into the school-room, and keep it there, is wrong in principle and unsound pedagogically.

THE KING'S SPARTAN LIFE

If the King were told that it was necessary for his health and that it was for the good of the state and his home that he should wear a hair shirt, he would don one to-morrow. So say those who are privileged to speak.

His Majesty suffers from liver and the physicians have just prescribed for him three hours a day exercise. He can take this out in riding, of which he is fond, in walking, or in physical exercises of the approved kind, which he loathes. But he follows out the instructions most religiously. Just now his Majesty is on a diet of that most Spartan simplicity which includes rare beef, toast, rice and no spirits of any description. This he accepts with the calm of a Trappist monk. He considers that his boys are at an age when he must set them an example and consequently he is all the time watching his conversation so that no opinion may be uttered which might have a bad effect on them. His life is ruled by discipline.

When the Court returns to town there will be a succession of small private dances to which immediate friends of Royalty will be invited. Of such there is never any mention in the Court Circular. For a long time the Queen has been anxious to revive the minuet and other of the old-world dances, and just now Princess Mary is taking lessons in these picturesque movements. Her Majesty wanted the King to practise these steps as part of his programme of exercise, but he would not be coaxed for once, as he thinks, and always has more or less thought, that dancing is not a kingly or dignified pastime.

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Fresh Air and Efficiency Never Above and Usually Well Below 70 Degrees F. is the Ideal Temperature

(From The Popular Science Monthly.)

This article shows in quite a new light the effect of impure air on human beings. It shows that evil effects are caused not by breathing impure air, not from lack of oxygen or from the presence of any injurious element in the air, but from the effect of a too heated or too humid atmosphere upon the skin which is thereby prevented from fulfilling its proper function of regulating the heat of the body.

THE human body is constantly burning fuel within itself and producing heat in the process. The amount of heat thus produced during twenty-four hours by an average adult man, when at rest, is about 2,400 calories, which is equal to the heat evolved by four or five ordinary Tungsten electric lamps during the same time. Such a man doing hard physical work generates more than twice this amount. Now if there were no outlet for this extra heat the man would rapidly contract a violent fever resulting in death, but he is enabled to get rid of the surplus heat by respiration, by radiation into the air from the skin, and by evaporation of perspiration poured on the surface of the skin from the sweat glands. Thus our bodily temperature is kept fairly constant, whether we do much or little work, whether we live indoors or outdoors, whether we work beside molten metal at a temperature of 250 degrees F., or are exposed to polar air at 75 degrees F. below zero.

Certain external essentials are, however, necessary to permit the skin to perform these functions, that is to say the surrounding air must be in such a condition as to supplement the body's activities. If the air be cool and moderately dry the best conditions exist for the body's well being; if it be hot and dry or cool and moist the body can within certain limits protect itself; but if it be hot and moist a condition exists against which the body is imperfectly equipped. Neither by radiation nor by evaporation of perspiration can the body then give off its surplus heat.

Interesting Experiments

Many experiments, some of them striking, seem to make it clear that it is to these two features of heat and humidity, the same features which are responsible for sunstroke, that all the evil effects of the crowded, ill-ventilated rooms are actually due. Several of the investigators have placed men within small closed experimental chambers, arranged with tubes passing through the walls to the outside air, so that the subjects within can at will rebreathe the hot, close, confined air or take in the fresh air from outside. Under such conditions it is found that confinement within and breathing of the unventilated air

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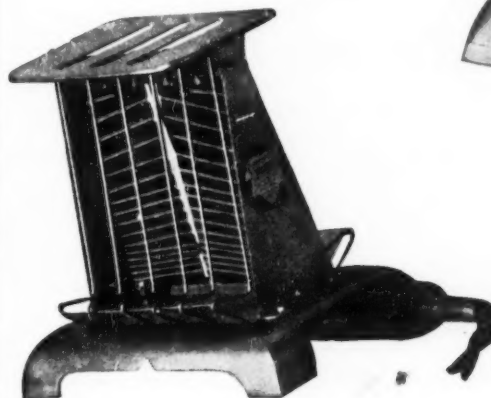


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(See also page 87 in this issue)



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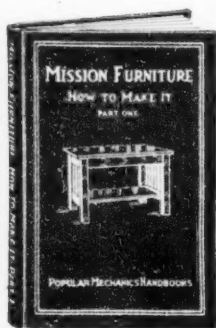
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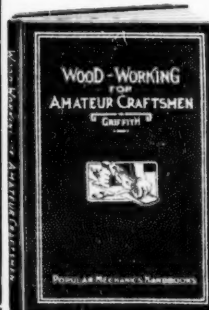
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soon brings on the usual symptoms. If the subjects then breathe through the tube the fresh cool air from outside they obtain no relief. If they step outside relief comes instantly. If, on the other hand, a person standing in the fresh air outside breathes through the tube the stale air of the chamber, which has been breathed over and over again by the subjects within, the unpleasant symptoms do not appear; if he steps inside, they begin to appear at once. If with subjects within feeling the ill symptoms electric fans be started and the stale air be vigorously stirred, thus driving the hottest air away from the skin, relief comes at once. These fundamental experiments have been performed in varied ways, and have been supplemented by many others. Their results have accorded well with one another and allow but one general conclusion, namely, that the evil effects exerted upon human beings by air that has become vitiated by human beings result not from a lack of oxygen, not from an increase of carbon dioxide, not from the presence of an organic poison, not from any chemical features of such air acting through the lungs on the tissues, not in any manner from the rebreathing of such air, but solely from the physical features of excessive heat and excessive humidity interfering with the proper action of the skin in regulating bodily temperature. The problem of bad air has thus ceased to be chemical and pulmonary, and has become physical and cutaneous.

Ideal Temperature

With this knowledge before us it is clear that in the ventilation of the future attention should be focused less upon the chemical purity of air, although, of course, there are ultimate limits to chemical purity, and more upon the maintenance of a physiologically proper temperature and humidity. What here constitutes physiological propriety varies with individuals, with age, with clothing, with occupations and with habit. Undoubtedly our American houses during the winter months are usually kept too hot to maintain the highest efficiency of the individual. We are in far better physical condition when surrounded by a house temperature of 65 degrees to 68 degrees F. than of 70 degrees F. Some of the British authorities advise a house temperature as low as even 60 degrees F. Young persons can live efficiently in a lower temperature than those of middle life, while aged persons require warmer air. A lower temperature is better where physical work is being done. The following temperatures of heated rooms are recommended by American ventilating engineers:

	Degrees F.
Living rooms, offices, schools....	68
Lecture halls	61-64
Sleeping rooms	54-59
Bath rooms	68-72
Gymnasiums	60
Work shops, moderate exertion..	61-64
Work shops, vigorous exertion..	50-59

Practical Hints

If I were to add a paragraph of practical hints I would say, first of all, keep

your houses and offices cool, never above and usually below 70 degrees F. Unfortunately here a difference between men and women sometimes causes trouble. Woman possesses a perpetual blanket of adipose tissue between her skin and her muscles, which is usually less developed in man, and hence women can dress more thinly than men, and are usually comfortable at a lower temperature. I have seen more than one happy home in danger of wrecking from this unfortunate difference. As a married man I am tempted to plead for greater charity on the part of the wives; as a physiologist I recognize that a lower temperature is more healthful. Keep room air in motion. An electric fan or a current of air from a window is a great aid in keeping down one's bodily temperature, and preventing sleepiness and bodily discomfort from stagnant air. With electric fans in use there would be fewer naps in churches and lecture halls. Air in motion promotes efficiency. Accustom yourselves to draughts, and especially big draughts. A small blast of cold air directed against a small area of warm skin may do harm, but the larger the current the more the harm gives way to benefit. Air of constantly uniform temperature is monotonous and debilitating. An occasional and considerable cooling, a flushing of the room by a sudden large inrush of outside air is, like a cold bath, stimulating. Do not be afraid of opening the windows of sleeping rooms at night. The prejudice against night air, which arose naturally enough from the belief in the existence of nocturnal disease-bearing miasms, in the light of present knowledge is a foolish prejudice and must give way to the rationalism of scientific fact. The increasing employment of cool outdoor air both night and day as a therapeutic agent in the treatment of disease is based on scientific principles and is justified by its results. And, finally, the whole moral of the modern physiological doctrine of fresh air may be expressed tersely in two short words, keep cool.

Floods and Forests

Is the Popular Belief that Forests Hold Back Floods Justified?

(From Technical World Magazine.)

It has been generally supposed that a forest prevents flood conditions in two principal ways; by preventing the rapid melting of snow in the rays of the sun, and by holding back in the roots and leaves the onrushing waters. Mr. Benjamin Brooks, a western engineer, in this article comes to a diametrically opposite conclusion.

ON account of the endless variations in rivers, forests, topography, and climates, no specific answer to this question can be made to fit all cases, but must be taken as "generally speaking." To begin to answer this complicated question generally, then, let us look around the neighborhood for a barn with a peaked roof, whose ridge pole runs east



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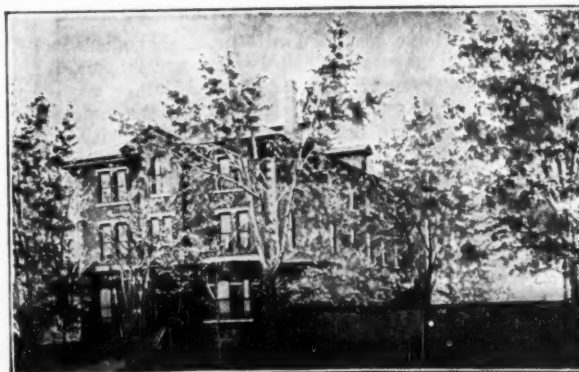
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G. Y. CHOWN, Registrar, Kingston, Ont.

and west. The south side of the roof is bare and dry in the sun, but the north side is covered with thick green moss on account of the shade.

Lacking patience to wait for a rain, let us play the garden hose exactly on the ridge pole so that half the water runs down the south side and half down the north. The water on the south side runs quickly over the bare shingles and falls immediately to the ground—practically all of it. But for several minutes no water at all reaches the ground on the north side. It is being soaked up by the moss. Not until the moss is soaked full does a drop fall to the ground, and some of it, being evaporated, never does come down. We, in fact, by giving the moss an occasional shower, keep it wet and green, and never permit the ground to become wet at all, whereas every drop that falls on the south side of the roof must fall to the earth. On the other hand, a steady down-pour would soon make itself equally evident on both sides of the barn. Another thing: After our downpour is over, the south side of the barn immediately stops dripping, but the north side continues to drip for hours.

Well, what is true of a barn roof is true of a country or of a whole mountain range. The part under forest will hold back little showers and postpone the rising of the rivers for a time. It will retain water for its own use and keep springs running long after they have dried up in a bare country. But let us say that the very night after our experiment with the garden hose, six inches of snow falls. When we visit the barn on the afternoon of the next day the sun is again shining. The snow has gradually melted off the south side of the barn. A small, steady stream has been running down the yard as a consequence; but the north side, being in the shade, is still covered with six inches of fluffy, soft snow. Now let us play the hose on the ridge pole again. The water on the south side runs freely away as before; but the water on the north side is soaked up by the soft snow. We may keep this up for a long time, but still no water runs off the north side. The snow soaks it all up like a sponge. Presently, however, the snow can hold no more water; it becomes soggy and begins to melt. At this point, we have a small spring freshet. The snow and water all come down together and flood the barnyard. Contrary to all expectations, then, the flood occurred from the moss-grown "forested" side of the roof—not from the smooth, deforested side.

An Actual Parallel

I have localized all these phenomena on a barn roof merely for convenience. My observations and those of other engineers and observers show that the same phenomena occur over wide areas without artificial influence.

No better parallel to our barn roof could be had than the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Here is a barn roof approximately six hundred miles long and ten thousand feet high. John Muir observes that no other range of such continuously great altitude exists on the globe. The west side of it is as heavily forested as

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such steep mountains can well be. The east side is comparatively bare. A comparison of these two sides would, therefore, be very illuminating; and the comparison has been very keenly drawn by Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Chittenden, of the engineer corps of the United States Army. He has discovered that the great floods of the Sacramento River are due to the sudden melting of soft snows which have been sheltered and conserved by the forests until late spring, and that the rivers on the east side of the range, though smaller, are steadier.

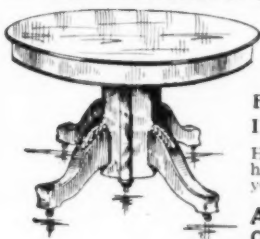
An Uncrowned Queen

Romantic History of the Krupp Firm—The Greatest Industrial Organization in the World

An enthralling romance is embodied in the story of the wonderful Krupp family, who through four generations, have hammered their way to power, money, and magnificence. And the crown of that romance is the fact that after a hundred years of painful toil, the vast wealth, strenuously accumulated by strong men should to-day all be in the hands of one young woman, Bertha Krupp von Bohlen and Halbach, possessor of an immense private fortune, owner of the whole capital of the firm of Friedrich Krupp and Company, amounting to fifty-seven and a half million dollars, employer of an army of 71,000 workmen, and head of the greatest industrial organization the world has ever seen.

MOST fascinating is the story of the inception and growth of this marvelous business, starting with the birth of Friedrich Krupp, July 17, 1787. The name of Krupp had been honorably connected with Essen since the sixteenth century. Friedrich Krupp's father, a grocer of Essen, died while the son was still in infancy leaving him to the care of his grandmother, Amalie Krupp, who devoted all her energies to his welfare. When he was eighteen, he was placed in a smelting house at Steckvade, near Essen, owned by herself. It was but an elementary and ill-equipped factory, but it inspired the boy of eighteen with a keen interest in the production of cast steel, which was afterwards the obsession of his life. At this period he married and his mother selling the smelting house he returned to the grocery business. Loving metals, however, he was inspired with a great idea. He saw that the import of English steel once omnipotent, had fallen to vanishing point. German manufacturers had long vainly desired to make themselves independent of the English supply; but young Friedrich Krupp stole time from his grocery business to feel the call of the moment. With small funds accumulated from the profits of the grocery business, he built in 1812 his first works in Altenessen. In the same year was born his son Alfred, afterwards des-

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tined to perfect the humble ideas of his father. In his first year a century ago he employed only two workmen. Friedrich was his own clerk and his own commercial traveler. In 1816 he made his first sales of cast steel. Two years later in 1818 he moved to the present site of the great works at Essen, where he put up a smelting house and a tiny two-storied wooden building. This humble home is now reverently guarded, unchanged and dwarfed in the midst of the vast buildings of the great establishment.

In the early days there was a constant struggle to keep the works going. Capital was lacking and customers were few, and while Friedrich Krupp never failed in hope, his health failed under anxieties. At his death in 1826 his son Alfred was called home from school to shoulder his dead father's burden and to prove himself one of the most remarkable captains of industry our age has produced. His youth, his fire of magnetism, his extreme good looks, and confident winning manner kindled the four workmen remaining to loyal faith in him, and from the first hour of his captaincy the business steadily advanced. In 1844 he gained a gold medal in Berlin for an exhibition of his work, and in 1847 he made his first three-pounder cast steel cannon, and was employing 122 men. On his mother's death in 1848 he was sole owner and manager of the business. In 1853, he married the beautiful Bertha Eichhoff, grandmother of the present youthful owner. She was admired everywhere, and with her tact and beauty was a great help to her husband. In the same year the works received a first visit from Royalty, and in the next year a son and heir was born, Friedrich Alfred, or Fritz as he was called in his family.

The development of the works went on as if by magic. Essen became practically the arsenal of Prussia. In 1864 was built on a magnificent scale the house where now dwells the great Alfred's granddaughter. No fewer than six hundred person were needed to keep in order the house and garden, and nowadays all these are lodged in convenient houses on the estate. Receiving and entertaining guests grew to be an important duty in the life of the first Bertha Krupp and her husband the Cannon King.

When Alfred Krupp died in 1887 full of honors and of years he left the undertaking which his genius had redeemed from failure, prospering beyond the wildest dreams of his ambitious boyhood; and he had seen the baby granddaughter, who was by and by to be the queen of his kingdom. But first came the reign of his one son, Friedrich Alfred, her father, who years before, as little Fritz, had played in the vanished gardens at Essen. He was thirty-three when his father died. He had married a lady of charm and distinction, Baroness Margaretha von Endes, and had two baby daughters Bertha and Barbara. He was delicate from childhood, and threatened with heart trouble. Being singularly modest and of simple ways, he refused a title as his father had before him.

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different countries appealed more to Herr Krupp and his wife than the great social activities which could not be neglected, and they adored their two charming children, Bertha and Barbara. There were no more accomplished girls in Germany than these two as they grew into womanhood.

Growth of the Business

The business still grew under his management and under his guidance the vast undertaking he had inherited developed marvelously. The Essen works were much enlarged, so that the number of men under the Cannon King rose to the total of 35,200. Very few moments of repose did he give himself, and his night-travels in his private car between Essen and Berlin, to attend the Reichstag were almost as strenuous as the journeys of American millionaires.

His death was tragically sudden and unexpected. It was in November, and he had been on a journey to Kiel and Hamburg. Frau Krupp was away from home and the two girls, still mere children, had been dining alone with their father, who told amusing stories and was in the best of spirits. He bade them good-night early and at eleven o'clock he was seized with giddiness. The doctors pronounced that he had had a stroke and at three o'clock the next afternoon he died.

Girl of Sixteen Sole Owner

So the third of the great Krupp dynasty had passed away, the last man in the direct line; but as a woman had lighted the torch in the beginning a woman was to hold it aloft—a girl barely sixteen.

By the wish of her grandfather and the will of her father, everything was left to the namesake of the first Bertha. There were private fortunes for both girls; but the whole gigantic business of the Krupp firm was for the elder of the two "fairy princesses," now a Cannon Queen.

In January of the following year the enterprise was made into a company. The capital was eventually fixed at \$57,500,000, the directorate being formed of the same men who had controlled its destiny in the time of Friedrich Alfred. All the shares were to belong to Bertha Krupp.

In the spring of 1906 the heiress of the Krupp millions went to Rome with her mother. There she met a young man named Gustav von Bohlen and Halbach, councillor to the Royal Prussian legation at the Vatican. He had had a distinguished career, though still quite young, only thirty-six, exactly sixteen years older than Fraulein Krupp—and was extremely good-looking. He had traveled in France, America and China, where he had seen the Boxer rebellion. They became engaged and were married next autumn on October 15. The wedding took place at Essen, and was a great event, the Emperor being present. To emphasize the common interests existing between mistress and men, the bride and bridegroom notified them that they would give a million marks (\$250,000) to the workmen's invalid association. Two days later the bridegroom asked the Royal permission to add the name of Krupp to

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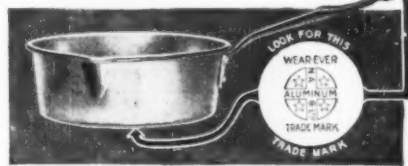
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his own, thus preserving to his wife the name under which the firm had become great.

From this time he has devoted his whole time and energy to the direction of the great firm of which he has become the head, taking into his own hands the chief management—a duty which he discharges with remarkable skill and ability.

In August, 1907, a little son was born to the newly married couple and christened Alfred after his great-grandfather. Since then two more children have been born, so the succession of the Krupp dynasty seems assured.

Such a story—the romance of industry and of four generations of a remarkable family—should end on a note of happiness. This note is struck in the love match of the great heiress, her ideal marriage to one who stands by her at the helm and takes upon his own shoulders all the responsibility which should belong to a man. If she is queen, he is king; and the children whom they adore will carry on the romance to the next chapter, for after all this is a story without end.

Manners of the Coming Generation

Slackness Due to Lack of Discipline in Family Life, Says Ex-President Taft

(From the Ladies' Home Journal.)

Complaint has been general of late years of the manners, or rather lack of manners of the younger generation. Such complaint seems to be general, both in the old world and in the new. The following extract from an article by Mr. Taft gives what he considers as the two chief causes of this decadency.

IT IS not an edifying sight in a public dining-room in a university town, which the families of the college boys frequent in their visits, to observe a fond father and mother and sister sit down to luncheon or dinner with a young hopeful whose dress and bearing indicate that he is in the college swim, and to note the fact that after one course he cannot restrain himself, but must have a cigarette and blow the smoke about to create an atmosphere that his father and mother breathe with difficulty but think it all right because their boy makes it. The very manner of holding the cigarette carries the indication of a lack of that respectful bearing that the boy ought to be taught to have and made to manifest. I was interested to note that Lord Rosebery, in a recent speech to the boys of Eton, commented upon the utter lack of manners in this generation.

This slouchy bearing is due to two causes. The first is the lack of discipline in the family, acquired before the student comes to college. I don't mean to say that the love of a boy for his parents is diminished, but the necessity for that respectful attitude toward them is much minimized by the fault of the parents themselves, by the coddling of

him as a child that I have spoken of. It is perhaps an exaggerated story, but it is told of a fond mother who wrote to the head of a school that she hoped her boy would not be disciplined too much, "because," she said, "we never disciplined or punished him at home except in self-defense."

Second, we are passing through a transition period in society in which doctrines of government, doctrines of religion, doctrines of education and doctrines of economics that were general in the last generation are now questioned. There is a strong disposition to regard the teachings of our fathers and our ancestors as radically wrong, and the lessons drawn from experience are not given the same weight that similar lessons were in the last generation. Such an attitude, not only in the community at large but indeed also impressed upon the students by some of their own professors, can but have an effect upon them and give them a feeling that they know as much as almost anybody else on every subject, and that what is advanced as the result of the last generation's knowledge is to be treated with very considerable suspicion and certainly not with profound respect.

It may seem curious that the high standard of morality among the students who are greatly interested in philanthropy and settlement and sociological work should be accompanied by this lack of respect for authority and by this lack of manners. These two attitudes are reconciled in the view that finds support among some of them that the conventions of mankind have all been created by a utilitarian, selfish, class, materialistic age, one in which the principle of democracy has not been sincerely given effect, and that interest in one's fellow-man is quite consistent with a certain kind of contempt toward those who either profess to be, or are thought to be, better than the average of their fellow-men.

Democracy and Good Manners

Men who show their principles in this way give point to the remark that democracy ruins manners. The democracy which makes me feel, and therefore show in my bearing, "I am as good as you are" is indeed fatal to good manners. It produces the offensive American whom Dickens described. It produces that blatant fellow-countryman of ours who brags of America in European railway compartments and hotel lobbies, and does more to lower American reputation for manners than twenty modest, well-bred Americans, who pass unnoticed, can do to raise it. But the democracy which makes a man feel "Other people are as good as I am and deserve at my hands every consideration" is a democracy that has produced manners of as high a type as any seen in this world. I think we may say that Benjamin Franklin had a genius for courtesy and good breeding, and no American can think without patriotic pride of the picture of the printer's boy, standing in the proudest court of Europe perfectly self-respecting, but full, too, of respect for others, as he accepted homage of King and courtiers.

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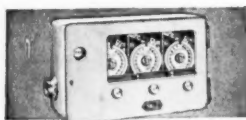
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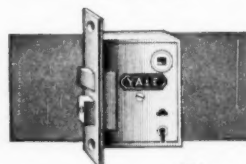
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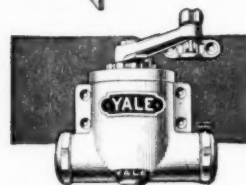
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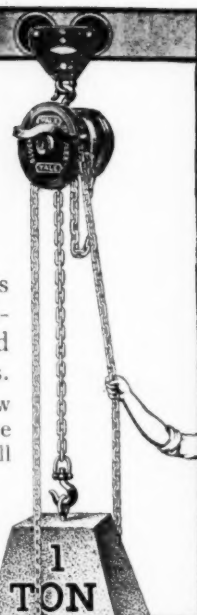
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Is Crime Constitutional?

In Many Cases "Yes," Says a
Prison Doctor

(From International Clinics).

Dr. Bowers, physician in charge at the Indiana State Prison, holds that morality and character are functions of the brain, like memory and imagination; and the moral sense is the first to be confused or disordered by mental disease. The following is part of a lecture read at a recent convention.

A VAST wealth of clinical material of psychiatric nature is going to waste in our penal institutions because of a lack of scientific curiosity on the part of well-qualified investigators. Among the interesting and intricate problems met with in prisons and reformatories is the subject of constitutional immorality, the obscure and difficult pathology of which offers a most inviting field for study and research to the alienist and criminologist. The idea that some individuals are immoral because of constitutional defect of the neural organism is most repugnant, as it seems to challenge the traditional belief in man's free will, and this is especially true of those unfamiliar with mental diseases. Yet we who have delinquent individuals within our care and custody know that there are persons who cannot refrain from crime because of their degenerate organizations, which predispose and impel them to immoral and illegal acts.

Two Classes of Criminals

The operation of the indeterminate laws which are so generally in force separate the accidental and occasional criminals from those who are constitutionally immoral. The first class is composed of those persons who have strayed from the paths of moral and legal rectitude while under the strain of some unfortunate circumstance which provokes an outburst of passion. These persons regain their former standing in civil life, and forget their crimes, which were merely solitary and incidental experiences in their lives. The constitutionally immoral serve sentence after sentence, are paroled again and again to the best of environments, but they can not be kept out of prisons, toward which they gravitate, irresistibly drawn to them by inherent defects in their constitutions.

The specific treatment of the constitutionally immoral is very difficult for various reasons. Our prison populations are heterogeneous masses composed of insane criminals, epileptic criminals, feeble-minded criminals, habitual criminals, occasional criminals, and criminals by passion, and they are all subject to the same discipline and treatment. Now it is the crime that regulates the term of imprisonment, and not the needs of the criminal. The imbecile offender is con-

demned to the same rigors of the law as is the educated man when convicted of the same statutory offense. Our courts are exceedingly loath to recognize constitutional moral defectiveness lest it weaken our methods of dispensing justice, and thereby jeopardize the safety of society. Physicians will, no doubt, at some time in the future be asked to give to our criminal courts such data concerning the prisoner's physical and mental status as will lead to a more scientific dispensation of equity. There is no need, however, that our courts become medical clinics, and never should medicine attempt to usurp the prerogative of the law. The proper scientific classification of the prisoners is too ideal to be obtained under the present-day administration of penal institutions.

Why Release Criminals at All?

Several methods of treatment have been offered for the morally insane, but none as yet has passed the limits of the experimental stage. These may be briefly mentioned.

Why should not the born criminal remain in prison so long as he is dangerous to society? We do not release the violent and dangerous insane from hospitals merely because they have been detained there a number of years; then why should we release the instinctive criminal to practise his criminal acts upon the public? We quarantine small-pox, and we exile the leper; then why should we not isolate the incurable moral defectives who disseminate dangerous moral contagion?

Land Policy of German Towns

How Towns and Cities in Germany Traffic in Real Estate

(From Contemporary Review.)

The extent to which German towns are free to traffic in real estate on any scale whatever without permission of any kind is described in this article. In many towns it will be seen that the greater portion of their area is owned by the towns themselves, a condition of things which gives the local authorities great power in obtaining concessions from landowners when opening up new towns.

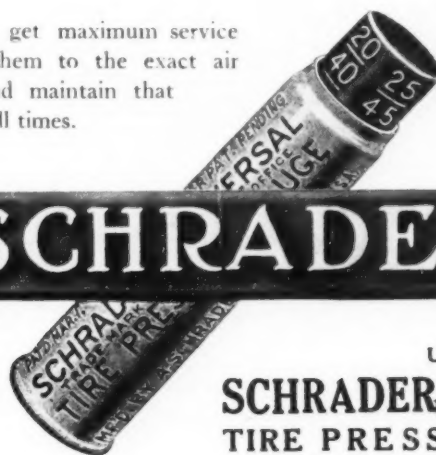
THE extent of land owned by German towns will probably surprise those who are unacquainted with the large views of municipal enterprise held in Germany. For example, the following are the percentages of their entire administrative areas that were owned by the towns named in 1910 (roads, streets, railways, water, and fortifications are all excluded): Freiburg in Baden, 78 per cent.; Furth 66 per cent.; Stettin 62 per cent.; Heidelberg, 61 per cent.; Coblenz, 59 per cent.; Brandenburg, 52 per cent. Taking thirteen of the largest towns the average area owned for 1,000 inhabitants was roughly speaking 250 acres. These figures do not include lands belonging to

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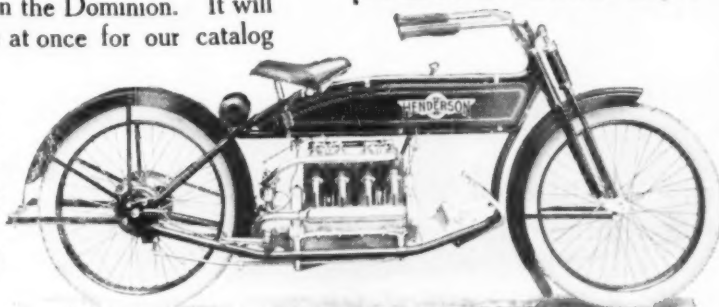
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charitable foundations under municipal management, which in many cases exceeded that of the land they owned outright.

Long views and wide perspectives characterize the land policies of German towns. Their eyes are set not upon the needs of to-day—for these were foreseen and provided for long ago—nor yet on those of the near future, though "near future" in German official language connotes a period of twenty-five years, but upon the interests of coming generations. The steady and systematic manner in which land is purchased might be illustrated by the experience of almost any large town.

As a rule, it will be found that where forest and woodland surround a town the municipal authority has taken care to secure as much as possible for the use of the inhabitants. Germany has immemorably protected its forests, and, next to the States, the largest owners of forest lands are the communes. Of a total area of thirty-five million acres of forest in 1900 the State owned 11,075,000 acres, and the communes 5,645,000.

The ownership of land and forest often proves an important source of profit for the communes but land buying and selling is not an end in itself. As a consequence of its land policy a German municipal authority generally has land of its own suitable for public works which it desires to take in hand; it can determine within certain limits in what directions the town shall extend; by the steady increase in the value of its estate it shares with private owners in the material gain caused by municipal growth and development; it is able to institute and assist important housing schemes; and to some extent it can check land speculation. Many instances might be given of municipal authorities which, owing to the large reserves of land in their ownership, have been able to give a new impetus to industrial development, and to renew the life of old and stagnant communities.

Wherever German municipal authorities are most earnestly endeavoring to cope with the housing problem, made difficult and urgent owing to conditions met with only in a country of rapid industrial development, one of their most powerful auxiliaries is the ownership of an abundance of building land.

Planning of Towns Facilitated

The orderly planning of towns is made immeasurably easier owing to the right of local authorities to decide which land within the administrative area shall be eligible for building purposes. Owners of land are not able to build where and when they will. The town makes the streets, and in order that a site may be built upon at all, however suitable it may seem in the eyes of its owner, it is essential that it shall be formally recognized on the building plan as ready for the purpose, and shall lie upon a street duly planned by the local authority. Hence, no land or estate company would dream of laying out its property without coming to a clear understanding with this authority. Such an understanding is more than a formality, for while the local

authority puts no needless obstacles in the way of town extensions promoted by private enterprise, it insists upon public interests being respected at every turn.

This power to regulate the opening up of new areas enables German local authorities to obtain from landowners concessions important for the planning of their towns. As they have the last word in determining whether a new district shall be developed or not, it is seldom difficult to induce the owners to cede to the town all the land desired not only for wide streets and squares, but for schools and other public buildings that may sooner or later become necessary owing to growth of population.

In its town planning schemes and in its endeavor to add dignity and decorum to the outward aspects of municipal life, Germany shows unwavering fidelity to the national belief in the expert and the efficiency of education and training. Instead of trusting to the intuition and judgment of the practical man—that precious town builder by “natural” methods, who has made so many of our English industrial towns the hideous abominations they are—Germany acts on the assumption that as town planning is a science it ought to be studied like any other science, and, indeed, more thoroughly and laboriously than most, since the vital welfare of entire communities is at stake. Hence it follows, as a matter of course, that some of the universities and other seats of knowledge regularly offer courses of lectures on town planning, both from the theoretical and the practical side. Town planning exhibitions and conferences also play an important part in the development of a healthy official and public opinion upon this important question.

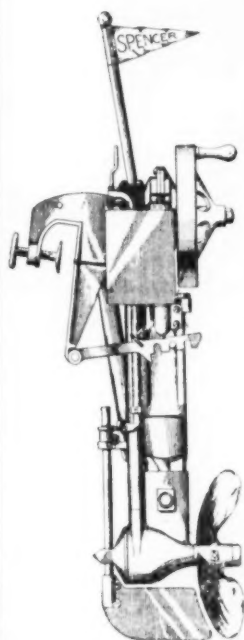
Wanderlust Magic

Rudyard Kipling, Novelist, on
Lure of East that Draws
World's Travelers

“TRAVELERS, like sea trout, should be caught fresh-run, with their experiences still sticking to them.” That was one the many sparkling phrases with which Mr. Rudyard Kipling lately began a lecture on “Some Aspects of Travel,” before the Royal Geographical Society.

In a glowing passage on the magic of wood smoke in awakening the memory of the traveler, Mr. Kipling said:

“A whiff of it can take us back to forgotten marches over unnamed mountains with disreputable companions, to day-long halts beside flooded rivers in the rain; wonderful mornings of youth in brilliantly lighted lands where everything was possible—and generally done; to uneasy wakings under the low desert moon and on top of cruel, hard pebbles; and above all, to that God's own hour, all the world over, when the stars have gone out and it is too dark to see clear, and one lies with the fumes of last night's embers in one's nostrils, lies and waits for a new horizon—to heave itself up against a new dawn.”



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"I have met many travelers," he said, "and I have noticed what they tell the public in print of their experiences is one thing; and what they tell their friends by word of mouth is another."

Then followed this reference to "when I was a young man."

"I remember listening to Stanley, who was talking, half to himself, of some work he had done in his early days.

"He had been under the necessity of covering a certain distance in a certain time, and he ended his monologue with an abrupt fore-reaching movement of his first finger, as though he were pegging or hooking up something, and he said: 'Of course, it was the mileage that worried me!' I often wondered whether that gesture of Stanley's was characteristic. . . .

Eye Film of March

"Several men have told me that their mental idea of their day's work was a ribbon or tape unrolling behind them or being dropped from their hands as they marched," Mr. Kipling continued.

"Speaking from my own experience of the one march I ever had to make in a hurry, my impression at the time, as well as the memory that stayed with me afterwards, was that of the unrolling ribbon.

"Luckily I had not to worry about supplies, but my single object was to get myself and my coolies out of a certain district as soon as possible. My mind projected itself along an imaginary straight line, in this instance, white against dull green. It would be interesting if any of the Polar men who work against white backgrounds would tell us how the idea of their work presents itself to them while they are engaged in it.

"I knew one man who said he could run any road that he had marched over backward between his eyelids like a cinematograph film before he went to sleep.

"An old prospector," said Mr. Kipling, "once warned me: 'As long as you've only got yourself to think about you can think as much as you — well please. When you've other folks' hides to answer for you must quit thinking for your own amusement.' " . . .

There followed this glimpse of the future:

"Naturally, so long as we travel by sea, we must embark from a port and look out for the land-falls.

"But the time is not far off when the traveler will know and care just as little whether he is over sea or land as we today know and care whether our steamer is over forty fathoms or the Tuscarora Deep. Then we shall hear the lost ports of New York and Bombay howling like Tarshish and Tyre. Incidentally, too, we shall change all our mental pictures of travel."

Fascination of Smells

In many of his stories Mr. Kipling has magically written of the pictures conjured up by scent and smell. Last night he said:

"Let us consider for a while the illimitable, the fascinating subject of smells in their relation to the traveler.

"We shall soon have to exchange them for blasts of petrol and atomized castor-oil. Have you noticed wherever a few travelers gather together, one or the other is sure to say: 'Do you remember that smell at such and such a place?' Then he may go on to speak of camel—pure camel—one whiff of which is all Arabia; or of the smell of rotten eggs at Hitt on the Euphrates; or of the flavor of drying fish in Burma.

"I suggest, subject to correction—there are only two elementary smells of universal appeal—the smell of burning fuel and the smell of melting grease. The smell, that is, of what man cooks his food over, and what he cooks his food in.

"And next to wood-smoke for waking rampant 'wanderlust' comes the smell of melting grease—such a smell or bouquet of smells as one may gather outside a London fried-fish shop.

"It is less sentimental and vague in its appeal than wood-smoke, but it hits harder. . . . Sometimes it reconstructs big covered bazaars of well-stocked cities with the blue haze hanging in the domes, or it resurrects little Heaven-sent single stalls picked up by the roadside, where one can buy penny bottles of sauce or a paper of badly-needed buttons.

"To me, as to others," confessed Mr. Kipling, "a fried-fish shop can speak multitudinously for all the East from Cairo to Singapore."

What is Wrong with the Press?

Journalism as Viewed by One
Insider

(From The Forum.)

Is the present day journalist insincere, is the question tackled by this writer, who for obvious reasons does not sign his name.

WHAT is the great indictment, asks the writer, against the newspaper of to-day? It is insincerity.

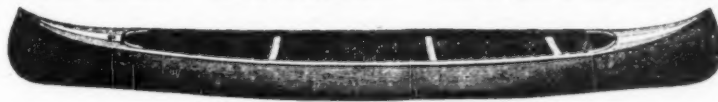
There are two ways to explain this insincerity. One is to say that the newspaper, run for some owner's individual profit, must depend for its success upon its circulation; its acceptance by the masses or, at least, by a large portion of the reading public. That is only half an explanation. It assumes to tell why the press claims to represent interests which it does not represent; but it leaves the impression that the actual editors and reporters are a lot of conscious liars.

The actual fact is that we are far more degraded than that. We are a lot of unconscious liars. We don't even care about the truth. All we care about is the "story"—the special side of the story which we think our paper wants.

"Don't blame the reporter," you will hear the Socialist cry. "He is a working-man just like the rest of us. He would tell the truth if he could, but his paper won't let him. He knows that he's telling a lie, but it can't be helped."

The actual fact is that we do not know we are lying. If we could only tell lies

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for a living until we could get an opportunity to tell the truth, it wouldn't be so bad. But nature's laws do not permit that. When we begin to "root" for something other than our own convictions, our convictions take flight.

I killed my conscience during my first year of newspaper work. It didn't die without a struggle, for I was twenty-eight years old. Sometimes I think it is coming back to life, but I find in the end that it is not.

Why am I writing this article, if my conscience is dead? Simplest question in the world. My dominant reason for writing it is the hope of getting some money. My reason for being so frank is the same. I am banking on the very frankness catching the editor's attention. If I had a straight tip that I could make more money by writing the exact opposite, I would do it readily. Only last week I did write such an article, full of "inspiration" for young men and women who are starting out in life. New York magazines have paid me well for those inspiring articles. I didn't believe a word they contained.

And you can't believe a word of this. I do not ask you to. But just weigh what I have to say and see if it does not offer an explanation. If it does, call me all the names you like. And then do some thinking.

Village Life and Industry

How Sir William Lever Has Combined Business and Social Experiment

(From T. P.'s Weekly)

Sir William Lever is the head of the well-known soap firm of Lever Bros., makers of Sunlight and many other brands of soap. Port Sunlight is Messrs. Lever Bros.' garden Village near Birkenhead, in which an important social experiment is being worked out with scientific care. The recent visit of the King and Queen to Port Sunlight renders the present review of this application of the principle of profit-sharing very timely.

JUST over twenty-five years ago the banks of Bromborough Pool, the tributary of the Mersey on which Port Sunlight stands, were waste-lands. Today the land is no longer waste, and the bogs have been reclaimed to solid earth, and, as if by magic, a vast human concern has arisen engaging the attention and services of over 6,000 human beings.

Originally some 56 acres of land were parceled out into areas of 24 to the business and works and 32 to the village. At the present time the total area is 462 acres, 239 for works, including the area in reserve for expansion, and 223 for village and village extensions. The first soapery had a capacity for the manufacture of 800 tons of soap per week. There are now four soaperies, with an aggregate capacity of about

4,000 tons. The buildings within the works area of 239 acres include the soap and glycerine factories, oil and cake mills, alkali, printing and other works, wharves, docks, roads and sidings, together with the head offices of the company. The buildings within the village area of 223 acres include 833 houses and cottages, 8 shops, recreation halls, library, museum, hospital, with parks, gardens and over five miles of roads.

Prosperity-Sharing

The intimate association of works and village at Port Sunlight, and the nature of that intimacy, must be realized in order to appreciate the distinction between Port Sunlight and other garden cities. The village cannot be regarded as a scheme of housing apart from the works. It was part of the industrial organization of Port Sunlight from the first. It has been built out of the profits of the business as the business prospered. The houses are not built "to pay" in the ordinary meaning of that phrase. They are not let at commercial rents. They are let to employees of the company under a system of "Prosperity Sharing" at rents just sufficient to cover upkeep and repair. The village is, in this way, as much the mark and monument of the progress of the business as is the growth of the Port Sunlight output or the increase of the company's capital. In an address to the Birkenhead Literary and Scientific Society in November, 1900, Sir William Lever advocated prosperity-sharing as sounder in principle than the then existing schemes of profit-sharing, and said:—"One of the best methods for the application of the principle of prosperity-sharing is to be found in building cottages to be let to labor at low rentals. This plan is most effective in elevating and bettering the confidence of labor and has the additional advantage of insuring that the wives and children shall share in it. But this method is the one that is most often impossible of application, and, in any case, it is only one of hundreds of schemes. Contributions may be made towards the building of clubs, recreation halls, institutions, summer holidays, winter entertainments, sick and burial societies, and hundreds of others. By contributions to objects such as these, labor enjoys the fullest liberty in managing its own institutions outside the business, whilst management is maintained in its proper place inside the business."

Fortune and Welfare

Anyone who has visited Port Sunlight cannot doubt for a moment that this dream of a well-ordered village of workers whose work has been made to contribute to their own betterment is no idle dream, but a vivid reality. Sir William Lever has actually succeeded in bringing into existence an organization which combines a dignified and humane industrial life with the most exacting of commercial enterprises. Soap is in itself a very necessary article, and the very fact of its importance to so many people means that its produc-

tion is made profitable only after the most hazardous of commercial contests. In such contests workmen and workwomen have often been reduced to poverty and degradation, and it is no small achievement to have discovered, as Sir William Lever has, a means by which the good fortune and welfare of workfolk, and not their ill-fortune and poverty, shall be the basis of commercial prosperity.

The village itself is a miniature city in appearance between mediaeval and modern. It is mediaeval in its quaintness, its varied rough-cast and red-brick dwellings arranged in irregular terraces and avenues with greenswards and gardens. But there mediaevalism ends, for Port Sunlight is clean and sanitary, and there is design and order in its wildest irregularities. Besides, its luxuries, its library, art gallery, schools, clubs, and hospital are for the democratic use of its citizens, and not for a privileged few, as was so often the case in past ages—when such institutions existed at all. The village of Port Sunlight is improved and developed out of the success of the great concern of which it is a part, the funds being drawn out of the prosperity-sharing scheme, which has recently been merged into a vast co-partnership trust, combining the best brains and best energies of the Lever employees into a mutual self-interest organization with the firm. Among the developments charged to the prosperity-sharing account are the initial laying out the parks, gardens, tennis lawn, bowling green, rifle range, recreation ground and part of the football enclosure, and the provision of two schools and extension of the technical institute (previously presented by Sir William), of the auditorium, open-air swimming bath, bandstand, collegium, gymnasium, cottage hospital, library, girls' club and Co-Partners' Club, Gladstone Hall and Hulme Hall. The church was a gift to commemorate the parents of the founder. To the prosperity-sharing account also are charged any sanctioned deficits on the working account of village institutions.

The Japanese are making waterproof boots, shoes, bags, and trunks from the tanned hides of sea lions.

• • •

It is estimated that the mails of the whole world carry nearly 6,000,000,000 picture postcards each year.

• • •

The Suez Canal is to be dredged to a depth of forty feet, and other improvements are contemplated which will make the Canal available to any ship likely to be built for the Eastern trade in the immediate future.

• • •

Flying reprints a map which shows that almost all the fortified places of Germany, France, and the English coast are now forbidden territory for aviators. Flying over these cities is prohibited, and severe penalties may be incurred by the venturesome aviator who violates the provisions of the aerial navigation laws.

Spirit Phenomena Explained

A Remarkable Incident

(From The Chicago Tribune.)

The incident related below provides a perfectly simple and natural explanation of many instances of what have hitherto been regarded as psychical phenomena involving the existence of spirits and of ability of the latter to communicate, under certain favorable conditions, with human beings. Here at first sight appears an undoubted instance of spirit manifestations, which upon investigation resolves itself simply into a case of lack of memory, or rather of abnormal memory subconsciously, when the subject was in a condition of hypnotic sleep.

THE incident referred to is a remarkable instance of the tenacity and extensiveness the human memory experienced by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, a psychical research student, and a well-known writer. A lady of Mr. Dickinson's acquaintance developed a peculiar form of trance mediumship, in which she claimed to come into touch with the spirit of a certain Blanche Poynings, who described herself as having lived in the time of Richard II., and as having been a great friend of the Countess of Salisbury of that period. The countess, she said, had been married three times, and she gave the names of her former husbands, with various other particulars, and she related some curious episodes in the career of the earl himself.

Besides all this, she gave her own maiden name, de Mowbray, and the name of the man she married after Poynings' death, Sir John Worth; also the fact that she had been expelled from court by Arnold, one of the Lords Appellant.

Mr. Dickinson knew so little about the reign of Richard II. that he could not say whether or no there was an Earl of Salisbury at that time. But, rummaging through old chronicles, charters, and peerages, he found that almost every one of Blanche's statements accorded with fact. Naturally this interested and puzzled him. The "sensitive," whose veracity he could not doubt, assured him that she had never studied the period, and knew nothing concerning it. And in any case some of the facts given were not such as even a historical student would be likely to come across. Blanche Poynings herself, for example, was a quite unimportant person, only mentioned by name, by one or two chroniclers, as a lady in attendance on the queen. There seemed, in short, no possible explanation of the affair except by regarding it as a veritable case of "spirit communication."

Explained by Planchette

But one afternoon, taking tea with the "sensitive" and her aunt, Mr. Dickinson learned that they had a planchette in the house, and that she could do automatic writing with it. At his request it was brought out, and he began to put questions to it. These bore on the Blanche Poynings messages, and drew out the unexpected information that corroboration

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of them would be found in a book called "Countess Maud," by Emily Holt. So soon as planchette wrote the name of this book, the "sensitive" exclaimed that she believed there was a novel with that title, and that she had once read it. Her aunt confirmed this. Neither of them, though, could remember anything about its plot, not even the period with which it dealt, nor whether it contained any mention of Blanche Poynings.

Following up the clew thus given to him, Mr. Dickinson within a few days managed to procure a copy of the book in question, and discovered in it every person and every fact, with a few trifling exceptions, that had been mentioned by the alleged "spirit" of Blanche Poynings. Wishing then to ascertain if possible just when the "sensitive" had read it, he caused her to be hypnotized, and had the following interesting and curious dialogue with her:

"Can you see yourself young?"

"Yes."

"Can you see your aunt reading a book, 'Countess Maud'?"

"Yes."

"What was it about?"

"Ellen Turval, and the Earl and Countess of Salisbury."

"How old were you?"

"Twelve."

"Did you read it yourself?"

"I looked at it, and painted a picture in the beginning. I used to turn over the pages. I didn't read it, because it was dull. Blanche Poynings was in the book; not much about her."

"How much did you get from Blanche Poynings—how much from the book?"

"Nearly all the events from the book, but not her character. There was a real person called Blanche Poynings that I met, and I think her name started the memory, and I got the two mixed up."

That is to say, on her own admission the whole thing had been an elaborate rearrangement by the "sensitive's" subconsciousness of data obtained from a novel she had merely glanced through as a child of twelve, and had so completely forgotten that she could recall nothing about it when in the normal waking state.

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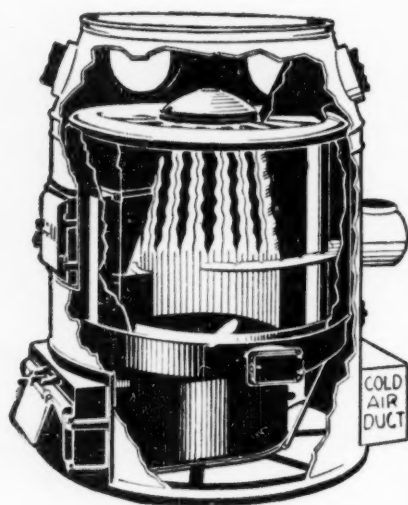
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Writing King Edward's Life

How the Biography of our Peacemaker King is being Prepared

(From Pearson's Weekly.)

Preparations for the writing of the authorized biography of the late King Edward are now well advanced, though the outside world has heard comparatively little of this book. The description here given of the manner in which this work is being carried out will be of interest.

SOME time ago the King and Queen Alexandra went through such private papers as the late King left behind in order to decide precisely what should be made known to the world and what should either be destroyed or replaced in the Royal archives at Windsor Castle for preservation, and, possibly, for use by some historian of the future. This task took their Majesties some considerable time, since much thought and discrimination had to be exercised here, every document being carefully scrutinized and discussed before it was either passed for the use of the editor of the work, or rejected as being of too private and confidential a nature.

Often it became necessary for the King or the Queen-Mother to amplify the brief notes that the late King had made, and to conduct inquiries into precisely what was referred to in them. In this task they had the valuable assistance of many who had been on the most intimate terms with King Edward, who were at times able to elucidate many points, and to give additional information of the greatest value.

No Diary Kept

It may be said at once that such private papers as the late King Edward left behind are remarkably scanty in their character and extent. His Majesty never followed the example of Queen Victoria and kept any diary or circumstantial record of his life. Therefore, the work of examining his private papers took nothing like the time that was necessary in the case of his royal mother.

King Edward was in the habit of making hasty notes upon small pieces of paper that he would then place carelessly on his desk, and, as often as not, evidently forget all about them. Many of these notes were jotted down upon the backs of envelopes or any odd scraps of paper that his Majesty happened to find in his pockets, and, since the great majority of these are entirely undated, it has been a matter of considerable difficulty to identify the meaning of them, or precisely to what they referred.

Though Viscount Knollys, for so many years the private secretary and confidential adviser of the late King, is not to be the actual editor of the book, the careful records of the day-to-day life of his Majesty that he has kept are proving most valuable to those engaged on its compilation, and he will have not a little

to do with the ultimate form that the work will take.

How the Workers are Guarded

The whole of the work of preparation is being carried out in an apartment specially set aside for the purpose at Windsor Castle. Here, what may be described as the "raw material," is carefully collected and arranged in due order. Those engaged on the task arrive here every morning, and admit themselves by special keys that have been provided for them. No one else is allowed into this room upon any pretext, and if it is necessary to communicate with them in any way, a special speaking-tube has been installed for the purpose. Even then no admission is obtained to the apartment, all communications being received in an adjoining ante-room.

When the first outline of the book has been prepared, which will be a very lengthy manuscript in itself, this will again be gone through by the King and Queen Alexandra, with the assistance of Viscount Knollys, who will decide what shall be passed and what further "cuts" shall be made.

The present proposal is, by the way, to limit the work to the time of the death of Queen Victoria, and not to deal with the actual reign of the late King until a few more years have passed. It is quite possible, however, that this decision will be altered, and the book brought down, by means of an additional volume, to the date of his death.

The book is being prepared under the general direction of the Hon. John Fortescue, the Royal Librarian at Windsor, and one of the very few persons about the Court who has almost unfettered access to the jealously-guarded Royal archives at the Castle. He has the assistance of several members of the Royal Household specially selected for their literary ability and experience.

The book will probably make its appearance during the autumn of next year. The King, by the way, has given directions that throughout it there shall be no direct or implied eulogy of his father, and that "fine writing" shall be eschewed entirely. It is the desire of his Majesty that the book shall present a plain and unvarnished portrait of the late King as he really was.

As has been said, since the personal papers left behind by King Edward are so comparatively meagre, both in number and importance, it has been necessary for those in charge of the compilation of the work to rely very considerably upon the assistance of those who enjoyed the intimate personal friendship of his Majesty.

The Profits will go to Charities

Fortunately, there are many of these still available. Reference has already been made to Viscount Knollys. There is also the veteran General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., who for so many years served his Majesty and is to-day the doyen of the Court. Colonel Sir Frederick Ponsonby is still at Court, and since he was the usual companion of the late King upon his frequent visits to foreign capitals his assistance is proving of the greatest value. Others who are either now ac-



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tively assisting in the preparation of this biography, or will shortly be asked to do so, are the Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Argyll (ever the favorite sister of King Edward), Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Lord Farquhar, the Earl of Rosebery, the Marquis de Soveral, and several more.

For obvious reasons Queen Alexandra will not be able to take much part in this work, though she will read the whole of the proofs before the book is published, and will make such corrections as may seem necessary or desirable to her. The King will likewise adopt a similar course, and, indeed, it may be said that his Majesty is really the mainspring of the whole book, since he is keeping in the closest touch with all that is being done. Many sets of proofs will of necessity be provided before the work is finally approved for press.

There is, perhaps, one more point that may be emphasized. No part of the profits that accrue from the publication of this work will pass either to the King or to Queen Alexandra. Following the invariable rule in the past when similar works have made their appearance, these will be assigned to such charities as may seem best fit to the King, and these will be for the most part those in which King Edward took the greatest personal interest.

Costly Murders

How Britain has Avenged the Murder of Her Subjects

The recent killing or murder of a British subject in Mexico brings to mind other instances, in more warlike times than our own, in which unprovoked murders of British subjects in foreign lands seldom went long unpunished. A few such instances are related in the following article.

IN 1856 Chinese officials boarded the British vessel Arrow, hauled down the national flag, and killed her captain for daring to protest. Sir J. Bowring, Governor of Hong Kong, there and then declared war, practically on his own initiative, and within a few weeks the Chinese fleet had been destroyed and Canton bombarded and burned.

In 1862, again, similar swift retribution overtook the murderer of Mr. Richardson, an English merchant living in Japan. Because he refused to prostrate himself in a street in Yokohama when the Prince of Satsuma happened to be passing with his suite, he was brutally beaten to death by the prince's armed retainers. Whereupon our warships bombarded Satsuma's town of Kagosima, burned his palace, and sunk his steamers.

It is only fair to add that in after years the Japanese voluntarily expressed

regret for Mr. Richardson's murder, and in 1884 a Japanese gentleman, Mr. Kurokawa, erected a monument to his memory on the site where he was killed.

Not infrequently, however, "money talks" in these international disputes, as in private ones. When, during one of Guatemala's periodical revolutions, John Magee, our Consul at San Jose, was seized and brutally flogged by order of the commandant, Colonel Gonzales, we sent a warship there and threatened to lay the town in ashes unless, within twenty-four hours, an indemnity of £60,000 was paid, being at the rate of £1,000 for each lash inflicted.

A Fortune for a Thrashing

The Guatemalan Government was unable at such short notice to raise the money, but offered, instead, to grant Magee certain concessions, including the right to establish a bank and build wharves at San Jose. This offer was accepted, and Magee, by virtue of his monopoly, became in time enormously wealthy. He died in 1900, leaving behind him a fortune of £10,000,000.

Then, again, there was the case of Major Lothaire and Mr. Stokes, which created such tremendous excitement in the spring of 1896. Stokes was an Englishman engaged in trading for ivory in the Congo Free State, and he was arrested by Major Lothaire, a Belgian officer, on a charge of gun-running and inciting the natives to rebel, and, after a summary trial by drum-head court martial was hanged.

The British Government insisted on Lothaire being brought to trial, and this was done. In fact, he was tried twice, once at Boma, and again at Brussels, and each time he was acquitted. Whereat public indignation in this country blazed up afresh, and with tenfold force.

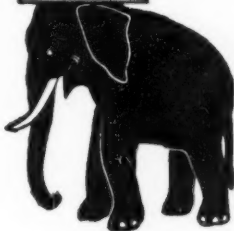
However, a war with Belgium being unthinkable—it would have set all Europe by the ears—we compromised matters on the usual money indemnity basis, the sum of £6,000 being handed over by the Belgian Government to the next of kin of the dead man.

When, however, outrages of the kind are committed by savage or semi-savage potentates or governments, the old blood-and-iron rule of retaliation holds good, the aggressors generally coming off second best.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA

In spite of better construction, more accurate charts and the continued improvement of lighthouse service, the sea continues to take an enormous annual toll in property and lives of those that traverse its surface. The marine disasters of 1913 amounted in money value to \$35,000,000 in British-insured ships and cargoes that were totally lost. On the Great Lakes alone, the storm of last November rolled up a loss of \$4,700,000. The above figures do not include damages to ships and cargoes that were not total losses; for these, the damages amount to over \$30,000,000.

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(See also page 65 in this issue.)

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Jean Jaures

Character Sketch of the World's Most Conspicuous Socialist Now Living

(From Current Opinion.)

"The most conspicuous Socialist now living," is the description given by the "Temps" of Jean Jaures, the great French Socialist, of whom it is affirmed that no artist's line is comical enough to reflect his contours faithfully—no crayon can attain the exaggeration of their reality. He has been compared with Falstaff and likened to Gargantua.

INFINITE rhetoric has been expended in French dailies on descriptions of Jean Jaures. His elephantine limbs, short and sturdy, his tremendous feet, the flowing white whiskers and the florid fatness of the face, blend in one arresting, irresistible impression which no cartoonist has ever adequately conveyed. The aspect of the man is one of animal strength. He has a stomach of iron, shoulders of granite and lungs of brass. Yet he looks his fifty-five years.

His enemies accuse him of a weakness for money. He is thought to be "near" despite his easy mode of life. He can not contemplate with equanimity the waste of a piece of string. He tears off the unused sheets from letters and saves them religiously for memoranda. His garret is filled with odds and ends of broken plates and discarded furniture which he will not throw away. He wears a pair of trousers until they grow shiny, and it gives him pain to abandon a frayed collar. This is the famous French thrift.

No one has ever wept so copiously in public as Jean Jaures, but the wonder of it is less than the fact that when he weeps all weep with him. A thousand people, at least, will weep in public every time Jean Jaures sheds tears on a platform. The consolation is that he can also set them all laughing heartily in a very few moments. It is the Jaures "touch." It embraces passion, repose, hatred, scorn—all the moods, which he imparts, we read, as if they were the measles.

His Oratorical Powers

With reference to the distinguishing feature of the oratory of Jean Jaures—its abundance—we read in the French dailies that he talks at his meals, talks when he is going to bed, and talks when he sleeps. His verbiage resembles Niagara. Its quantity is no impeachment of its quality. Perhaps from the standpoint of the technique of the art he has mastered so completely, he is the greatest orator alive anywhere in the world. His utterance is fortified by his gesture. The expression of his ideas gains energy from his aspect while expressing them.

If eloquence be the power of moving masses of men by speech, adds our Parisian contemporary, Jean Jaures has that. His hearers are more sensitive to his appeals than his readers could be. The roaring, bellowing voice can decline into a whisper at just the right time.



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The strong arms never suggest a wind-mill. The flash of the eye authenticates a rage or reveals a mood of sarcasm. Simply as a spectacle, Jaures the orator is as well worth seeing as if he were Coquelin the elder. He studied elocution in his youth with care, nor has he forgotten a single lesson; but his art conceals itself behind the amazing power of a giant's personality.

A Gargantuan Appetite

More amazing than his oratory is his appetite. He dines jovially in public like Gambrinus or Falstaff. He lets nothing pass him by—pates, salads, "rosbif a l'Anglaise" and slices of tomato in oil and vinegar disappear as he laughs. His presence is betrayed by the roar of characteristic laughter or the napkin tucked about his neck in the German fashion. He can bury his nose in a beaker of sparkling Macon and raise it slowly upward to drain the last drop, smacking his lips in perfect happiness. Every now and then he spies a friend at the other end of the table, to whom he roars at once every good wish imaginable. Or he will rise unexpectedly to pound for silence with a tankard while he communicates a political idea. He is the jolly god everywhere, the eyes twinkling and the arms waving. It is his business to know everybody and to make the conversation general. When he chooses to make remarks he has but to raise his voice above its conversational tone a trifle to roar everybody down—a feat achieved with perfect good nature and in the most natural style imaginable.

His French is deemed exceedingly choice and pure—no slang, little colloquialism. Everything is in the grand manner rhetorically. The use of a Germanism or an Anglicanism like "bier" or "five-o'clock" causes him the keenest anguish. His pronunciation is so correct, so distinct and so deliberate that foreigners in Paris get free lessons in French by going to hear him. His ordinary conversation is compared in elegance with that of Bossuet.

By temperament Jean Jaures is a "romantic." The supreme Socialist of this age can not see life in terms of a common man's experience. To him there are always conspiracies, treasons, plots. The political and financial atmosphere swarms with the population of the Jaures imagination. The plain tale of a new loan becomes in his teeming brain more elaborate than a historical romance by Dumas. Life to him is a theatre, behind the scenes of which he believes himself to exist. He is always "coming on," with farcical results of which he has no suspicion. People think he poses, but he is simply the unconscious comedian.

Professor Brandt, of Berlin, is reported as saying that Shakespeare is now at the zenith of his popularity in Germany. "The Deutsches Theater of Berlin," he says, "has scored an entirely unprecedented record by producing a Shakespeare repertoire practically night after night, for the last six months, to sold-out houses without an exception."

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Best Selling Book of the Month

Leona Dalrymple's "Diane of the Green Van"—
Something About the Story and its Author

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor of Bookseller and Stationer

The author of the book which heads the lists of best selling novels in both the United States and Canada, is Leona Dalrymple, the daughter of former Judge Dalrymple, of Passaic, New Jersey. She is twenty-eight, and with this story, "Diane of the Green Van," won the \$10,000 prize offered by the Reilly & Britton Company, of Chicago. Miss Dalrymple submitted two novels, the other coming fourth on the list as awarded by the judges, S. S. McClure, Ida M. Tarbell, and George N. Davidson. Having just finished a novel which she was about to send to a New York house who had already published two of her stories, Miss Dalrymple, seeing the prize offer, sent her story to Chicago instead, and then having six weeks to write another, she started in working eight to ten hours a day, and finished it in time to make it a prize-winner.

ON oddly caparisoned van, painted green, embellished gaily in white, having windows and curtains and drawn by a team of big-boned piebald horses; a drowsy negro on a load of hay and then an angular horse drawing a ramshackle cart accoutred, among other orchestral devices, with clashing cymbals, a drum with a handle, which upon being turned, aroused a fearful musical commotion in the cart: this was the nature of the caravan whose progress from Connecticut through New York State into Pennsylvania and then south through successive states into Florida, forms part of the picturesque attending circumstances in the unwinding of the tale which is found inside the covers of the best selling book of the month, "Diane of the Green Van," by Leona Dalrymple.

The occupant of the green van is Diane Westfall, who had inherited the wanderlust from her father. Diane and her cousin, Carl Granberry, are the despair of Aunt Agatha to whose care they fell as children. At the opening of this story, Diane, to the complete confusion of her aunt, has developed a desire to become a nomad, living a life removed as far as possible from the conventional and thus constituting herself an enigma to her scandalized aunt whose tearful pleadings are unavailing in endeavoring to dissuade the girl from undertaking her absurd peregrination.

The carpenter, the wheelwright and the painter receive commissions and soon the "Green Van" is completed and briskly creaks away with Diane accompanied only by little bewhiskered Johnny Jutes, for many years a retainer of the Westfall family.

Diane is all unaware that she is a subject of grave concern in the eyes of emissaries of Houdania, a kingdom like George Barr McCutcheon's "Graustark" and Anthony Hope's "Ruritania," and that this interest involves uncertainty as to the succession to the throne of the little kingdom, which is presumably the land of a people closely related to the Magyars. To complicate things still more there are three of these Houdanians working at cross purposes. On the night of Diane's first camping out, a shot is fired which nearly ends her nomadism then and there and the same

night a knife driven by the hand of one of the Houdanians, intended for Carl Granberry, is sunk into the shoulder of Philip Poynter. Philip has fallen in love with Diane and strictly against her wishes has followed the green van in order to protect her, the original method he adopts being to purchase a load of hay, engaging the lazy negro to ride atop the load, while he in some mysterious manner is accommodated somewhere in the interior of the outfit, unseen to the world. The musical contraption turns out to be in charge of a mysterious foreigner, apparently a wandering minstrel, but who subsequently looms large in the story. The clearing up of the mystery surrounding the firing of the shot in the forest and the stabbing and the manner in which Diane and Carl are brought into the domestic turmoil of the toy kingdom, leads to other interesting revelations, going back to the time when the heir apparent to the throne, years before had, because of his democratic tendencies, disappeared from Houdania, coming, as the story discloses, to America, where he married the daughter of a Seminole Indian chief. Their daughter comes into the story as one of the principal characters from the time when Diane meets her at the Indian girl's camp fire in the everglades of Florida. This is sufficient to indicate the kaleidoscopic changes of scene presented throughout the story and not only have only a few of these been hinted at, but nothing has been said of the refreshing fund of humor in which the romance abounds.

The author herself in referring to her book says: "If you have a pot pourri of heredity, heaven alone knows just what will happen to you. A fiction character of such convenient heredity will boss the author into terrific complications and do exactly as she pleases.

"Diane went and stampeded a perfectly inoffensive author who had lived quietly and written quietly, into a most complicated notoriety, loss of weight and wonderment at the tales of reporters."

In this same reference to her own book the author, speaking of Diane's cousin Carl, said that what that man didn't think of "would be of absolutely no interest to Anthony Comstock! His thirst was not for the road. Solids were

of indifferent interest to this alcoholic connoisseur, and when that thirst of his was completely gratified, he set forth with a wild laugh and romped through chapters of gore. If it hadn't been for Carl's thirst there wouldn't have been a story."

All the elements of success attended the coming of this book, which while being published in this country by the Copp, Clark Co., was first published by the Reilly, Britton Company of Chicago, being the winner in the contest for the \$10,000 prize offered by that company for the best novel. Sufficient proof of its all round merit is found in the personnel of the judges who awarded it first place among over five hundred stories submitted, many of them being of outstanding merit. The judges were Ida M. Tarbell, S. S. McClure, and George N. Davidson.

Another story submitted by Miss Dalrymple came fourth in the same contest. Five years ago she was the winner of first prize in a short story contest conducted by the New York Herald. She is twenty-eight years old and is the daughter of former Judge George H. Dalrymple, of Passaic, New Jersey.

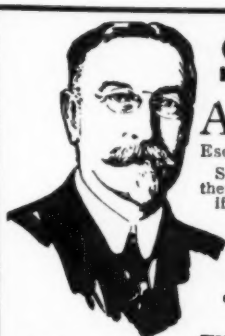
Miss Dalrymple intends devoting her life to literature and considers the \$10,000 prize a stepping stone to greater achievement.

In a letter written to her publishers soon after the announcement was made that she had won the \$10,000 prize, she wrote that she had begun to realize something of what it meant to be in the public eye and incidentally what one paid for the privilege in inaccurate details that were made to fly about. She found it interesting and exciting but didn't like sailing under false colors. "Isn't there some way," she wrote, "that we can correct the statement that I am in my early twenties? The reporters flatly refuse to believe me when I add a half-dozen years to their estimate. I know it is rank heresy for a woman to own to a greater age than is credited her, but every year has brought with it something that I wouldn't give up if I could—and the sum total of those 'somethings' is in the book. Doubtless there are precocious people who could write a prize-winner at twenty and not have it immature. Frankly I couldn't have done it for the life of me! I'm glad enough to have done it in the late twenties."

Miss Dalrymple pointed out also that she was graduated from the Passaic High School ten years ago, not recently, as she had read with surprise in various papers.

Another statement surprising to her when she read it in the paper was to the effect that she had just announced her engagement since the prize-winning. "I have been engaged for some time," she wrote Mr. Reilly, "and it wasn't the result of the ten thousand dollars—thank goodness!"

In the list of best selling novels in Canada it will be observed that "Diane of the Green Van," which comes into the reckoning for the first time this month, this report being based on booksellers' sales in all parts of Canada during the



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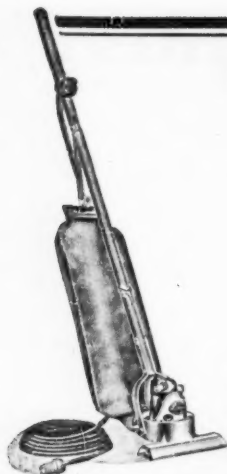
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month of March, as sent in to *Book-seller and Stationer* and summarized by that paper, has displaced Winston Churchill's book, "The Inside of the Cup," which had maintained that position against all comers for eight months, establishing an unprecedented record. The latter book comes second and the United States summary shows that these two books hold relative positions among the best selling novels in that country.

Canadian Summary

Fiction

- 1.—Diane of the Green Van. Leona Dalrymple 196
- 2.—The Inside of the Cup. Winston Churchill 186
- 3.—Fortunate Youth. W. J. Locke 83
- 4.—T. Tembarom. Francis Hodgson Burnett 82
- 5.—Rocks of Valpre. Edith M. Dell 78
- 6.—The Woman Thou Gavest Me. Hall Caine 66

Non-Fiction

- 1.—Canadian Addresses. Hon. George E. Foster.
- 2.—Sir Chas. Tupper's Reminiscences.
- 3.—The Senate of Canada. Sir Geo. Ross.

Juvenile

- 1.—Mutt and Jeff, No. 3.
- 2.—Children of the Wild.
- 3.—Wizard of Oz.

Best Sellers in the United States

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Diane of the Green Van. | 224 |
| The Inside of the Cup | 183 |
| Pollyanna | 130 |
| T. Tembarom | 129 |
| The Devil's Garden | 120 |
| Captain Dan's Daughter | 113 |

From Milk-maid to Queen

Story of a Peasant Girl who became Mother of Queens

(From Ideas.)

Amongst the crowned heads of Europe to-day there is no more interesting figure than that of the Queen Consort of Montenegro. No fairy tale could be more romantic than the story of the rise of the country farm girl whose "face was her fortune," to the position of queen and the mother of children occupying positions of royalty, as is here related.

AMONGST the crowned heads of Europe to-day there is no more interesting figure than her Majesty of Montenegro.

Fifty years ago, when little Milena Constantinovitch milked the cows upon her father's farm amidst the hills and valleys of the Black Mountain, how could she have dreamt of the day when she would wear a crown, and be the mother of children who would themselves wear kingly diadems? The marriage of Milena of Montenegro was no love affair. In accordance with the custom of the country, she was selected as the bride of young Nicholas Petrovitch because she was Montenegro's prettiest girl-child.

When she was thirteen years old she was nominated as the future bride of the

heir of Montenegro, and when she was fourteen she was carried to Cetinje, and there wedded to the eighteen-year-old boy who had been selected by his uncle, the then Prince Danilo, to succeed him on the throne of the mountain state.

It was to no gilded palace that little fourteen-year-old Milena Constantino-vitch was taken to become the wife of the heir to Montenegro.

Montenegro was then a country where the blood-feud was rampant. Milena's husband was himself a doomed man, and rumor in the Balkans still has it that young Nicholas only preserved his own life and that of his pretty bride by himself dashing both hands into human blood. Young Milena Petrovitch did her share of the day's toil. Heroic stories are still told of the girl-princess of Montenegro, when her husband sallied forth soon after her marriage to the terrible war against the Turks of 1876. Whatever Milena Petrovitch may have done then, she eclipsed herself by her valorous succor of the wounded Montenegrins in the war of nearly fifty years later.

Amidst constantly recurring wars and raids and feuds, Milena Petrovitch brought up her handsome family of boys and girls. The eldest girl was barely seventeen when a young Servian prince who had been long in exile, and had just come home from the war on the Franco-Prussian borders, came a-courting. Peter Karageorge was the young hero's name, and it seemed probable that his exile from Servia would last a lifetime. There was trouble in Cetinje when Peter Karageorge popped the question to Zorka Petrovitch, and she gave her promise to her soldier-lover to wed him. Milena Petrovitch stood by her daughter, and defied her husband; and one day Peter Karageorge took Zorka Petrovitch away to Vienna, where he lived.

Zorka never returned to Montenegro. Her fond mother never saw her again. Zorka gave sons and daughters to her exiled Prince, and then died, in the flower of her youth. To-day her soldier-prince is King of Servia.

Thus began that remarkable series of royal romances in the Montenegrin family which enabled King Nicholas to reply when a distinguished visitor to his country remarked that "Montenegro appeared to have no exports." "No exports, sir; what about my daughters?" The next of Milena Petrovitch's seven lovely girls to have a romance was Anastasia Petrovitch. She was courted by the Duke of Leuchtenburg, a distinguished Russian prince, and then, for the first time in her life, Milena Petrovitch put off her dazzling Montenegrin national costume, and went forth to the Russian palace of Livadia, where the Tsar himself honored by his presence her daughter's wedding with the duke.

Milena Petrovitch was to learn more of the Courts of Europe ere long. Another of her daughters, the tallest and sprightliest of them all, found no other than the heir of Italy in love with her, and when she consented to become the wife of little King Victor Emmanuel III., her fond mother herself took Elena of Montenegro to the Quirinal in Rome.

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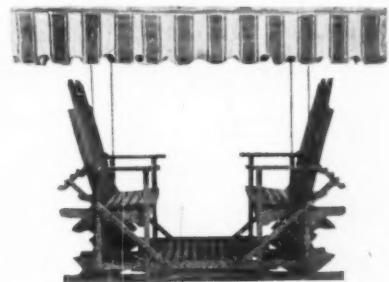
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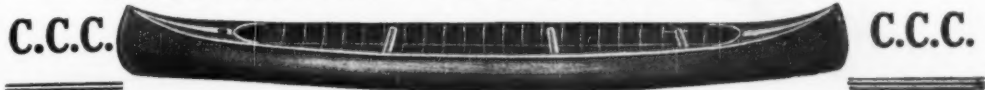
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Anastasia Petrovitch's marriage with the Duke of Leuchtenberg, however, had turned out badly. Anastasia, transported to a Russian Court, remained still a child of the "Black Mountain!" She had never loved her duke, and when young Grand Duke Nicholas, a cousin of the Tsar, proceeded to pour words of love into her ear, she made up for lost time. The Duke of Leuchtenberg required little parting from, and Anastasia Petrovitch's subsequent wedding with the Russian Grand Duke finally brought true love into her heart, and all ended happily.

Such felicity as followed this love-match promptly brought another Russian Grand Duke a-looking for a spirited bride amongst Queen Milena's daughters. He was Grand Duke Nicholas' brother Peter, and he selected the Montenegrin Queen's daughter Militza for a bride. Thus another royal match of the first order robbed Montenegro of one of its royal princesses, and ere long Prince Joseph of Battenberg (youngest of the famous Battenberg brothers who have figured so conspicuously at the Court of England for the last twenty-five years) also came a-courting in Cetinje, and eventually stole away Queen Milena's daughter Anna.

Thus, one by one, Queen Milena saw her daughters make a series of matches which has no parallel amongst the purely royal families of Europe, which is all the more remarkable, as the Petrovitches are not themselves of royal rank, and have not a drop of royal blood in their veins.

Of Queen Milena's domestic virtues every visitor to Cetinje has amply testified. Great as has been her rise in the world the one-time milkmaid of Montenegro, who is now Queen, remains the simple, kind-hearted woman she was in 1876 when King Nicholas dedicated to her his most popular drama, "The Maiden of the Balkans."

The Ulster Leader

(Continued from page 35.)

mission in life. It has so thoroughly permeated him and saturated him that he is no longer the exponent of a grievance. He is the incarnation of the grievance. He no longer fights for Ulster—not that alone. He *is* Ulster, Ulster rampant, Ulster defiant, Ulster fighting. Long ago, he passed the point of "My country, if she be right." Now with him, it is "My country, right or wrong." He is the fighting Irishman, and he will fight to the bitter end, though the conflict may not always be in the arena where the million-eyed public watches. For Carson knows that skirmishes by the wayside are just as important a part of the campaign as the pitched battle on the plains.

See the fighting Irishman, as he rises in the House. A minute ago he was quiescent, the lion resting, but always ready to spring, his very inertness and apparent slothfulness but fitting him the better for the work he has to do. The chamber is half empty, when, angered by the sneer of some back-bencher, eager to make a

Parliamentary reputation, the tall, somewhat forbidding King of Ulster springs to his feet, and cries hurriedly, defiantly, "Mr. Speaker!" In a flash, the word goes through the passages of the Commons, into the libraries, the smoking rooms, the chess rooms, and out on to the Terrace, where half the members are earning their four hundred pounds per annum by giving their fair relatives tea, "Carson is up." A moment, and the House is full. The honorable members sit on three sides of Carson. Mr. Speaker, gravely judicial, prepares to hear and see all from the vantage point of his dais. The Treasury Bench gets ready to pick holes. The Opposition is waiting to throw up its hat, metaphorically, and perhaps literally. It knows that when Carson hits, he hits hard. Eighteen months ago, England, in Parliament and out, laughed at the dark, determined Irishman. He was laughed at nastily, sneeringly, with the vast superiority of the level-headed one over the impetuous Peter. Now all that has gone. His foes, and his friends too, are puzzled, and perhaps a little fearing. They are in the dark. It isn't so bad when being in the dark, you know from what quarter the light will eventually come, and how many candle-power it will be. That sort of darkness wouldn't be so bad. But Carson is not so accommodating. Neither his friends or his enemies can count absolutely upon Carson's next move. They are frankly perplexed. They don't know quite what to make of this sombre leader, who thrusts his jaw out, and flings his threats and gibes with unerring aim. Evidently, they think, he means business. His face is clouded o'er. It is a melting-pot for every sort of passion. If Carson had wanted to be a devil, what a devil he would have made. If ever he had tended towards Nihilism, what a whirlwind of anarchic influence and design would he have been. The second name of Edward Carson might well be "Whole-hogger." A favorite idea becomes a passion and a mania. It is made bullet-proof, and the more exposure it has, the more certain does it become to the man himself that it is unassailable.

Hear him speak. Every word is a sentence—a sentence of death for the thing he is judging. The sum total is an indictment that needs some quashing. He dominates the place, the time, the people, when, with sledge-hammer-like blows, he demolishes the wall of hindrance. The very atmosphere becomes destiny-laden. It is vibrant with dead hopes and resurrected aspirations—dead hopes for foe, and resurrected aspirations for friend. Sir Edward Carson is an orator with a method all his own. Lord Rosebery holds you spellbound, but the spell which the noble lord casts over you is that of admiration for elegant diction, prettily turned phrases. These Sir Edward Carson disdains. He mesmerises you, too, but the trance is not necessarily pleasant. It may be a dream. On the other hand, it may be a nightmare. You may be glad of it. And you may be sorry. You certainly will be sorry, if you don't agree with

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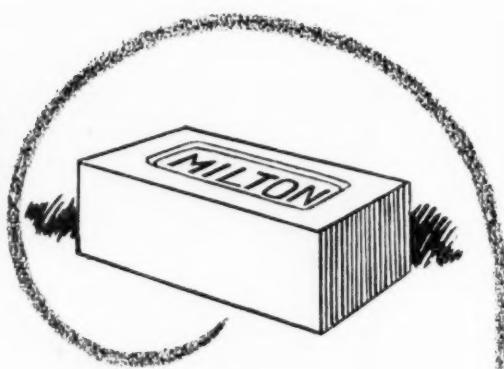
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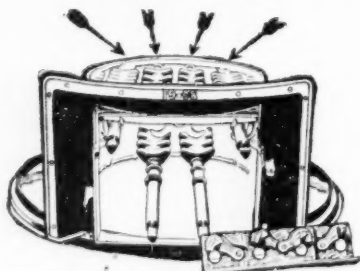
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James Douglas—that keen observer—declares that Carson is a Man of Destiny. Note the caps, please. It pulsates alike through speaker and listener. The hands move round the clock, and they seem to be moving slowly, solemnly, with due regard for the fact that this is an important hour. The occasion is heavy with fate. And it is long before the effect wears off. There is no other public man quite like the Ulster leader. Always he fights to win. Compromise is a last resort, and at that, not a welcome one.

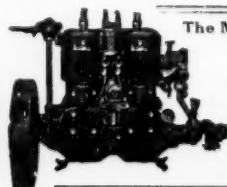
An instance of the way he takes possession of the House may be found in the debate the other day over Mr. Asquith's concession of six years' exclusion for Ulster. All sorts and conditions of partisans, in the first flush of welcome for anything that made for peace, thought the offer a real concession. But Sir Edward begged to address the House. A single epigram of the immobile, immovable Ulster leader destroyed the beautiful picture of a settlement in sight. "Sentence of death, with a stay of execution for six years," said Sir Edward. I can imagine the curl of the lip, the dull blaze in the eyes, the ominous contracting of the brows, the absolute scorn and unworded invective which he crammed into those few words. In an instant the good impression that Mr. Asquith had created faded away. The landscape once again was a picture of threatening clouds, heavy, very heavy, and nearer an awful breaking than ever before. All the temporary ray of sunshine did was to make the rest of the elements more forbidding by contrast. The Premier and Mr. Redmond must feel almost despairing. Carson goes on from day to day, remorselessly, unflinchingly. He would not temper the wind to the shorn lamb. He is conscious of his great power, and he is determined to win. Nothing must count but the single fact of Ulster's sentiment. Personal regard cuts no ice. Carson is adamant. Though the flax be smoking that is no reason why it should not be quenched. Though the reed be bruised, that is no reason why it should not be broken.

What manner of man is this? Where lies his power? A member of the Parliament at Westminster told me that he could never understand how it was that Carson had such a following. "Why, the very face of the man would keep me back," said he. And yet, the Fighting Irishman adds recruits every day. Sir Edward has a principle. It is there, and there you are. Take it or leave it. Wrathfully scornful, passionately determined, totally obsessed, fiercely primitive in method, Carson damns the men utterly and absolutely who dare to say him nay. The Ulstermen, emotional, are quick to realize and follow a strong leader. They are heart and soul with him. This combined re-incarnation of fighting Cromwell and unsatisfied Marat, rides on and on and on.

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When You Build Your Bungalow

Continued from Page 24.

A bungalow built on a hillside or crowning a rocky ridge should have a stone wall or at least an under pinning and chimney of stone with walls of weather boards or shingles. If there are trees around, a green roof would look well. If built high it will look unsteady, so it is often a help to have porches at the ends so that the roof may be hipped to bring it down nearer to the ground.

In building a permanent home we have a broader field of materials to choose from. Beginning with the foundation—

Where a bungalow is built for a permanent home, the owner generally likes to have an interior finish of the best wood and tile and plaster he can afford, getting the bungalow atmosphere by the use of beamed ceilings and built-in furniture. When he puts up a summer home he just wants "something different." The simplest treatment is to leave the studding uncovered and tack burlap in the panel places between the studs directly to the outside boarding. A closer finish than this is obtained by having a high



A charming bungalow constructed from ready-cut material.

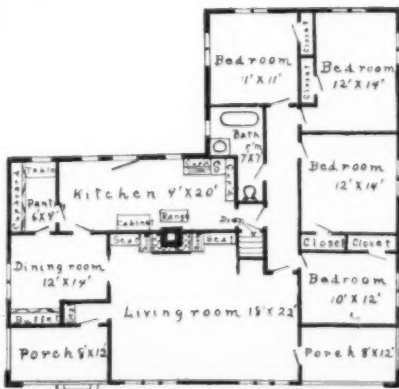
for a wooden structure one of the most satisfactory is concrete, adding field stone where the foundation is visible above the ground especially if the chimney is to be of stone. The whole character of the bungalow type calls for a building set as close to the ground as possible, but we have to have room for cellar windows between the ground level and the bottom of the joists. Where there is no cellar, if piers or posts are used, the appearance of height and stiltedness can be overcome by filling the openings with lattice work.

It is unnecessary to try to name the building materials for walls. When you come to plan a bungalow you will find a real embarrassment of riches,—frame, and brick, and stone, and cement, and stucco in combinations of two or three in one building, with no lack of harmony either, as the types in the illustrations show.

The roofing materials are rather more limited. Wood shingles will make the cheapest, presentable covering and are thoroughly in harmony with the bungalow type, but for a good permanent dwelling some of the longer-lived roofings are worth considering. The "asbestos shingle" is made of asbestos and cement, and is fireproof. It looks well, very much like soapstone, and is laid like slate. Tile, slate, or perhaps with a flat roof, tin might be used.

wainscoting of boards of two widths alternating the wide with the narrow. A ceiling of boards, battened, and a frieze of plaster, burlap, or some rough fabric could be used with this. Metallic ceilings and plaster-board being fireproof and inexpensive, are becoming very popular for summer homes. They look very well too and can be freshened up with a coat of paint every year.

And last and most important it must be remembered that half the spell of a bungalow will be lost without an open fire. In fact some of the most charming



An L-shaped bungalow offers the best possibilities for the architect.

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The "Alabone" Treatment of Consumption

ITS SUCCESS VERIFIED BY PHYSICIANS

Physicians' Testimonies As To Its Success

A short time ago we brought to your notice the extraordinary success that had attended Dr. E. W. Alabone's inhalation treatment of phthisis; and promised further evidence of its curative value which we now give; the most weighty of these evidences are naturally those given by members of the medical profession, and it is most gratifying to find their reports one and all declare the "Alabone" treatment performs what its discoverer claimed for it, viz., that although not infallible, it is a curative treatment, and that in an enormous number of cases, the majority of which had been given up as perfectly incurable by well-known physicians attached to our Chest Hospitals, or sent home to die from sanatoria. The space at our disposal prohibits the publication of a tithe of such evidences, but we quote the following, which must convince the most sceptical, that consumption can be, and is being absolutely cured.

Sir,—I look upon open-air treatment, as it is at present carried on, as a medical fad, which certainly involves great waste of valuable time, which should be utilized by a much more intelligent system of treatment for cure, and loss of money which often can be ill-afforded by those who undergo it; besides this, it is sufficiently plain to me that it is actually dangerous to the life of the patient.

No one has a higher opinion of the value of fresh air in the treatment of consumption than myself, but to expose patients with cavities in their lungs to draughts between open windows and doors in winter is, I consider, open air run mad.

When we consider how exquisitely sensitive the mucous membrane lining the tubes surrounding the cavities in a consumptive lung must be, it appears to me the height of folly, and I might say, even of cruelty, to urge the exposure of phthisical patients to such an ordeal.

I am glad, however, that an opportunity has been given me to testify to the success which has attended Dr. Alabone's treatment of phthisis. *I have seen cases of phthisis, with cavities, perfectly recover under this treatment*, which does not include the possibility of danger of pneumonia or bronchitis from exposure to cold and damp air, nor does he advise the enormous excess of food which appears to be an important part of the open-air treatment.—Faithfully yours,
—, M.D., J.P.

Sir,—I have some thirty patients in all stages of phthisis undergoing Dr. Alabone's treatment—some very bad—so that I should not be surprised if I had lost one or two, but at present I have lost none. The improvement in them is most marked and surprising. I do not think there is any doubt of the efficacy of his treatment in stopping the advance-

ment of the disease. It has in my hands been very successful in many cases.—I am, yours faithfully,

W. F.—, M.D., L.R.C.P.,
L. M. Edin.

Dr. J. D.—, M.D., L.R.C.P., etc., writes:

I was very glad to see that notice has at length been taken of the treatment of phthisis and tubercular disease by Dr. Alabone's treatment. From personal observation of more than one case which was pronounced "incurable" by well-known consultants, I can bear testimony to the very great relief and total disappearance of the disease.

Dr. F.— writes:

I can testify to the very marked success of Dr. Alabone's treatment in some undoubted cases of tubercular diseases of the lungs. One lady in particular whom I sent to London about five years ago to go under his method of cure is now in perfect health; she had been pronounced "an utterly hopeless case" by two highly qualified medical men. Personally, so impressed am I with the therapeutic value of the remedies that if I were pronounced phthisical to-morrow I would at once adopt them, with full faith as to the result.

A great many physicians have placed themselves under Dr. Alabone's care, with the happy result that they are again in practice, and in perfect health. One of them writes:

Sir,—I was under the professional treatment of Dr. Alabone, and during that time received the greatest benefit from it. I was placed on the retired list as "unfit for further service owing to phthisis." Thanks to Dr. E. W. Alabone's treatment, I have been able to resume the practice of my profession, and have now been actively engaged in practice for six months in good health.—Yours faithfully, J. C.—, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London.

The same evidence is given by matrons and nurses at hospitals, many of whom have not only seen case after case recover, but have themselves been cured. One of whom writes as follows:

In the summer I utterly collapsed from overwork, and a rest failed to effect any improvement in my condition. In the autumn I was pronounced to be suffering from slight tuberculosis (sputum having been examined). At the recommendation of a physician I went to a well-known sanatorium to undergo the "open-air" treatment, and during my stay there of two months, instead of in any way ameliorating my symptoms, they became rapidly worse, till I was advised to return home by the physician in attendance at the sanatorium. On my return my condition was found to be as follows: A large cavity in my left lung, which was

seriously involved in tubercular disease from apex to base, and my right lung was also considerably affected, and there certainly seemed no hope that I should recover. Hearing of similar cases that had been cured by Dr. Alabone, I was taken to Highbury to see him—so weak that I was hardly able to walk up the steps of his house, and, I must admit, expecting little or nothing from his treatment; but within a week I felt that I was deriving benefit, so hope once more revived, and this alone was worth a great deal. At the end of my stay at the sanatorium I had lost about 10 lb. in weight. This I gradually regained, and with it came returning strength, and, thoroughly persevering with the treatment, and carrying out all Dr. Alabone's other directions, I found every month a most decided improvement was manifest, till I am now as strong and well as I ever felt in my life. I have no shortness of breath, no cough, no expectoration, can walk long distances, and run upstairs without fatigue; my voice, which was only a whisper, has returned, and I can indulge in my favorite occupation of singing; in fact, thank God, I am perfectly cured, and again able to undertake my work, which is of a very arduous nature.

"A Professional Nurse."

We therefore again urge those interested in this subject to read this specialist's works, the chief of which is "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng. It is illustrated by numerous cases pronounced "incurable" by the most eminent physicians. Now in its 47th edition, 171st thousand, and can be obtained for 60 cents post free, from Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London England.

Pages could be filled with similar letters and we propose publishing some of these in the July issue of this magazine. There is, however, no need for any reader to feel that they cannot avail themselves of this treatment owing to their residence in Canada, as we have previously stated the inhalation machine, with all necessary parts, can be forwarded from England at a very moderate cost, in such a manner that the patient, or his medical attendant, can avail himself of all the benefits of the "Alabone" treatment.

The overwhelming evidence published in leading journals, throughout the world, furnishes indisputable proof that consumptives can now have every reason to hope for a relief from their suffering and a return to the pleasures of social intercourse, and activities of business life, if they carefully follow the treatment promulgated by Dr. Alabone.

We would remind our readers that the address of the Alabone treatment is LYNTON HOUSE, HIGHBURY QUADRANT, LONDON, ENGLAND.

types are little more than "a fireplace, boxed in," and a very informal fireplace too. We find several very handsome, massive affairs of rough stone but they look best in a very large room. It is easier to construct a fireplace of brick throughout, and usually more pleasing where the room is small. The use of decorative tiles with a fireplace facing of cement offers interesting possibilities, but the designing of the details would require a skilled architect. Anyway, it doesn't matter much what kind of a fireplace you have—so long as it doesn't smoke.

This is one of the features where the direction of a skilled architect is indispensable, but if you leave the entire planning of your home to someone else you will miss half the joy of living in it. No piece of creative craft offers such scope for expressing your ideals as the building of a bungalow.

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Owing to these many good qualities, these new products seem destined to a brilliant future of usefulness in many branches of industry. Already they are much used in perfumery and medicine.

Perfumery uses cellophane as a wrapping for its different products, and biophane serves in the manufacture of transparent boxes that, while they are as strong as the ordinary kind, allow the bottle, or bread, or soap that they contain to be seen from the outside. Compressible tubes may also be made of it instead of the more expensive tin.

Medicine employs cellophane in numerous ways, owing to its valuable quality of being easily sterilized, either by steam, which it will stand up to 150 deg. C., or by boiling water, alcohol, hydrogendioxid, formol or lysol.

It may, for instance be placed directly in contact with wounds, enabling the progress of cicatrization to be viewed by transparency. Pomades, salicylate of methyl, or chloroform do not attack it, and it replaces gummed taffeta to advantage. Its use in surgery is indicated for direct dressings after an operation; it is supple, strong, inalterable, preserves moisture well, and is cheap.

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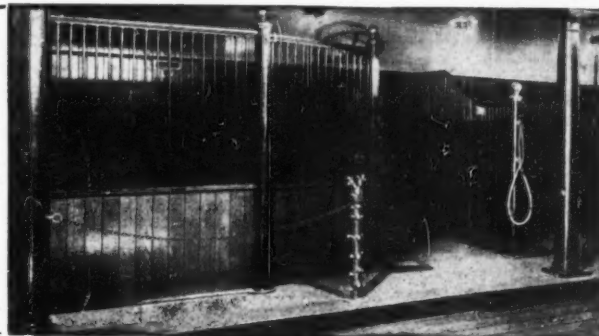


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Spanish Gold

Continued from Page 28.

was moved to quite a long reply. The priest interrupted him frequently, but the old man showed no sign of excitement and spoke all the time with gentle courtesy. When he stopped Father Mulcrone rose from the bed and spoke with unabated volubility. He gesticulated violently, waving his arms and bringing the palms of his hands together with loud smacks. For half an hour the dispute continued, heated argument on the one side, dignified reply on the other. At last Thomas O'Flaherty Pat shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of despair.

"I have him persuaded at last," said Father Mulcrone, wiping his brow with the back of his hand, "but I had a tough job of it. A more obstinate man I never met in all my born days."

"I thought you'd get him in the end," said Meldon. "I couldn't understand a word you were saying, of course, but the way you said it made me feel that the poor old fellow hadn't half a chance."

"If you have the papers ready to-morrow morning," said Father Mulcrone to Higginbotham, "I'll see that he signs them."

"We're all greatly obliged to you," said Meldon. "Without your help I really don't know what we should have done."

"As Mr. Meldon says," added the Chief Secretary, "we're greatly obliged to you. And now, gentlemen, I hope you'll come and dine with me on the Granuaile. I can offer you a small cabin for the night, Father Mulcrone. It's too late to go back to Inishmore."

"Thanks," said Meldon. "We'll go, of course. What do you say, Father Mulcrone? I'm only sorry the Major won't be with us."

"The Major!" said Mr. Willoughby. "Oh, yes; Major Kent, of course, the geological expert. Go and fetch him, Mr. Meldon. I shall be delighted to see him."

"He wouldn't come if I did," said Meldon. "Apart altogether from the survey business he wouldn't come. Nothing would induce him to dine out without a dress-coat, and he hasn't one on the yacht. That's the kind of man he is. In any case I don't want to go back to the yacht to ask him. There's a breeze getting up now and if the Major got me on board he'd want to up anchor and run home."

Meldon took possession of the Chief Secretary and led the way to the pier. He looked up at the sky and sniffed the air suspiciously.

"There's a change coming," he said. "It will be blowing hard before morning."

"Which of the two yachts is yours?" asked Mr. Willoughby.

"Do you mean which of the two actually belongs to me, or do you mean which do I happen to be cruising in at present?"

"That," said Mr. Willoughby, "sounds like another riddle. Does it by any chance illustrate the pragmatist philosophy?"



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"It might, if properly worked out. But I'm too hungry to attempt that now. About those yachts—the one to the south is Major Kent's Spindrift. I'm with him for this cruise. The other is my Aureole. I've hired her to Sir Giles Buckley. I see him and his friend Euseby Langton coming ashore now in their punt. By Jove! That reminds me. Higginbotham!"

He stood still suddenly. The Chief Secretary also halted. His face expressed patient expectation and a determination not to be surprised. Higginbotham and Father Mulrone overtook them.

"Higginbotham," said Meldon, "did you lock the door of your hut?"

"No, I didn't. I locked it this morning when I went—"

"And you found your bed full of oars and broken glass," said Mr. Willoughby. "I think you're right to leave the door open this time."

"When I tell you," said Meldon, "that Sir Giles is coming ashore in his punt and that he went down the hole in Thomas O'Flaherty's field this morning, perhaps you will go back and lock your door."

"I will, if you like, but I don't know what you mean."

"If you don't understand what I'm telling you," said Meldon, "you needn't bother about the door; but in that case Thomas O'Flaherty Pat ought certainly to be warned."

"I thought when I first heard of you," said Mr. Willoughby, "that you were an impudent liar. Next I decided that you were a lunatic. Then I made sure you were a man of unusual force of character and mental agility. Now I'm getting puzzled about you again."

"Don't bother about me," said Meldon. "I'm sorry for Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, that's all. It makes me a bit nervous to see Sir Giles coming ashore in the dusk of the evening."

"Who is Sir Giles?" asked Mr. Willoughby.

"He's rather a hot lot. In fact, he's a bit of a lad. He'd—" Meldon paused and looked meaningfully at the priest, then he whistled—"as soon as drink a pint of porter. You know what I mean, Father Mulrone."

"I do," said the priest; "I do well."

"I don't," said Mr. Willoughby. "I wish you'd explain. Do you know, Mr. Higginbotham?"

"I do a little," said Higginbotham. "That's to say, I more or less guess."

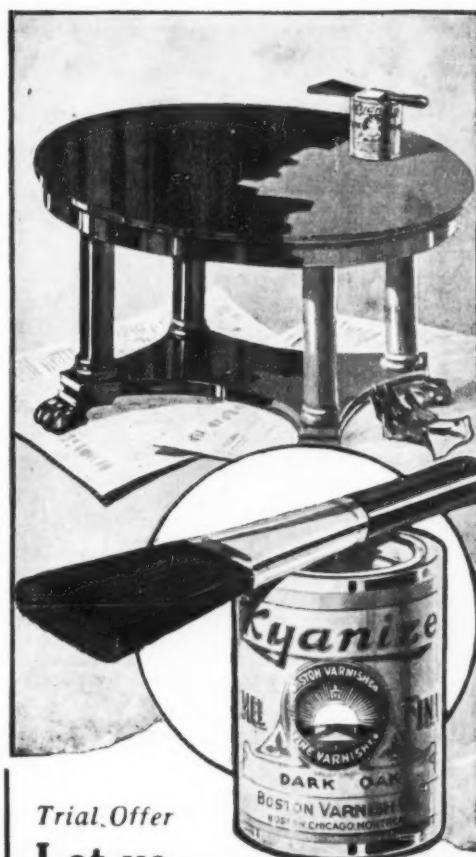
"I suppose," said Mr. Willoughby plaintively, "that it's better for me not to know. I am a mere child compared to you two reverend gentlemen. I ought to be grateful to you for respecting my innocence and for not speaking more plainly than you do."

A boat from the Granuaile lay alongside the pier. The party embarked just as Sir Giles Buckley's punt reached the shore.

"Good-evening, Sir Giles," said Meldon. "Surely you're not going down that hole again to-night."

Sir Giles scowled in reply.

"That gentleman doesn't seem to be



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on very good terms with you," said Mr. Willoughby.

"He's not just at present," said Meldon. "I had a conversation with him this afternoon. He chose to assume that I wasn't speaking the truth, and he hasn't got over it since."

"I have a certain sympathy with him," said Mr. Willoughby. "I dare say he knows little or nothing about pragmatism. I went very near getting angry myself when I thought—just for the moment—that you had been deceiving Mr. Higginbotham."

"You got over it all right," said Meldon. "Nobody minds a man flaring out now and then as you did. You don't keep on sulking like that beast Sir Giles. You are a more or less reasonable man."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON board the Granuaile Mr. Willoughby showed himself a courteous host. He took Father Mulcrone to a cabin and offered to provide him with anything he wanted. But the priest, having foreseen that he would sleep elsewhere than in his own bed, had with him a small bag which contained all that he required. Higginbotham and Meldon were put into another cabin. The party assembled in the saloon and dinner was served.

"You do yourself pretty well on this boat," said Meldon as he tasted the soup. "The Major and I have been living principally on sardines and tinned brawn. Higginbotham gets a lobster now and then. I suppose you have more lobsters than you care about in the course of the summer, Father Mulcrone?"

"I get plenty," said the priest. "Lobsters, potatoes, and tea. They're the easiest things to get on Inishmore."

After this the conversation languished. Mr. Willoughby was disappointed. He expected an amusing dinner. He found himself obliged to talk on dull subjects to Higginbotham, who was too much overawed by the company of a Chief Secretary to do more than make respectful replies. Meldon said a word in praise of each dish he tasted, and Father Mulcrone supplemented what he said in the manner of a man who seconds a vote of thanks. Otherwise, neither of the two clergymen talked. They were both hungry. They were both accustomed to take their meals alone. They both regarded the eating of a good dinner as a serious business, demanding undivided attention. Mr. Willoughby, tired of Higginbotham, undertook a monologue and kept it going quietly until dinner was over and cigars were lit.

Then Father Mulcrone told a story. Meldon capped it with another. Father Mulcrone replied with a better one. Meldon outwent it. The stories became more and more extravagant. Mr. Willoughby looked from one clergyman to the other and laughed heartily. Higginbotham giggled convulsively in a corner. Neither of the clergymen even smiled. With perfectly grave faces, in tones which would have suited a scientific lecture, they narrated absurdity after absurdity. It was Meldon who reached the climax, who told

a story so monstrously improbable that Father Mulcrone gave up the attempt to better it.

"For a young man," said the priest, "and I wouldn't say you were more than seven-and-twenty—"

"I'll be that in three weeks, if I live so long," said Meldon.

"You've a deal of experience of this country and the ways of the people."

"For the matter of that you've seen a thing or two yourself."

"I have; but when I was your age I didn't know the half of what you do."

It was a handsome tribute. Meldon appreciated it. He raised his glass of whisky and water, nodded to Father Mulcrone and said—

"May the devil fly away with the roof of the house where you and I aren't welcome."

"I consider myself fortunate," said Mr. Willoughby, "in having as my guests tonight two men with the knowledge of Ireland which you possess. I'm learning more from your conversation than from all the Blue Books I ever read."

"I think we may understand from that remark," said Father Mulcrone, "that there's no danger of the slates being taken off the Lodge in the Phoenix while you're in it."

"You'll be welcome there, either of you," said Mr. Willoughby, "while I hold office. You'll be all the more welcome if you come together."

"We'll do it," said Meldon.

"What are the authorities of your Churches thinking of," said Mr. Willoughby, "when they leave you a curate, Mr. Meldon, and you no more than a parish priest, Father Mulcrone?"

"I'd be well off if I was that itself. It's a C.C. I am, and so far as I know it's a C.C. I'm likely to remain."

"You ought," said Mr. Willoughby, "to be bishops at least, both of you. If I had the arranging of these things you'd be archbishops. Why aren't you?"

"I haven't reached the canonical age," said Meldon. "You can't be a bishop till you're thirty. I've three years more to wait."

"I went very near being a bishop once," said Father Mulcrone, "and it's my sincere hope I'll never be as near it again. It wasn't in this diocese, but another, and I won't tell you where for fear of an action for libel. The old man that was the bishop died. The night after they buried him I happened to be going along the road in the dark. It might have been ten o'clock or half-past. Who did I see coming along towards me but the dead man, dressed up in his robes, and his episcopal ring on his thumb. When he caught sight of me he took off the ring and held it out to me as much as to say, 'It's yourself, Father Mulcrone, that's to succeed me.' I was pleased, I can tell you. I stuck out my thumb for him to put the ring on, seeing that was what he seemed to be wanting to do. Would you believe it, gentlemen? The ring was red hot!"

"And is that," said Meldon, "the place bishops go to when they're dead?"

"It's the only place I ever heard of," said Father Mulcrone, "where a ring could get into such a state as that."

"On the whole, then, I think I'll stick to my curacy. It's safer."

"You're right. It's what I've done myself."

There was a silence for a minute or two, broken only by half-suppressed sniggers from Higginbotham. Then Meldon rose with a sigh.

"You have me beat, Father Mulcrone. I give in to you. The equal of the experience you've just narrated never came my way. I think I'll be saying good-night, Mr. Willoughby. If you'll send a boat to the pier with me and Higginbotham, I'll get my punt there and go off to the Spindrifft."

The Granuaile's boat landed Meldon and Higginbotham at about eleven o'clock. A change in the weather was certainly coming. Great masses of clouds were piled up over the western half of the sky. Broken fragments, the advance guard of their army, rushed eastwards. The little wind there had been earlier in the afternoon was gone. The air was ominously still. From the far side of the island came the roar of waves. The sea was dashing sullenly against the rocks and dragging at the stones on the beaches. Not yet lashed by the storm, it already felt a premonition of the storm's coming. Even the water in the sheltered bay was affected with a vague uneasiness. Dark lumps rose here and there on its surface and sank again. Silent surges crept unexpectedly up the smooth sides of the pier, mouthing at the stones, slipping down again unsatisfied, eddying in hungry circles.

Meldon looked round him uncomfortably.

"I'll take the punt on board to-night," he said, "and I'll pay out a few extra fathom of anchor chain. There'll be a blow before morning. If I were you, Higginbotham, I'd stuff an old towel or something into that broken window. It's going to rain and rain heavy. Good-night."

"Good-night. What a pleasant man Mr. Willoughby is! I am so glad there was no trouble between you and him. Good-night."

Meldon struck a match and lit his pipe. Then he stooped down to loose the painter of the punt. As he did so he heard footsteps on the granite surface of the pier, the footsteps of some one who approached him. He supposed that Higginbotham had returned again to say some forgotten word. With the rope he had cast loose in his hand he stood and waited. It was not Higginbotham who approached. Whoever it was stopped about ten yards away from him. Meldon could dimly discern the figure of a man much taller than Higginbotham. A voice, raised very little above a whisper, reached him—

"Master."

Meldon stooped and refastened the painter. He heard the voice again but did not recognize it.

"Master."

To be continued.

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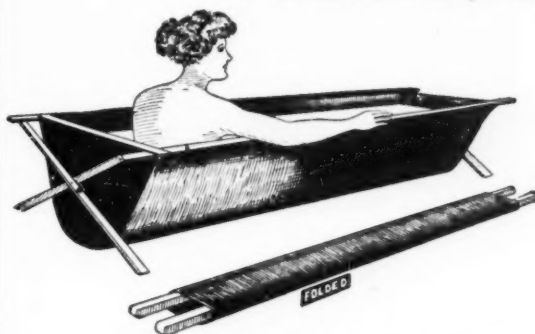
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Richard Strauss, Musical Anarchist

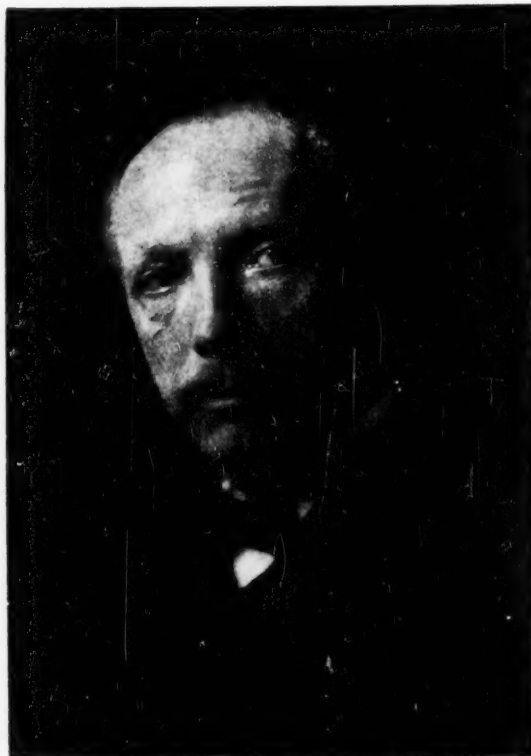
What Place will Posterity Give to the Cyclonic German Revolutionary of Sound?

By FREDERIC W. WILE

Some persons, supercritical and prompted by the world-wide tendency to minimize present-day things in comparison with the things of by-gone days, have declared that there are no great composers living to-day. Posterity may show the error of this judgment by adding to the list of immortals the name of Richard Strauss. The composer of wild melodies, reverberant strains and sensuous music who has made such a stir in operatic circles may some day find himself classed with the greatest geniuses of all ages; but whatever the place the future accords him, no doubt can exist as to the interest that attaches to his name. He is one of the most interesting "men around the Kaiser" and Mr. Wile presents him in a very realistic way in the following article.

SEEKERS of sidelights on Richard Strauss, the man as distinguished from the musician—on the purely human in him—stumble first and invariably on anecdotes of his parsimony. However niggardly Strauss may be in matters of money, there is nothing stingy about him when it comes to noise. In production of tonal volume he is lavishness personified. He has made the cyclonic diapasons of Wagner seem like whispers, and has out-thundered Thor. In the storm and stress period which followed the humbling of France, when New Germany was more interested in the production of dividends than music, Apollo had no exponent of the first magnitude. With the death of Wagner in 1883 there was destined to be a long interval before German music would again give forth a genius in the person of another Richard. Perhaps the psychology of Strauss' noise lies in his conviction that after so long a period of obliteration, it was necessary for artistic Germany to affirm its musical reincarnation in no uncertain tones. At any rate when "Don Quixote," "Heldenleben," "Till Eulenspiegel," and the "Symphonia Domestica" burst upon the world, it was manifest that the reign and times of William II. were to be illumined by a master worthy of the race of Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart.

Richard Strauss is the Bernard Shaw of music or vice versa. Both are confessed revolutionaries. Both waded into their chosen careers with death to conventionalities emblazoned on their standards. Both were bent on and succeeded in making a mighty noise in the world. Both have thriven on abuse. Both have exploited the vehicle which has given them most of their vogue, the stage, as a weapon for hitting at their critics. Shaw has already collaborated



with one Strauss—Oskar—in the production of a musical play; at least "Arms and the Man" furnished the plot. What a riot of audacity the phantasy of a grand opera by Richard Strauss, book by Bernard Shaw, conjures up! The gaiety of nations, preceding additions to the contrary notwithstanding, would hardly have seen its like before.

Dr. Strauss' place among the elite of his profession has been secured now for much more than a decade. It was not easily or rapidly acquired. The German Emperor and Empress, for example, even yet consider him too seditiously modern to merit their Imperial patronage, though

"Salome," "Electra," "The Rose Cavalier," and "Ariadne and Naxos," at raised prices, are the most potent diminishers of deficits at the Kaiser's royal opera. The anti-Strauss school is still numerous and highly articulate. But his star has long since been irresistibly in the ascendant, and two hemispheres have accepted him as the Meister of the generation. There is disagreement only as to whether Strauss' gifts are those of genius or only of talent.

If Strauss had not elected to seek fame chiefly as a composer he would have challenged the world's attention as a conductor. Many acclaim him as Europe's peerless orchestral leader. Totally devoid of mannerisms and ostentation, he directs with a sovereignty which stamps a symphonic or operatic score with incomparable individuality. Whether it be Verdi or Gounod or himself that is interpreting, there is a sureness about his readings which both instrumentalists and singers will tell you invariably makes for superior performance. Strauss' career as a conductor began in 1885 under Hans von Bulow, at whose invitation the young composer led the Meiningen Court orchestra at a concert, which included a four-movement suite of his own for wind instruments. To Bulow Strauss himself is disposed to give much of the credit for implanting in him the seeds of ultra-modernity, of which he has been the arch-priest.

An Astute Financier

Dr. Strauss' highly developed sense of the commercial beauty of art cannot be traced to any of the causes which have acquainted so many geniuses with the woes of poverty. He was born with a baton in his hand and a cheque-book in his mouth, for his father was a Munich orchestra-player and mother a Pschor, a



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brewery dynasty which helped to make
Bavaria famous. Strauss is several times
a millionaire in German marks. His in-
herited fortune has been vastly increased
by rich song and operatic royalties and
by astute investments, in which he is un-
derstood to enjoy the counsel of a well-
known London banker and transporta-
tion magnate. Strauss approaches the
task of selling an opera with the finesse
of a Wall Street trust magnate. The
contracts he submitted to an American
manager for the production of "The Rose
Cavalier" in London and New York
would have done credit to the Standard
Oil Company.

Dr. Strauss' determination to make
America pay famine prices for the privi-
lege of hearing "The Rose Cavalier,"
which is still unproduced there, may be
due to the grudge he bears Uncle Sam
for the early rejection of "Salome." The
Metropolitan Opera of New York, after
having rehearsed "Salome," suppressed
it on grounds of blasphemy and immorality.
Asked what he thought of
the boycott, Strauss replied: "Of all hu-
man vices the most detestable to me is
hypocrisy."

Like all the truly great, a whole litera-
ture of anecdotes has grown up around
Strauss. For the most part they concern
his revolutionary artistic canons. Many
are true; others, so characteristic that
they deserve to be. One of the best rests
on fact. After the Kaiser had heard
"Salome," he remarked to the impresario
who produced it: "I'm sure I don't know
what Strauss is trying to convey, but
he writes excellent marches." Due, it is
reputed to the lively repugnance of the
Kaiserin for Strauss and all his works,
the Kaiser has never honored the com-
poser with the Imperial favor. Royal
auditors are rare at Strauss productions
at the Berlin Opera, though the com-
poser holds the rank of general music
director at the Temple of Operatic Art,
which his Majesty subsidizes. It was
many years before Strauss could break
into the charmed circle of immortals who
claim membership in the Berlin Academy.
Unpopularity in exalted quarters was
commonly ascribed as the reason for his
ostracism.

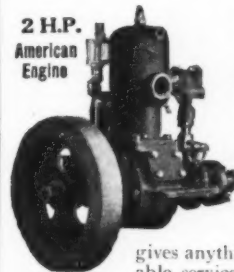
Could Still Hear the Singing

Strauss makes no secret of his passion
for the bizarre in orchestral effects, of
which he is primarily a master-builder.
He is at the zenith of his creative glory
when evolving weird themes or Niagara
roars from demoniacal blending of reeds,
winds, strings and brasses. Tearing
down the centre aisle of the Royal Opera
at Dresden during the general rehearsal
of "Electra," that monumental example
of musical uproar, Dr. Strauss suddenly
commanded a halt in the performance.
Madame Schumann-Heink, the clytem-
nestra was in the throes of a tumultuous
aria. Beads of perspiration already be-
spangled the brows of the hard-working
orchestra. "Louder, louder!" shrieked
Strauss. "I can still hear the singing!"
When "Salome" was in rehearsal, the
tenor, who was struggling with the
Herod role, strayed far from the key.
The conductor stopped short to bring the



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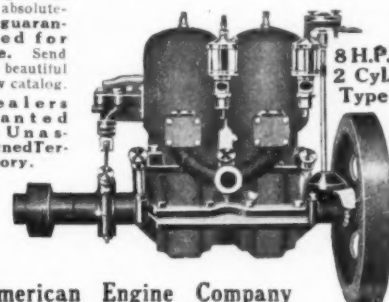
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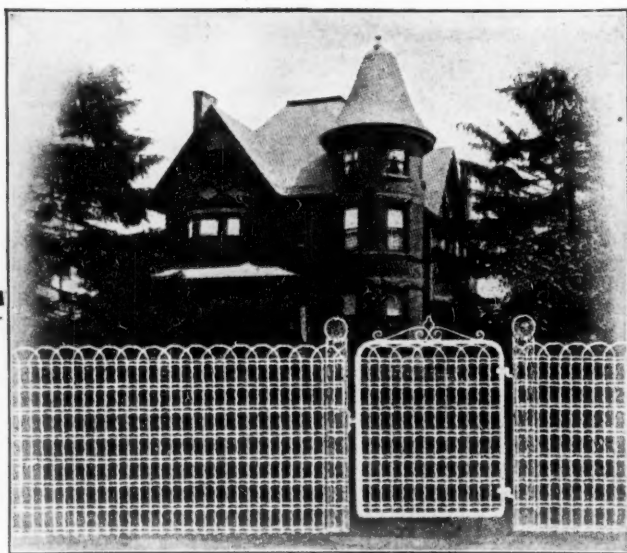
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wayward one back to the score. Strauss interposed. "Grossartig!" he exclaimed. "Burrian has given just the effect I wanted!" Prof. Heinrich Grunfeld, a Berlin 'cellist, who fiddles and tells stories equally well, summed up the philosophy of the anti-Strauss school after hearing "The Rose Cavalier." That tuneful creation was Strauss' first concession to melody in opera as distinguished from sheer thematic idiosyncrasies. It contains a Viennese waltz number which would fit into "The Merry Widow" or "The Chocolate Soldier" as if made for them. Asked his opinion of "The Rose Cavalier," Grunfeld said: "Well, if it has to be Richard, then I prefer Wagner; if it has to be Strauss, give me Johann."

Ascetic Decorations

Strauss is forty-nine years old this summer. His admirers, now legion, have every reason to hope that he is only at the threshold of his most productive years. He divides his time between his idyllic summer home at Garmisch, one of the picturesque villages of the Upper Tyrol, in his native Bavaria and a suburban menage in Berlin when not concertising abroad. It is at Villa Garmisch where Strauss does most of his composing, amid an ultra-exclusive privacy which only the favored few are privileged to invade. The decorative features of the house are completely at variance with the sacrilegious ideals which popular misconception associates with the composer of "Salome," for the gems of Strauss' art collections are pictures of saints and sacred subjects of all kinds. Almost every available inch of wall space is plastered with them, mostly paintings on the reverse side of glass, through which the brilliant colors are effectively reflected. The only secular personage in this company of martyrs is Frederick the Great, one of Strauss' heroes. The composer's study is a baronial hall sort of apartment, with huge windows looking out on the glorious panorama of the Kramer Mountains at the foot of which Villa Garmisch nestles. A spreading writing table, littered with manuscript, a grand piano, a music-stand, an inconspicuous set of bookshelves, and a few landscapes comprise the furnishings of the wizard's workshop. Strauss is a clever pianist and strums his themes before reducing them to notes and bars. His hobby is Skat, the German national card game, which he plays passionately and well. He is invariably armed with paper and pencil for the jotting down of spur-of-the-moment inspirations. The Leitmotif of "Electra," he says, came to him during a game of Skat. It must have been a particularly tempestuous round.

"At Garmisch," Strauss once imparted to a visitor, "thanks to my dear wife, who is a true intellectual companion for me, and thanks to my beloved boy, I have that delightful peace which I long for and need. Here composition comes easiest for me, and this is my favorite place for working, even in winter. As for rest, I compose everywhere, in noisy international hotels, in my garden and in railway carriages. My notebook is always with me, whether I am walking or riding,

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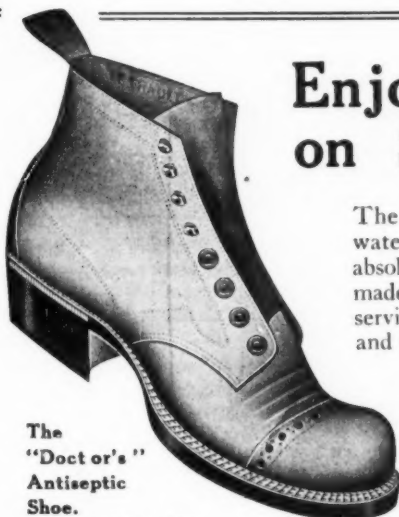
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eating or drinking! I am never without it, and as soon as a suitable motive for the theme upon which I am working occurs to me, it is intrusted to my faithful companion. The ideas that I note down are only sketches, which I arrange afterward, but before I improvise the least preparatory sketch of an opera, I occupy myself for six months with the text. I simply steep myself in it, and study into the situations and characters down to the finest detail. Then I begin to give rein to my musical thoughts. From my memoranda I make sketches, which are afterwards copied and joined together in the piano part, which I alter and re-edit four times. This is the exhausting part of the work; what follows, the score, the great color-scheme for the orchestra, is for me recreation and refreshes me again. I write on the score continuously and without any difficulty, keeping at it in my workroom twelve hours on a stretch. In this way I attain uniformity, which is the chief requisite. In this many of our composers are lacking. If they would take any part of a Wagner tone-drama or a Mozart finale as an example, they could not fail to recognize and admire the unity in all parts. It is like a garment made from one kind of material. Many of our composers seek to dazzle us with detached ideas, melodies that appear here and there and are at once striking. The effect is like a garment made of odd pieces, among which many may be very pretty and brilliant in color; but all the same it is only patchwork."

A Modest Man

Modest and retiring, Strauss has the geniality as well as the brogue of his beloved South Germany, and likes best the companionship of kindred artistic spirits. He is bored to distraction by the wiles of would-be lionizers. A sycophantic admirer who once assured him that he was the Buddha of modern music was told in reply: "I'm not so sure about that, but I know who the pest is." Strauss is a prodigious worker and composes at lightning speed. He has been known simply to dash off great songs. "Feuersnot," "Salome," "Electra," "The Rose Cavalier," and "Ariadne" span a period of less than eleven years. He is a stickler for regular habits, and always takes a "rest cure" of several weeks before dedicating himself to a great work like a new opera. Then it absorbs him undividedly. One of his striking qualities is bland composure. At rehearsals, when even the imperturbable Reinhardt, who with Hoffmansthal, librettist, completes the Strauss operatic triumvirate, forgets himself and explodes, Strauss sits unruffled till things right themselves.

Tall and gaunt, with receding hair, which is beginning to look Beethovenesque in its scraggly abandon, Strauss' predominant physical feature is a bulging convex forehead. From the gray matter behind it, beyond all peradventure, creations destined to add fresh lustre to his name will yet spring.



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Angel Light: By G. FREDERICK CLARKE

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

A Stirring Story of the River Drivers

"YOU ain't never heard tell of Angel—Angel Light, an' the big fight below the White Rapids? No; then I got something for you—a little hate, an' a little love, an' a big fight jammed in between, for a sandwich, as you might say."

McDonnell gazed reminiscently into the darkness towards the freshet-swollen St. John, and for a moment all was quiet, save for the snapping of the camp-fire, the swishing of the water against the shore grass, and the occasional bumping of logs as they rushed phantom-like around the bend.

"A woman is a woman no odds what she works at," said the old man at last slowly, "an' as such should be treated with respect. That's the conclusion that Angel come to, an' he was right."

Again McDonnell stopped, gazing into the darkness, and we waited patiently; for we knew that he was searching the picture galleries of his mind, drawing from out the mist of years the faces and personalities of old-time comrades—river-drivers and lumberjacks—fearless, jam-breaking, white water-devils who feared neither God nor man.

"We called him Angel because he was such a bad one; his right name was Sam—perhaps not so bad as just filled with the old Nick. Why him an' McQuiggan was a whole team, known an' feared the length of the River St. John; though after Angel went McQuiggan settled down a bit. Once—but there; I could go on all night tellin' of the things they cut up, but I want to tell you of the Widder Wilson, an' the big fight, an' how it all ended.

"In them days rivermen didn't have the comforts we has now. It was poor grub, an' poor pay, an' workin' Sundays, too; so when the Widder Wilson hires with the boss at the Falls an' boards the Wannigan with her little boy, to take charge of the cookin', we was mighty glad, most of us, 'cause we knew we'd get better feed'n we'd been gettin'.

"She was a pretty, tired-lookin' little thing, with brown eyes an' auburn hair parted an' drawn away from her forehead. An' she had a quiet way of doin' things that sort of made us feel that she was a woman—well, a woman you couldn't say things to. An' the boy Jimmie, who was thirteen an' had gone to school some, was put to keepin' books an' lookin' after the Wannigan stores. An' we had quite a time of it keepin' from swearin' in her presence, an' some of the boys grumbled about bein' held down by a woman, an' one day Angel made bold to say that a man had a right to swear, an' anyway a woman's place wasn't among a crew of river-drivers, an'

if she was the right sort she wouldn't be there.

"She was fussin' about the Wannigan an' didn't hear him; but the kid, standin' near, had took it all in, an' before anyone knew what he was about, he'd snatched up a sharp axe an' throwed it with all his little strength.

"With an oath Angel springs to his feet with the blood flowin' from a big cut in his cheek, an' the boy stood lookin' on, shakin' an' cryin'.

"An' Angel looks mighty cross for a moment an' then begins to laugh, an' says, sort of grand (he'd good manners when he wanted to)

"You did right, Sonny," says he. "A woman's a woman, no odds what she works at, an' as such should be treated with respect. Yer pardon, an' hers," says he, an' sat down sudden, bein' faint.

"Just then she comes out from the Wannigan an' Jimmie runs to her an' said what he'd done. 'I killed Angel,' moaned he. An' she looked an' run in an' got some cotton an' some stickin' plaster she had, an' comes out an' fixes Angel's face in a jiffy.

"I'm sorry to be the cause of this," said she, an' sniffed some, an' was that kind an' gentle that we all felt that we'd done her an injury. Says Ezra Gibbs to me, 'She's a hangel, she is.'

"An' when she done bindin' up the cut she turned an' walked proudly into the Wannigan, an' there was days that she never spoke to Angel. He might have been dead for all the notice she took of him, an' he felt bad over it, too, an' some of the boys would have chaffed him but they didn't dare.

"Mrs. Wilson an' the boy slep in the Wannigan Safe? Yes; no man would o' thought of offerin' her an insult.



And somethin' made both Ezra an' me, know he was tellin' her his love.

"One evenin' towards the middle of May, Ezra Gibbs an' me was walkin' along the shore, an' when we was a few feet from the Wannigan the moon come over the hills an' fell full on Angel an' her standin' in the bow. An' she was mighty sweet with the light shinin' on her face; an' the big man looked massive beside her littleness.

"And somethin' made both Ezra an' me know he was tellin' her his love, an' his faults, an' wantin' her to forget an' forgive an' love him. We was mean to look on, but it was a—a romance as the papers say.

"An' we seen him pointin' to where the boy lay sleepin' an' knew he was promisin' to be a father to him. An' we knew that the widder, though she had come to cookin' for river-drivers, was full of pride, an' couldn't easily forget what he'd said when she first come; an' she'd heard of his bad ways an' was afraid, as well a woman might be.

"We seen him runnin' his hand through his hair, an' his face—he was a fine lookin' man, was Angel—was drawn an' pained. An' the little crickets



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chirped in the grass, an' the fireflies danced over the water, an' from away up the stream come the quackin' of wild ducks. An' she hung her head an' we heard her say, 'No! No! No. I don't love you, Samuel Light.' An' he bowed to her, sort o' grand, like I seen them play-actors do, an' walked off'n the boat an' up the beach to where the camp-fire was lit.

"Ezra shook his head. 'A case of true love, d'ye s'pose?' asks he.

"He's got a heart like you an' me,' says I, an' he answers, 'Right you are, McDonnell.'

"An' as the days passed we seen a change had come over Angel. Mornin', noon an' night his eyes would follow the sad-eyed little woman. An' he was jumpin' here an' there to ease her with her liftin'; but it was little notice he got for his pains.

"One day I went into the Wannigan to get a plug of tobacco an' seen a bunch of purple violets a settin' in a dipper of water. An' just then Mrs. Wilson comes in.

"Hello, Jimmie's been picking his mother some flowers,' says I.

"An' she looked at me an' the blood made her face all blushin'. 'N—o,' says she, an' picked up the dipper an' threw the pretty little things over the bow into the river. An' I knew then who'd given them to her.

"Women is spiteful creatures,' says I to myself.

"An' I thought that Angel would make her a good man, providin' he give up the drink; an' she had her little boy to think of. She was sort of half cultivated as you might say, could read an' write, an' played some evenin's on an old violin that she'd brought with her. The river was no place for her. She should have a home an' the comforts of life. White-water men from the Tobique an' the Restigouche an' the upper an' lower St. John wasn't no company for her an' her boy. An' I'd often wondered what drove her to workin' out, an' one day I asks the boss. 'Her husband died,' he says, 'Hadt'n a cent in the world an' she couldn't get work at the Falls. I knowed Wilson, an' gives her the chance to cook. She's a woman,' says he.

"An' after the drive, what?' asks I. "She might get work in one of the hotels at Woodstock,' says he.

"It's a wonder her an' Angel don't hitch up. He likes her,' says I. An' the boss grunted; 'I'd pity her more'n I do now. Angel—Hell—'

"It was the last run of the season. We'd all been paid off at the Fall an' was bringin' the bateaux an' scows an' the Wannigan on down to Hartland where they'd be hung up till next year. An' we left the Falls with lots of whiskey an' gin in each bateau; we was light-hearted as kids, singin' shanty songs with a hymn now an' then to sort of even up matters.

"An' after dinner Jimmie Wilson climbed into our boat and curled hisself up in the bow. His mother was behind in the Wannigan. An' in our boat was Angel and McQuiggan an' me, an'

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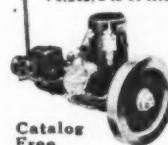
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seven men from the lower river who had no special love for us, or we for them. We was always fightin'; they thought they was better men than us.

"An' the little gaffer had a pocket book that his mother had made for him, an' he takes it out, an' counts his pay—thirty-two dollars he had—over and over, proud-like. An' at last he got tired an' put it in his pocket an' went to sleep curled up in the bow.

"An' I seen Angel's eyes fixed on him lovingly, now an' then, an' I knew that his heart was sick. He wasn't takin' a thing, which was unusual for him.

"Well, it's pretty excitin' goin' through White Rapids, an' just as we shot out into calm water again little Jimmie wakes up, an', of course, he feels for his pocket book an' couldn't find it. An' he says, all shakin' an' pointin' to the

an' me,' cried others, crowdin' forward.

"'One of you did,' says Angel, an' quick as a flash his fist shoots out for the man with the earrings—Adams. But the fellow steps back an' grabs a peavey. 'I'll kill you, you damn Monquater!' he cried. An' the boy begin to cry.

"Angel wasn't the man to take back-water an' he moves forward. An' Adams threw the peavey straight for his face, an' then, coward that he was, leaped overboard an' made for shore.

"If McQuiggan hadn't thrown up his oar it'd been the end of Angel there an' then. As it was, the peavey went whizzin' past his ear an' fell with a 'chunk' into the river.

"An' there was cries and swearin'. Angel had took the water an' was followin' Adams to shore. An' some steered the bateau in, an' I looked up river to

down-river men fell like a log. An' then they all pitched in.

"'Throw 'em in the river,' they cried. 'Drown 'em!' An' I seen McQuiggan catch hold of a tall, lanky man by the middle an' send him crashin' a dozen feet up the shore. An' then hell broke loose an' I don't remember much of anything but the sound of a boy's voice screamin', 'Ma—Ma!' an' I can hear it yet, sometimes in my dreams.

"We was bein' overpowered. The man Adams was clingin' to Angel's legs an' another was pressin' him hard to keep his face guarded. An' as I wrestled with a wiry little man that tried to chew my thumbs off, I caught for a moment the straight, black hair of the Monquater disappearin' in the river. They'd got him down, somehow, an' threwed him in. An' they was comin' back to finish us up.

An' as they come I picked my little man by the middle, as McQuiggan had done, and throwed him straight at them, so they went sprawlin' in a heap; an' I jumped back an' picked up a couple of big stones from the beach. They was five to two now an' it wasn't fair.

"An' I seen Angel Light go down with two on top of him; but sudden, as I was standin' there holdin' them back for a second, I seen Devil McQuiggan wadin' for shore. An' one of his arms was hangin' limp to his side, an' he'd picked up a big stone as he come, an' he looked terrible.

"Then as they rushed me, I fired, missed an' was throwed to the beach

an' didn't remember no more.

"The boy told us afterward as how McQuiggan stood them off with one hand, smashin' right an' left. An' he seen the man with the earrings kneelin' on Angel's chest, a knife in his hand. An' the boy turned sick, an' looked up stream and seen the other bateau rounding the bend through the rapids an' he hollered—'Help! Help!' An' all at once he heard his mother scream an' turned. She was runnin' down the beach with a peavey in her hands, an' her eyes was wild. An' she brought the heavy thing down on Adams' skull, an' he pitched forward. An' she smashed it in the face of the man that was holdin' his legs, an' he howled an' threw up his hands. An' Angel got slowly to his feet, 'cause he was mighty weak, fightin' so long, an' took the peavey from her an' stood her behind him. An' Devil McQuiggan kneeled on the beach with his



McQuiggan stood them off with one hand, smashin' right and left.

man in front of him by name of Adams, 'It was you took it! You—with the earrings.' For he wore little brass rings in his ears, havin' followed the sea to outlandish parts, they said. He looked as if he'd be capable of robbin' a boy.

"'Ye're a little liar!' cries he, an' he cussed awful before the lad.

"'You shut up, Adams,' says Angel. 'The boy's money's gone. If you didn't take it there's no need to swear an' cuss. I move Jimmie searches us all,' says he, calm. 'I'll be first, an' no one can object to that. An' p'raps you lost it overboard, Sonny,' says he.

"An' McQuiggan an' me stands by Angel an' allowed we'd all ought to be searched to satisfy the boy.

"But the lower river crowd stuck by Adams. The drink had made them more than quarrelsome. 'Maybe you say I stole it,' says one, shovin' a dirty face in Angel's line of vision. 'An' maybe me,

see if we had any chance of help, but there wasn't another boat in sight save the Wannigan, an' what good was a man an' a woman.

"Before we'd got to shore, Angel had caught up to Adams an' they was strugglin' knee-high in the water. An' I knew there was blood to be shed an' wished the others would come.

"An' we was so excited that some of us jumped to our arm-pits in the river an' waded for land. An' McQuiggan grabbed me by the arm, 'It's to be a fight,' says he, joyful at the prospect.

"'Fair play, fair play!' he shouted. 'Monquat for ever. Whoop!' An' I knew his fightin' blood was up; an' he run an' stood by Angel, who'd got his man to shore. An' I took my stand beside them, an' the others crowded around cryin' to Angel to let go.

"'Hold on there!' cried McQuiggan, an' his big fist shot out an' one of the

head down an' spittin' blood. An' maybe it was the woman faintin', an' maybe the sight of so much injury done, or the approachin' rivermen that stopped the fight; but the little lad run to where Angel kneeled, bathing his mother's face, an' mutterin' wild 'cause he thought she was dead.

"An' all the while I'd been ridin' a horse across a jam of logs on the Serpentine, back an' forth, an' every few feet the horse's legs would slip an' I'd go over his neck an' bump my head, an' then get up an' start all over again. An' at last I woke up an' come back to life. An' there stood Angel with his arm around the Widder Wilson, an' the scared look had gone from her eyes, an' she leant against him, contented-like. The boy was holdin' McQuiggan's head, an' twenty or more of the boys—Monquaters an' up-river-men stood near. An' the man Adams was holdin' his face between his hands.

"This is a nice piece of work', says the boss, mad; 'What the hell's been goin' on here?'

"Angel he steps forward, an' put his hand in Adams pocket an' holds up the boy's purse.

"It's about this,' said he. 'That skunk stole the boy's money, an' his companions backed him up. They was seven to three, an' they took advantage.'

"I tell you the boss had a hard one keepin' Angel's an' McQuiggan's friends from startin' in to clean up Adams an' his crowd, but he succeeded, an' soon we was all floatin' down river again. An' it wasn't long before I heard McQuiggan's voice roarin' a shanty song. An' sittin' in the bow of the Wannigan was the Widder Wilson an' Angel Light.

"An' at Hartland, where we was to separate, they was married, an' him an' her an' the boy went West, an' did well I heard. But it was days before I forgot my sore head, an' McQuiggan's arm took months to heal. But there's few livin' now that remember Angel Light or Devil McQuiggan, or any of the White-Water boys that used to make this river lively. There's fights, of course, but they aint as bad as in the old days, an' particularly the one when the Widder Wilson forgot an' forgave."

A Waltz to Fortune

Continued from page 34.

humanity that, no matter how opposed it may be to one of its elect few choosing the stage as a profession, it is always loudest in its praise of that same being, once he has begun to make good.

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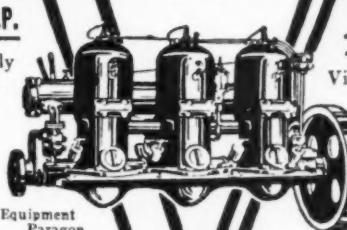
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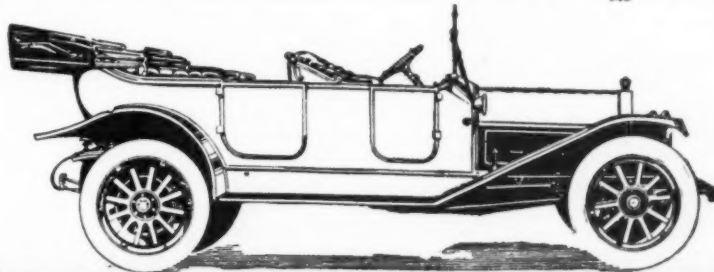
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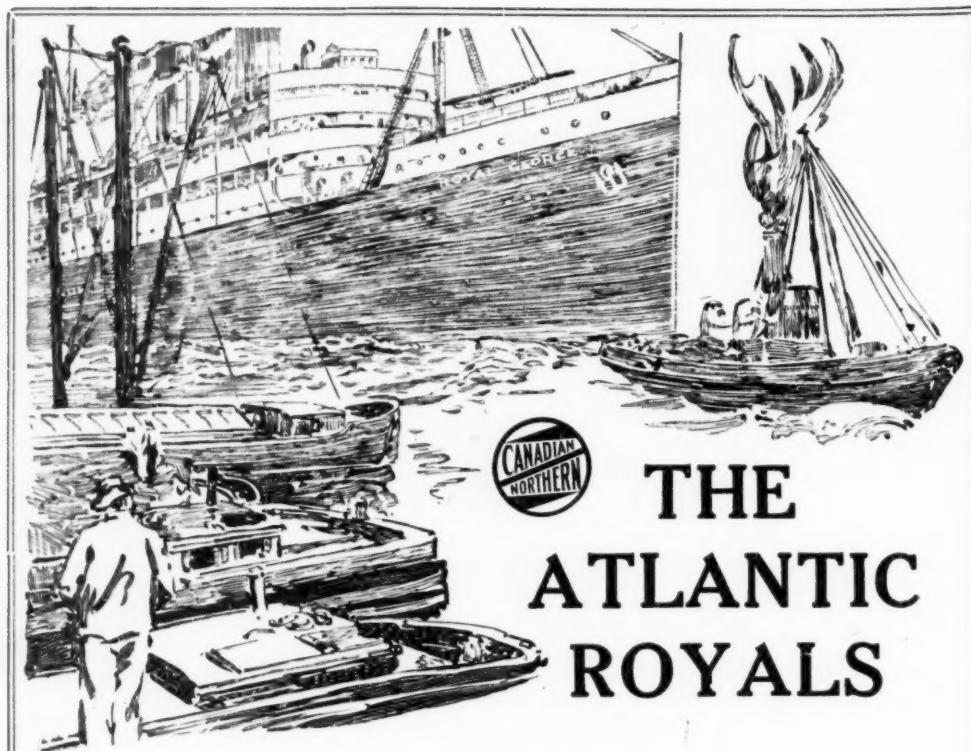
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man begins watching anyone, there is sure to be something brewing.

The Merry Widower

He continued his vigil, all through the next season's run of "The Silver Slipper," and when New York received "The Merry Widow" to its theatrical bosom, it was Donald Brian who was chosen to originate the part of Prince Danilo. Great was the enthusiasm of the theatre-goers. Long were the press notices. Donald Brian was obliged to hie him to the photographers. Shoals of pictures appeared, of a dashing, young Prince, with a budding mustache. It was then that the letters began to come in, imploring this idol for his autograph. And they were usually answered. It was good for "business." The autographs were sent, but ten cents was charged for each. Did Donald Brian want the dimes for himself? No, a thousand times, no! He gave them to the Actors' Fund. And many were the silver bits that dropped into its coffers.

Fame had taken the Newfoundland boy by the hand, and promised never more to let him out of her sight. And the matinee girl outbursts continued, the extravaganzas of description, the exhaustive epithets of admiration. In spite of himself, Donald Brian had become a matinee idol.

And such he remained all through the next season's run of "The Dollar Princess." He learned new dances, and cultivated new stage manners. He was growing in favor.

It was the next year, when Charles Frohman was ready to produce "The Siren," that the young Newfoundlander first saw his name in electric above the stage entrance. A new star had evolved!

The following summer, the New York papers announced that he had taken a run over to Europe for a short holiday.

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Does he dance the tango? No, he does not, or the turkey trot. And he wants to forget that the word "dance" ever belonged to his vocabulary. Which may be sad news for his host of matinee admirers, who indulge so extensively in the latest of Fashion's dancing decrees.

When his season is over, he runs away to the Canadian woods, where he can boat and fish, to his heart's content, and the content of his small step-daughter.

Yes, this may be sad news. But it's true, nevertheless. Donald Brian is a married man.

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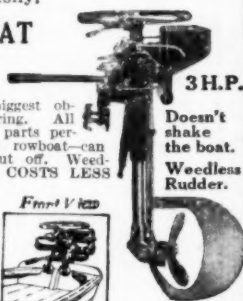
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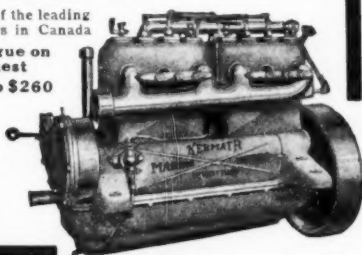
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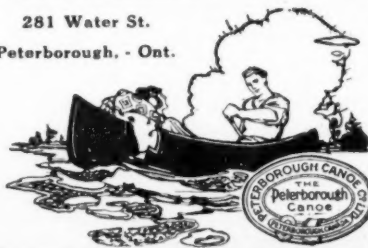
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"Boss" Bowser of B.C.

Continued from Page 30.

early efforts to achieve popularity. It was about the time he was first beginning to cherish political ambitions and he knew that it was necessary to be excessively friendly and polite to the public. This involved remembering faces and names, a pursuit in which he was not particularly proficient.

One day he was walking along the street in Vancouver and noticed a man coming towards him. The face struck him as familiar and he felt that it was the necessary thing to bow. Though the man eyed him in a peculiarly surly way, he nodded his head in as friendly a manner as he could contrive and gave the fellow a pleasant smile. Then he conjured his brain to recall where he had seen the man and what was his name. At length the truth dawned on him. It was a person whom he had been prosecuting the day before for petty larceny.

After this experience he did not think it worth while to bother very much more about recognizing people.

A Study in Contrast

Another story will perhaps elucidate his character more clearly. A deputation waited on him one day to prefer a certain request, the details of which it is unnecessary to give. He received them in his usual straightforward and serious way and agreed to give them a hearing. They had not proceeded very far, however, in the presentation of their case, when the Attorney-General began to argue with them. He questioned this, he contradicted that, he disagreed with the other and in the end came out with a very emphatic negative. At the close of the interview the members of the delegation filed out of his office looking very disgruntled, indignant and angry. Mr. Bowser had said no, but the way in which he said it had not been conciliating.

Disappointed in their expectations, the men decided to carry the matter to the Premier. An appointment was hurriedly arranged and the irritated delegation, with revenge in their hearts, went to see Sir Richard. The contrast in their reception and treatment was marked. As he shook hands, the Premier "jollied" this one and joked with that one. By the time the business which had brought them there was opened up, the whole roomful was in the best of spirits. With the deepest concern Sir Richard listened to their complaint, soothed them with comforting words, gave them many assurances and promises and finally turned them out in high good humor. When at length they were able to size up the situation they found to their chagrin that after all the Premier had not done a whit more for them than the Attorney-General. Sir Richard had also said no, but in such a smooth and conciliating way, that they almost thought that he meant the opposite.

This story, related by a member of the delegation, who by the way is a great admirer of the "Boss," gives an illuminating picture of the essential difference



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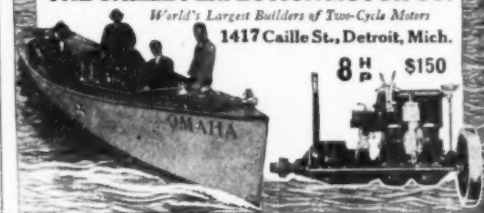
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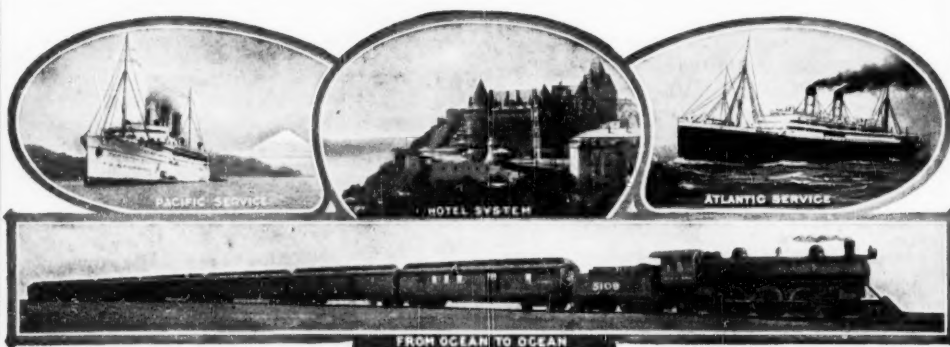
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between the two men and shows how, in combination, the pair are a tremendous force. Without the winning ways of the Premier, the Attorney-General would be frequently in hot water. Without the strength of purpose and shrewdness of the Attorney-General, the first minister would not find it quite so easy to retain power.

So far as the other ministers of the crown are concerned, they mostly take their cue from the man with the iron jaw. Indeed it has been computed that at least eighty per cent. of the legislation introduced by the Government originates with him. He knows the ins and outs of each department quite as well as its nominal head and when any minister is off on vacation or on a trip of any sort, it is the most natural thing in the world for the Attorney-General to step in and administer his affairs. Around the legislative buildings it is said that the coming of this versatile minister is like the advent of a whirlwind. He sweeps in and is not content until he has cleaned up every bit of correspondence and every scrap of business in sight. Matters which have been hanging fire for months are dealt with on the spot and when he is through his day's work, his absent colleagues' desks are as clean as his own.

A tremendous appetite for work is one of the outstanding characteristics of the Hon. William. He loves activity and likes to have his hand in everything that is going on. To his own department he has kept adding and adding branches until it is by far the heaviest-loaded department in the government. Besides looking after the legal work, he has taken on the administration of fisheries and game, the registration of companies, the inspection of trust companies and the heavy duties of the municipal department. Not only does he tackle a great deal, but he lives daily up to his reputation for punctuality and thoroughness. He invariably keeps his promises and there is no work in arrears where he is concerned.

A prominent Vancouver business man, in referring to this characteristic, says that in all his dealings with the Attorney-General, and they have been numerous, he has never once found him fail to live up to his word. With other ministers of the crown he has frequently been disappointed but once Mr. Bowser has said that he would do a thing on a certain day or at a certain hour, he could rely on his carrying out his promise.

As a formal speaker,—for instance when explaining a proposed measure to the house,—the Attorney-General does not show any particularly brilliant qualities. He is terse and practical, even matter-of-fact, in his utterance, talking in almost a conversational vein. But when he is on the hustings, especially if he has a hostile audience before him, he wakens up as it were and comes out with striking forcefulness. Opposition invariably stirs him and he is strongest when he feels that he has a fight before him. He is by no means an ingratiating speaker. His vocabulary contains few high-sounding and meaningless words nor does he attempt to humor his auditors with mirth-provoking stories. He puts little energy into gesticulation but relies

on the strength of his argument and the force of his invective for effect. Before delivering a campaign speech he usually jots down the leading points he wishes to make, on a slip of paper, which he holds in his hand when he speaks.

Being responsible for so much of the legislation that passes through the house, the duty of supporting it falls of necessity on his shoulders. Some of his measures have met with considerable opposition, principally on the ground that they have been devised to strengthen the grip of the present government on the country. Doubtless so keen a tactician as the Attorney-General must have had something of the sort in his mind when he drafted them. At the same time there are very few laws which he has put on the statute book that have not had a good deal of sound common sense back of them.

He has undoubtedly built up a remarkably effective organization of the Conservative party in British Columbia. Threads from the farthest sections of the province are gathered in his hands. He has his minions here, there and everywhere and personally is informed of every move in the political machine. His enemies indeed proclaim that he has the country too much in his power for the good of the people. But he proceeds warily and plays the game according to the rules. He is ambitious and covets power and up to the present has been strong enough to dictate what shall or shall not happen in the party organization. Some have tried to balk but have always found him invincible.

Though nominally head of the law firm of Bowser, Reid & Wallbridge, in Vancouver, the Attorney-General has entirely given up the private practice of the law and is now quite absorbed in politics. He has recently built a fine residence in the capital, where he makes his home. It is only quite recently that he has given up a day and night grind to indulge in much-needed exercise. This he obtains on the links of the Victoria Golf Club where play may be enjoyed all the year round, thanks to the mild climate of Vancouver Island. He likes the game and is developing into quite a good player. His only other relaxation is motoring though each autumn he is accustomed to go to Golden on a hunting expedition. Apart from this his time is fully occupied with departmental work, appointments, addresses and very necessary attention to organization work.

What is to be "Boss" Bowser's future? He is still a young man, as age is reckoned nowadays, having only recently completed his forty-seventh year, and there is doubtless much before him. Were anything to lead to Sir Richard McBride's removal from the premiership, there would scarcely be any question as to his right to the office. That he expects ultimately to step into Sir Richard's shoes, is generally assumed; that he would make a capable first minister, is obvious; but that, without the Premier's ingratiating ways, he could long hope to retain power, is uncertain. The situation in British Columbia, all things considered, is as interesting as in any province of the Dominion.

The Retail Merchant Will Find It on Page 8

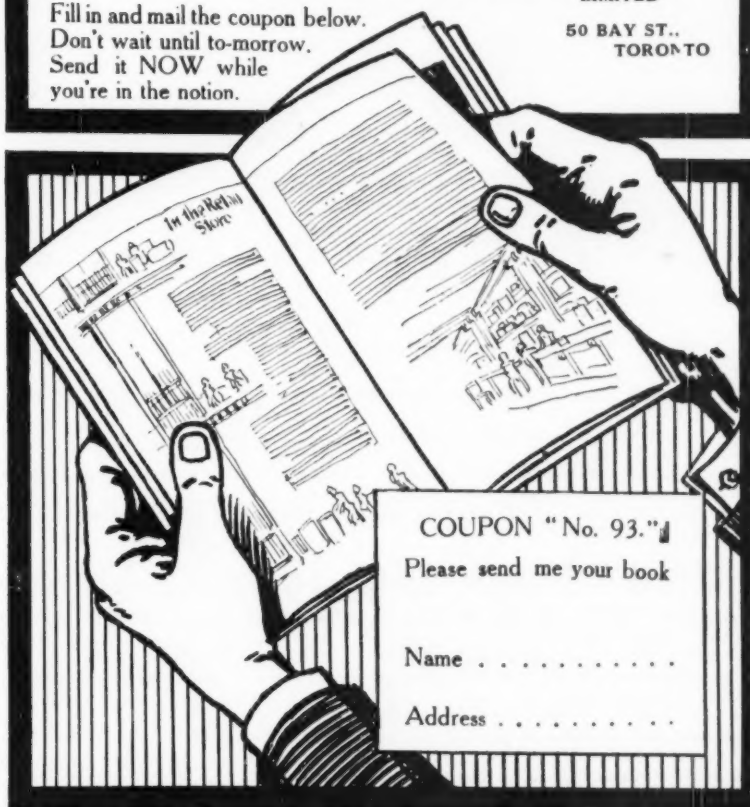
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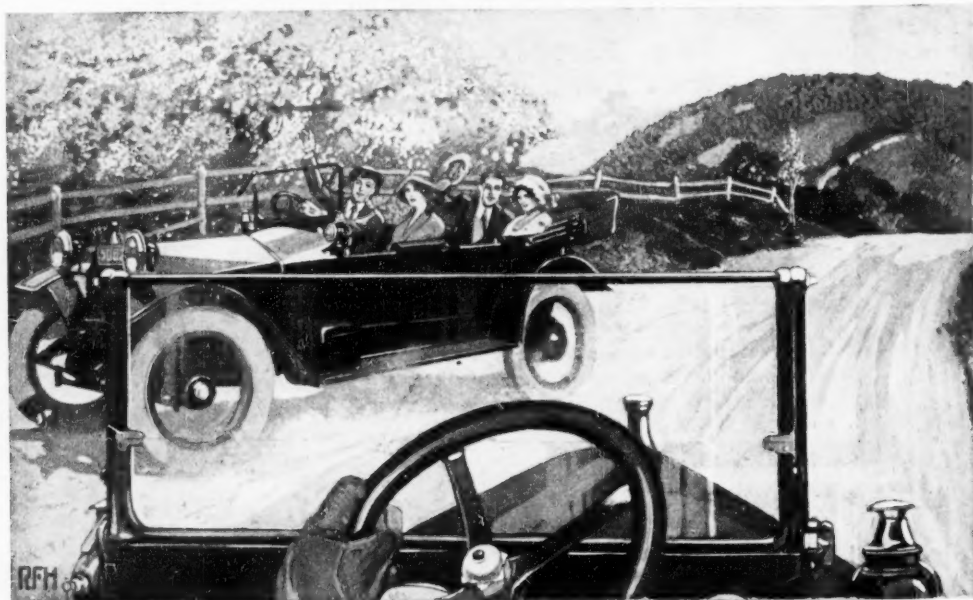
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A Test on the Links

Continued from Page 21.

glistening, and his white teeth flashing, as he spoke. "Not a teeny, weeny, spoonful, or an eggcupful, as you sometimes get fum de 'Talian man on de street cornah for five cents, but a big sausah, piled up wit' pink ice cream fer each of us. Oh, Lordy! but it went slick an' fine, and wuz de bes' I taste' since I wuz bohn on dis yearth, sho 'nuff. Well, we fo' caddies enjide de ice cream so much, dat we 'dopted a unanermous revolution—"

"You mean a resolution," said Mr. Olney.

"Yas, sah, dass so, perzackly, a resolution dat Miss Mawjory am de bes' ginuine lady c'lar to Kingdom Come, en dat, when we crosses over de Jordan, and git to Heben, we doan' want ter git no finah ice cream dere, needer. Settin' in de bushes a hot day like yistiddy enjoyin' dat ice cream, we caddies wuz argufyin' en 'scussin' if dere would be ice cream up above dar, in Heben, where de good folks go, an' where a man's color ain't never agin him, and we 'greed dat dere would be ice cream up dar. 'Tennyrate, as Clem Jackson said at de end ob de 'scussin', 'You can jest bet your bottom dollah dat if dere's ice cream gettable anywhere in de nex' wirl' I imagine it must be up above dar, en, sut'nly won't be down below at de bottom ob de bottomless pit.'

"Well, sah, byme-by, when we had all finished de ice cream, en was settin' down dar in the bushes 'jestin' it all, out comes Miss Mawjory en de yuthers, en dey wuz in just as good humah as we wuz. So off de pawty all stawted agin. But Mr. Pottah, he didn' play so well dis time; he played kind of loose-like, en too much like he wuz sho' winnah anyway. De 'proachin' stroke is de most importanest stroke in de game and his was monst'us pore. Miss Mawjory en Miss Louie played about de same as dey did in the mawnin', and Mr. Elliot he wuz just as studdy as in the mawnin', but his studdiness seemed to get a bettah rewawd, en 'twant long befo' dey kotch up wit' de yuthers, en de party was all squar on de day's perceedins'. Dere wuz jus' one mo' roun' ter play, en de game got very occitin'. It was tetch an' go—our side, dere side, up and down, criss-cross, nip an' tuck, backerd and forerds, ding, dong, tu'n and tu'n about, all de way round. De ladies en de gemmun wuz all gettin' occited, and de fo' caddies wuz gettin' occited too."

"Was there any particular incident during the last round?" asked Mr. Olney.

"Dere was lots of pertikler instants, but one ob de mos' pertikler instants wuz at de Big Pon'. At dat time de whole pawty wuz all squar, en it wuz de men's tu'n to do de drivin'. Well, sah, Mr. Pottah, he fotch de ball a mighty pow'ful, 'mendyous swipe, but he hit it on de top, and, swish, swush, kerswosh, de ball went plum in der middle er de pon'. He glared around at me as if I wuz to blame, and he acted so growly-like, dat I kep' on my gyard, en hel' my bref. Well, de

yuther gemmun, he druv kind of easy, and it wuz jus' dar where his studdiness come in. De ball went over de Pon' safe and sho', and his lady pardner and he won dat hole e-asy. Well it was de lady's tu'n to drive at de nex' hole. Miss Louie she druv only jus' a safe ball, while po' Miss Mawjory, she got kind of emba'ssed, en she hit de groun' in hittin' at de ball, and de ball kind of skewd along de groun', and went right spang in de middle of a san' bunkah."

"Ah! that was bad luck!" exclaimed Mr. Olney.

"No, sah, a ball in a bunkah is not bad luck, but bad struck. Well, Miss Mawjory looked so distress' dat I was kind of hopin' no one would make any remark, but p'ten not to see her poor play. But Mr. Pottah he up'n say, sezee, 'No wundah' sezee, kind of growly, 'No wundah dat de ball went in de bunkah, you were standin' wrong!' or, 'You wern't standin' right!' I jest fergit his 'zac' wuds, but it wuz not his wuds so much as de way he said dem, and de cross look on his face. I cud see den, fer de fus' time, dat dis gemmun had a shot tempah, and a quollin' dispersion undah er smooove suffas, en' dat he was as tetchy as a sore fingah, en' would not be a 'greeable man in a oggyment. Miss Mawjory she jus' bit her lip, but didn't contrydict him. So dey played de hole out, and strange to say Mr. Pottah and Miss Mawjory won dat hole after all—'ca'se why? Miss Louie had got so nervous in her play dat, aldoo Mr. Elliot, driv' good and hahd she would trow de effec' all away by her mise'bul po' play. But her gemmun pardner never blamed her, but sed, dat, ef he hisself and she both buck up, dey had a good chance yit.

"Well, at one whole, where it wuz Mr. Pottah's tu'n to drive, he druv de ball blim over de fence, and out of bounds. He jus' grit his teet and glared aroun', and its de Lawd's naked trufe dat he wuz r'arin' mad. Den he up and sez to me, sezee, 'Why don't you keep still when I'm drivin.' You went and moved,' sezee, 'and you sp'iled my drive. I've a mine to smash your tick skull!'"

"But had you moved?" asked Mr. Olney.

"I'll take a naffydavit on a stack of bibles, sah, dat I nevah moved. I know de game too well to move or to talk when a gemmun is in de ac' of drivin', kas it distracks his 'tention en flusterflies him, and derefore a caddy should keep his mouf shet as tight as if dere was a poor-house plarster ober it, and none of his 'natomy should move. So I sez to Mr. Pottah dat I hadn't moved. Well Mr. Pottah looked so savage at me dat I got skeered, en I 'spose Miss Mawjory reckonized dat he wuz wrong, en so she spoke up. I could see de fiah in her bright eyes, as she up'n sed, sez she:

"'You shouldn't speak dat way to de po' li'l boy,' sez she. 'He don't deserve it,' sez she. 'I wuz standin' right by him,' sez she, 'en he didn't move at all.'"

"I 'spec' Miss Mawjory 'spec him to 'pollygize, but Mr. Pottah sed nothin' and wuz kinder stubbo'n. Miss Mawjory seemed upshot, en played wusser and wusser, en at one hole she druv de ball into long grass. Mr. Pottah den fetch



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a mighty swipe at it, to git it out ob der deep grass, but he skacely moved it. en he wuz bilin' mad fer der res' er de game. Nobuddy sed nuttin', but, now en den Miss Mawjory guv him a 'stonished look. 'Venshually Mr. Pottah and Miss Mawjory won de match, mo' spechually troo de monst'us po' play of Miss Louie.

"Now Mr. Olney, you is known as de bes' lawyer in all 'Merrikey, and I wuz gwinner ask you 'pinion in regawds er Mr. Pottah's conduct' in 'busin' me, en not 'ceppin' my wud dat I nevah moved. Don't he dereby 'sinuate day I'm a liah, en ain't he derefo' guilty of insinendo, en ain't dere no way dat I can be rightified when he's done me a ninjury? Can't a man like dat be had up befo' der Supreme Court in bunco?"

"Your question is quite a delicate one, Theophilus," replied Mr Olney, "and I will give it my best consideration on some future day."

IV.

ABOUT nine o'clock in the evening Mr. Olney seemed to be absorbed in the reading of a law-book, when, after tapping gently at the library door, his daughter entered.

"Let me congratulate you, Marjory," said her father.

"On what?"

"On winning the match," replied her father.

"Oh! the match," said Marjory, who apparently had not been thinking of golf. Hesitating for a moment, she then advanced and sat on an arm of his chair.

"Dad," said she, "I thought at first that I would not tell you until to-morrow morning, but I cannot wait that long. Walter Elliot this evening asked me to marry him!"

"And I judge from your radiant face that you said 'Yes'?"

"N-no," said Marjory, "I said that I must first speak to you, and that even if you consented to our marriage, our engagement would have to be a very, very long one. But he knows that I love him, and he is willing to wait."

"If I were a young man I would be absolutely satisfied with your reply, as meaning 'Yes,'" said the delighted father, drawing his daughter towards him, and kissing her. "My little girl has made me very happy. Walter has always been a favorite of mine, but I sometimes thought that you preferred young Potter."

"Well, dad, I scarcely knew my own heart for a while. They both seemed very fond of me, and have been very kind to me, but Walter has now absolutely won my heart. I wonder that I did not fully realize his true worth before to-day. Some day I must tell you about the game to-day, but there is no need to tell you about it to-night."

"No," said her father, "that story can wait, but I suspect that there is a young man in the drawing room now who can't wait."

A Week-end at Rideau Hall

Continued from Page 19.

different, because it was a Royal household. The Princess had spent the afternoon reading. She is very quiet in her habits, and likes outdoor life best of all. Of course, everyone knows that she is fond of painting. Perhaps that is only the natural result of her fondness of outdoors.

After a cosy talk over the teacups, we went upstairs to dress for dinner. No one intended to go to church that night.

The evening was spent very quietly. We all sat in the drawing room. Princess Patricia was very enthusiastic about the children's fancy dress ball that was held the Saturday after Christmas, in the afternoon. A very rollicking party it had been, their Royal Highnesses joining in the fun. Children anywhere between the ages of two and fifteen, were there. Small sons and daughters of Government officials and prominent men all over the Dominion. At four o'clock, the grand march was formed in the hall, and all the children marched to the ball room and courtesied to their Royal Highnesses. Then, after an hour's fun, they were served with tea. And they went home, very happy, after all the wonderful things they had done.

The Princess told us about this party that was given for the children at Rideau Hall. And anyone could tell that she loved the wee things.

We did not stay up late that night. For our train left quite early the next morning. The Duchess said good-by that night. She does not usually come down till lunch.

The maid came in early and rattled up my fire. It was only half-past seven. Breakfast would be ready in an hour.

And I had my last bath in the fragrant tub. I sort of hated to leave my nice bedroom. And me, that was so nervous about going!

The maid gathered up all my things and packed my suitcase.

They were all down in the breakfast room, that is, all but the Duchess.

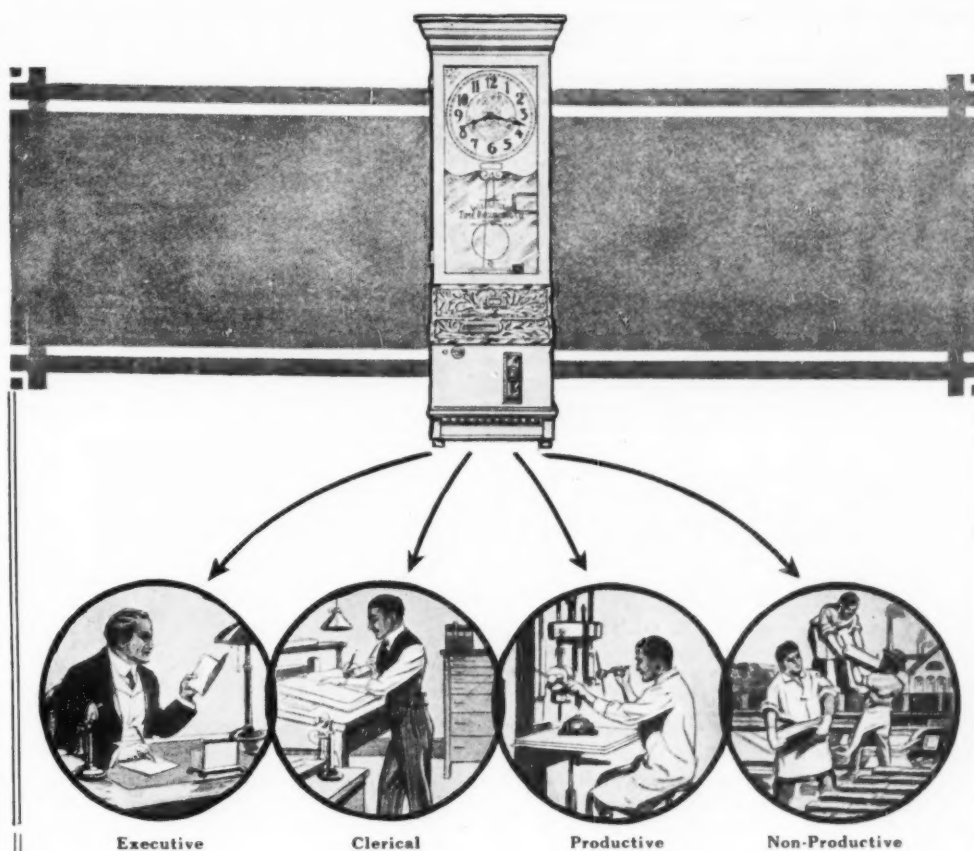
That was a surprise to me. They had risen early, just so that they could say good-by to us. Princess Patricia, the Duke, Miss York, and the aides. But I learned that they always come down to breakfast.

The breakfast was the most English of anything. Everyone helped himself. All the table was laid, and on the sideboard were the most delicious things, joints, game pies, and all such delicacies. It was all so nice and comfy, and put us in good humor for the whole day.

And then it was time to say good-by. The Duke gave us a hearty hand-shake, and I must confess I was sorry to leave.

The Royal automobile took us down to the train, and the same two aides saw that we got off all right.

I didn't mind at all that I hadn't taken a trunk, that is, I mean, a box. For royalty has a way of making one forget all such ceremony, instead of reminding one of it.



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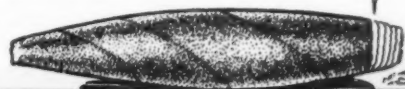
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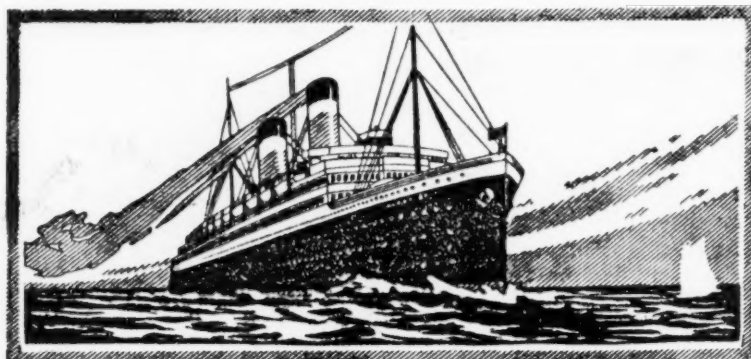
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The Theft of the Honan Ruby

Continued from Page 32.

Before the clamor, which ensued on the announcement of this loss, had died down, a quiet little man, appearing from no one knew where, stepped forward and took charge.

"I'll look after this now, Mr. Purdon-Hutt," he said, in an authoritative tone. "All guests will please take their station at this end of the room. I must request that no one attempt to leave the room until our investigation is completed."

The private detective, who had been engaged for the evening by Purdon-Hutt, then began a thorough inquiry. Porter, who had engaged his host in conversation noted with approval the brisk manner in which everything was done. In twenty minutes the little man was back.

"A queer case, Mr. Purdon-Hutt," he said. "I've had a man at the foot of each stairway all evening and no one has gone up that had no business there. My men outside report that no one has entered or left the house. The man left to guard the stone can tell us nothing. He was pacing the room when suddenly he was seized from behind and a gag shoved into his mouth. He says the grasp of his assailant was so powerful that he couldn't move a muscle. Your guests will have to be searched."

The men readily consented to this and each in turn was examined. But nothing was brought to light in this way.

"Nothing more to do just now," said the detective, plainly at his wits' end. "Better get them off home."

"That's right!" said the deep voice of Wade Alberson, at his elbow. "The ruby is still in this house, mark my words. If the crowd gets away we'll find it."

Alberson was quite apparently in an ugly temper. Not having been paid in full for the missing jewel, he suspected his host of trickery. The latter was equally suspicious, being convinced that Alberson had adopted this means of getting it back into his possession. The two men glared at each other malevolently.

"You bet we'll find it in this house!" snapped Purdon-Hutt. "And we wouldn't think of parting company with you tonight, Mr. Alberson. You'll stay here until the ruby is found!"

"The ruby is still in the house," asserted Porter in a confident tone. "I wouldn't worry about it, either of you. Can I have a word with you, Mr. Inspector?"

He drew the detective aside.

"Did you notice a dwarf-like man playing in the orchestra?"

The detective nodded.

"Put one of your men on to trail him. Find out where he goes. I think I can throw some light on this case." A moment's whispered consultation seemed to convince the detective that the clue was worth following.

"Let me suggest that you allow nothing to be carried out of the house," added Porter. "Keep the instruments of the

orchestra. Don't even allow guests to take their canes with them."

"Orders to that effect already issued," said the detective brusquely.

Keeping a wary eye on Tredham, who was standing in the hall ready to depart. Porter hurried to the cloak room and procured his hat and coat. A small room at the rear of the hall had been temporarily set aside for this purpose. It served at ordinary times, quite obviously, as an adjunct to the kitchen, for the clatter of dishes could be heard through a door at one side. A dumb waiter occupied one wall, partly hidden from view by an upturned table. Taking advantage of the busy absorption of the man in charge, who was trying to serve half-a-dozen impatient guests at once, Porter tilted back the table. The door of the dumb waiter dropped open and the quick eyes of the journalist detected the end of a stout rope hanging down loosely. He replaced the table and, after scrutinizing the checkman carefully, edged his way through the crowd into the hall. Tredham was just leaving.

As they left the house, the lights suddenly flickered and went out. There was much confusion and shouting of orders before the gas lights could be brought into use.

Before the cause of the failure of the lighting system could be investigated, a startling discovery was made. The officer who had been on guard at the rear of the house was found in an unconscious condition. A heavy blow delivered from behind, while the yard was in darkness, had stretched him out senseless. Luckily his helmet had broken the force of the blow. The discovery was made by one of the other officers on guard outside.

Why this assault had been committed tended to plunge the facts surrounding the robbery into deeper mystery than ever. Pointing as it did to outside co-operation, the incident provided fresh ground for speculation but put the harassed detectives more at fault than ever.

Porter was loath to leave the house under the circumstances, but Tredham had hastened off and he was afraid to lose sight of him. Porter followed his man cautiously to the fashionable apartment house where he lodged and then, taking up his station behind a big tree on the other side of the street maintained a close watch. An hour passed without a sign. Porter heard four o'clock strike from a distant church steeple and was just making up his mind to terminate the tiresome vigil when his wondering senses were whipped into keenest tension by the sound of a door cautiously opening across the way. Peering around the trunk of the tree, Porter saw Tredham step out and tiptoe down the steps. Gaining the sidewalk without allowing a single footfall to break the silence, Tredham struck off at a brisk gait. He had changed from his evening clothes into tweeds with a heavy overcoat, which served to muffle his face and made a fairly effectual disguise in the dim early morning light. Porter waited until his man was well ahead and then took up the trail.

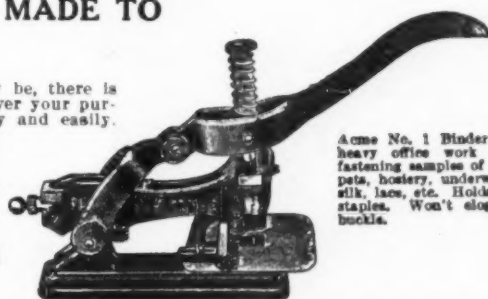
It led him to a poor section of the city and ended at a small shack set well back

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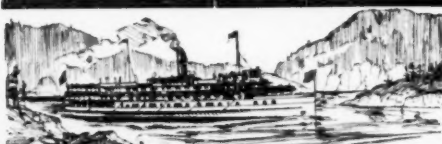
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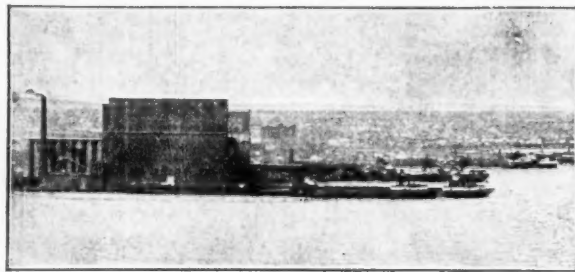
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from the street and surrounded by a high fence. Tredham walked briskly through the gate and entered the house.

Perceiving a light in a back window of the house. Porter started to skirt around toward it, crouching beneath the fence. Turning the corner, he collided with another man who was coming back by the same discreet route. The stranger's mitted hands had closed on Porter's mouth before the latter could utter a sound. The grasp was instantly released, however.

"It's you, Mr. Porter, is it?" said the other. "Good thing I recognized you in time. Thought you were one of the gang and was ready to silence you."

Porter recognized him as the officer deputed to follow the dwarf musician. "What's been going on?" he asked.

"Four of them in there," whispered the officer, jerking his thumb toward the house. "Three have arrived since the old codger went in. They're a bad lot, Mr. Porter. That dwarf now, I believe he could handle two men like me. And I'm considered a pretty fair hand in a free-for-all at that."

"It's time to close in on them," said Porter. "I'll watch the house while you get to the nearest 'phone and bring the chief down with more men."

"Right," said the officer, starting cautiously away.

Left to himself, Porter became a prey to curiosity as to what was transpiring behind the lighted window. Finally, he scaled the fence and edged slowly up until he was immediately beneath the window. A dilapidated curtain hanging limply from a broken roller did not entirely screen the room within from view.

Porter saw four men sitting about a small table. One was the dwarf, with face like a thunderstorm, engaged in a vigorous harangue. Tredham sat opposite to him, a little limp and quite apparently ill at ease. One of the others was the man who had been in charge of the check room at the Purdon-Hutt's. The fourth Porter did not recognize.

An altercation was in progress which promised at times to develop into a stormy one. The talk was general and the voices ran high, but the leader—there was no mistaking the position that the old musician occupied with the gang—summarily brought the others up whenever an outbreak threatened. They were debating a point of some moment and Porter watched their faces intently, hoping to gain an inkling as to its nature.

The subdued hum of a motor in the road and the scraping sound of tires on the frozen gravel, warned him that the police had arrived. He crept to the front of the house as the squad silently piled out of the car.

"Just four?" asked the officer in charge. "Just four," replied Porter, "but reckon them as six. They'll be a hard lot to handle."

"We'll have 'em trussed up before they even know where they're at," asserted the sergeant. "Davids and Anderson, watch the back of the house! The rest altogether! We'll rush the door."

The men within had such complete confidence in their security that the door was not even locked. It gave way before the

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combined rush of the officers and they had swarmed into the room before Tredham and his associates had time to prepare for defense. Three of them were down and handcuffed in a trice, but the old musician proved himself of a different stamp. The policeman who laid hands on him was lifted off his feet and swung around like a dummy figure attached to a piston rod. His joints creaked under the pressure of the dwarf's terrific grasp and, when the latter let go, the officer crumpled up in an exhausted heap.

With a bound the leader was through the back door, throwing off two officers who tried to grapple with him. But here he was brought up under the revolvers of the two policemen left on guard, beaten, but still with plenty of fight left in him. It was only after a desperate struggle that he was finally conquered and handcuffed.

The arrest created a profound sensation. Tredham had become quite a social favorite during the few months he had been in the city and certainly no one but Porter had thought of connecting him with the robberies.

During the two days immediately following the arrest, the police worked hard on the case, but did not succeed in turning up any further evidence against the four men. On being taken to the police station the prisoners had been searched, but nothing of an incriminating nature had been discovered. The house was ransacked from top to bottom with painstaking thoroughness. Absolutely nothing was to be found. The instruments and articles of personal property which had been retained at Purdon-Hutt's were carefully examined, but with the same result.

Under the circumstances the police began to show uneasiness. The only thing against the men was the fact that they had been caught consorting together in a manner that was suspicious, to say the least. This in itself was enough to establish belief in their guilt, but to prove the same in court was an entirely different matter.

Porter in the meantime had been working hard on the case. He had been surprised when the examination of the articles left at Purdon-Hutt's failed to bring the stolen goods to light. In fact, the lack of success of the searchers left him quite dumbfounded and without a clue to go upon for he had been convinced that the goods had not been taken out of the house and would be recovered on a subsequent search.

Proceeding along the only lines of investigation left, Porter interviewed every person who might be able to throw any light on the mystery starting with the police officer who had been left in charge at Purdon-Hutt's and ending with the leader of the orchestra. In the course of his investigation, he unearthed one important fact. The police officer was positive that he had not examined the 'cello on the night of the ball, although all the instruments left had been searched. In other words, the 'cello had been taken



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out of the house, in spite of the watchfulness of the police.

A round of visits to the second-hand stores was unproductive of anything resembling a clue. Finally, therefore, Porter became convinced that the house where the arrests had taken place must be made the centre of his investigations. He made a laboriously thorough search of the premises and was rewarded by finding a parcel check in the room where the struggle had occurred. It had fallen into a crack of the floor and in consequence had not been noticed by previous searchers. The check had been issued from the parcel room at the station, and, being new, purported a recent deposit there.

Porter presented the check at the station and was handed in exchange a battered shoe box, securely bound with cord. On shaking, it gave evidence of being well packed.

This box Porter handed over to the police authorities who much to their astonishment, unpacked from it the Ruby of Honan and all the other articles stolen during the Purdon-Hutt ball.

"Old Gabriel Gurd is the cleverest thief on the continent," explained Porter to Mrs. Vardon the next day. "He was hounded out of England and came to Canada where he was not known, bringing a gang of clever mobsmen with him. Tredham, for instance, is the slickest pickpocket that ever graduated out of Whitechapel. Gurd trained him up from a greenhorn, making him the smooth society cracksman that Gabe himself would have been if nature had only equipped him differently. The old fellow has wonderful talents, can play any instrument, talks four languages, has studied all manner of sciences and could step in and manage any kind of business, I believe. But he is debarred from doing any of the things he is thus fitted for by his twisted frame and face.

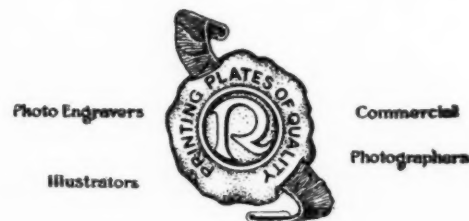
"They carried on their campaign here according to strictly business lines. Each coup was carefully thought out and planned for weeks in advance. Old Gabe was the brains of the concern. And he generally took an active part as well. The night the diamond bracelet of Mrs. Lepense was stolen old Gabe, who was acting as an extra waiter carried it around in a napkin under a tray. When the officers searched him the bracelet was reposing in a pot of dish water.

"At the Purdon-Hutt ball, Tredham carried on his operations on the floor and palmed the goods to Gurd as he danced past. It may sound a difficult feat, but it was all in the day's work with that pair. Gurd had a receiving place arranged—a padded bag inside the 'cello. A cleverly concealed slide enabled him to deposit the jewelry there as it was handed to him by Tredham.

"As for the theft of the ruby, that was a simple matter after all. While the musicians were having supper, Gurd got away unseen and crossed the hall to the men's cloak room where a confederate was in charge. A dumb-waiter leads from this room to the floor above, and by



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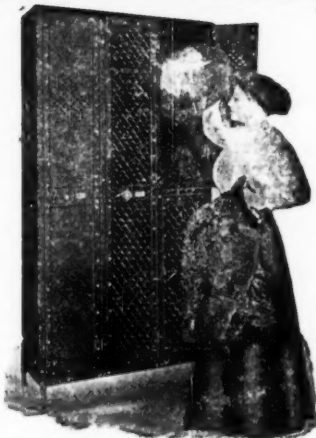
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means of his great strength Gurd climbed up the shaft to the floor above, using a rope that had been provided in advance. That has always been the way with Gurd—every detail arranged in advance, and every obstacle provided for. He then crept into the room where the ruby was kept, surprised and overpowered the guard, opened the safe—he's an expert safe-cracker, by the way—got the stone, clambered back down the chute and joined the rest of the orchestra at supper, all without making a single break.

"They expected to get the instrument out without trouble, but Gurd had his plans ready in case of interference. According to the other prisoners who are showing a willingness to talk to-day, the fourth man was outside on the alert all night. When the police ordered the instruments left behind, a pre-arranged signal was given to the man outside, who cut off the lights. In the darkness he knocked over the officer in the back yard and was handed the 'cello' through a window by Gurd. This was done before the gas could be lighted in the house.

"This outside man, Sam Nipper, finding himself with the night's loot in his possession, tried to put one over on the rest of the gang. He took the goods from the instrument and then got rid of the 'cello' at the first opportunity. It's probably lying around some unfrequented spot now where no one has discovered it yet. He then checked the jewels in an innocent-looking shoe-box, getting in just before the checking room was closed up for the night. It was probably his intention to get out on the first train in the morning. He then went to meet his associates and told them he had been unsuccessful in getting the 'cello', leading them to believe that one of the policemen had secured it. This was the reason for the angry debate which we broke up. When the police broke in, Nipper hastily threw away his parcel check, fearing that it would lead to the police finding the goods.

"You may wonder why Gurd did not hand the stolen goods out of the house instead of the cumbersome instrument. He was afraid to have the cello fall into the hands of the police as they would certainly have found the receptacle provided and thus fasten the guilt on him."

Tobacco and Efficiency


Does Smoking Affect One's Physical and Mental Efficiency

DEALING with the tobacco question in the *Technical World Magazine*, Dr. F. C. Walsh says the most interesting phase of the subject is its direct relation to physical and mental efficiency.

Can the man who does physical labor and who is also a smoker do as much work while smoking as he could if he didn't smoke? Can the bricklayer, carpenter, mechanic, or artisan of any kind who smokes on the job do his employer

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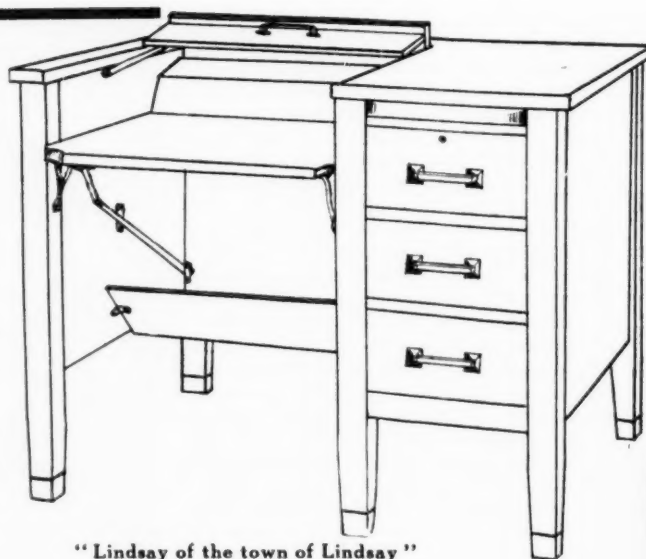
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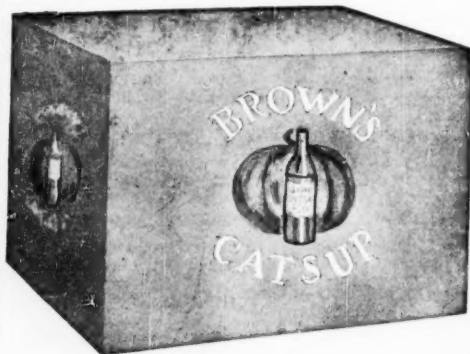
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full justice in spite of this habit? We are now on ground which will permit us to give a positive and scientific answer. The problem now becomes one which concerns the accurate measurement of fatigue. The quicker a man tires the less he is fitted to put forth his full strength in any continuous effort. Thus his efficiency and the value of his labor are materially diminished.

A few years ago Professor Mosso of Turin, Italy, devised an apparatus which is known as the "ergograph." Its purpose is to measure the rapidity with which the person experimented upon becomes fatigued. Mosso's application of his device was confined to tests which had an important bearing on questions relating to education. He demonstrated for one thing that at times of examinations in schools the children should not be encouraged to indulge in their usual physical exercise, as they were fatigued mentally as a consequence, and less fitted to undergo any mental test or strain. But what concerns us here is the further application of the "ergograph," when men were subjected to its tests while using tobacco.

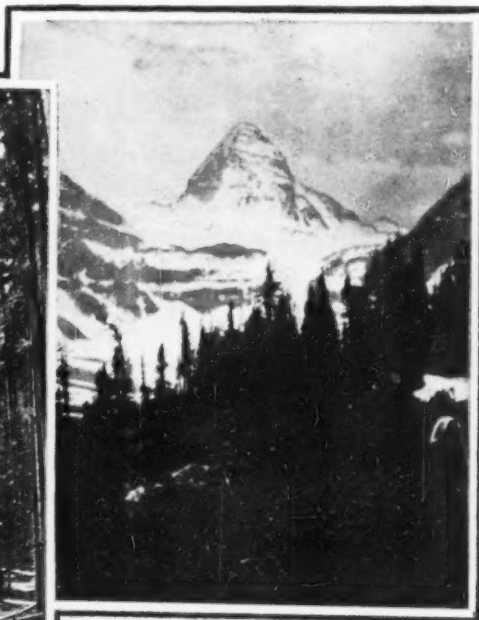
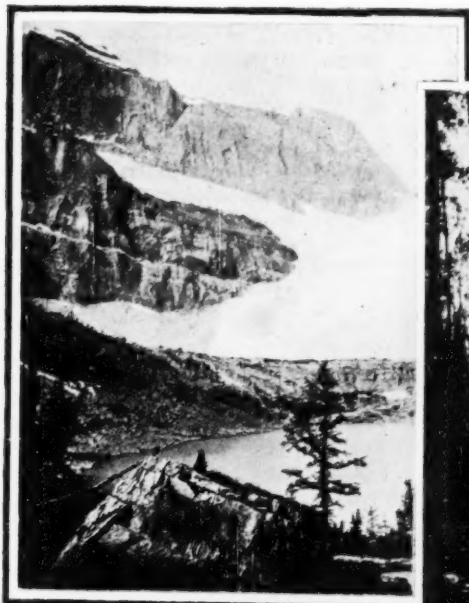
A detailed account of these experiments might prove most interesting, but the conclusions reached are the more important. In most of the experiments, scores of tests were made on different individuals, but at various intervals. The first tests were to find how quickly the subject would become fatigued without the use of tobacco. The second tests were made under the same conditions, but with the subject using tobacco, generally in the shape of a cigar or cigarette.

All the results ran about the same, so far as the use of tobacco was concerned. The man being tested would begin smoking about five minutes before the machine was applied. The result was shown by the machine tracing graphically on carbonized paper. At first the man really did a certain amount of work above his normal average, but this would soon fall far below his normal capacity. As his fatigue became greater, the smoking of a second cigarette would momentarily whip up his winning energies so that for a brief period the amount of work he accomplished would again rise above his usual average, only to fall below his average a few minutes later. The test was decisive, and it proved this: That no man doing physical labor, and who smokes while on the "job," is as efficient and as able to put forth his full energies as he could if he were not smoking. Smoking after work or in the intervals of labor is another matter, but the conclusions demonstrated by the "ergograph" are of the utmost importance in their bearings on those who smoke while engaged in physical labor.

When it comes to smoking and mental efficiency we are not so cocksure; in fact we are on quite uncertain ground. In a question of this kind there is no way of accurate measurement, and we must depend largely on a man's personal opinion and feelings.

The Mountain Guides of the Rockies

By L. V. KELLY



ON the top of an unnamed peak in the Selkirk range of the Western Canadian mountains there is a huge mass of rock on which is scratched a large cross. "Here lies the mortal remains of a mountain guide who was living up to the guides' religion that no member of his party should go into untested or untried projects. A guide never sends his party where he has not himself been and consequently it is the duty of the guides to often enter upon very risky experiments.

One early summer a young man led a party to the summit of the mountain in question and there found one of those natural curiosities, a balanced rock. It was a huge piece of granite weighing hundreds of tons and it swayed slightly when pressure was placed on it. Beneath it a narrow opening led into what looked like a cave, and some members of the party wished to explore. The guide, true to his religion, insisted on going in first and dropping on his knees crept out of sight. Suddenly some dislodged stone destroyed the equilibrium of the mass and without warning it settled down and crushed the life from the man below. No human power could remove that seal and few human beings will have a more magnificent tomb. There on the peak, ten thousand feet in the air, overlooking the green valleys and jagged mountains stands that massive monument where the guide died that his party might not experience risk.

The companions of the dead man held a brief burial service, chipped the great cross on the face of the rock, and returned to the valley. The winds whistle or whisper, the storms roar around the peaks and there in the utter solitude of the heights the guide sleeps where he died. He gave his life to his calling and no man can do more.

In all the mountains of Western Canada there is this class of men whose per-

sonality and all-round qualifications have won them the friendships of many of the prominent men of the day. They are the people who meet and live with the holiday people, the folk who go out in search of rest and health. The Rocky Mountain guides of Canada are the father confessors of the health-seekers, the hunters, novelists, artists and scientists who delve into the wildness of the mountains for rest; they are the protecting powers over every party that goes into the wilds. Scores of such men take the train every summer to lead their customers whither they will through the Brazeau country, the Selkirks, over the passes and up to the towering peaks; and the majority of them are good and cultured men. They know their country and their people and they know the outside world as well. The guide of to-day is no longer looked upon as hired help, but on the contrary is the companion and equal of those with whom he associates.

Tom Wilson, the ablest and best-known guide in all of Canada, is the father of all the Western Canadian mountain guides, and though he is now living a half-retired life in Banff, his friendships of the trail stretch across the continent and into Europe. At one time he was the king packer of the New West of thirty years ago and his duties were to lead such men as the forerunners of the Canadian Pacific exploratory and engineering forces. He knows every height and hollow of his beloved mountains. To-day he lives quietly with his books of which he possesses the finest private collection in the West. His sons have taken up his work and they now spend their summers along the trails that their father traveled over before they were born.

As an instance of how well-known Wil-

son was in his day it is only necessary to state that when the great English mountaineer, Whymper, the man who showed the Swiss how to climb the Matterhorn near half a century ago, came to the Canadian Rockies to attempt their most difficult peaks he asked to have Wilson as guide. And from that employment there sprang one of Wilson's most treasured friendships.

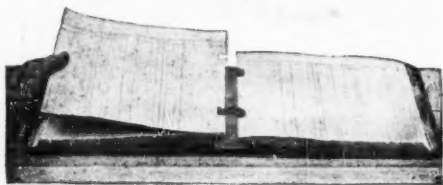
An Established Business Now

Guiding in Canada now is getting down to established business. One company of guides and outfitters have men and outfits stretching from Glacier Park in Montana to the far headwaters of the Saskatchewan, while from the international boundary to beyond the Yellowhead their ponies and men know every turn in the trail.

An outstanding figure is Jim Simpson, who specializes in scientists, artists, novelists and the like. His bachelor home is a veritable art-gallery with walls draped and covered with the trophies of chase and brush. Heads and robes of all the mountain animals are scattered throughout the rooms while here and there magnificent paintings from the brushes of famous artists testify to the appreciation in which the guide is held by the men whom he leads into the heights. The value of these pictures total thousands of dollars and they cost their present owner nothing, being gifts of friends to a friend.

Mountain-guiding like every other occupation has experienced many changes during the past ages. At one time when people went into strange countries they caught some frightened native and forced him on pain of death to direct the route; later the guide was the half-breed type, sullen, dirty, insolent and working simply for the wage he was to get. To-day there are polished and educated men fol-

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From "Times Weekly," London, Eng., Jan. 2, 1914

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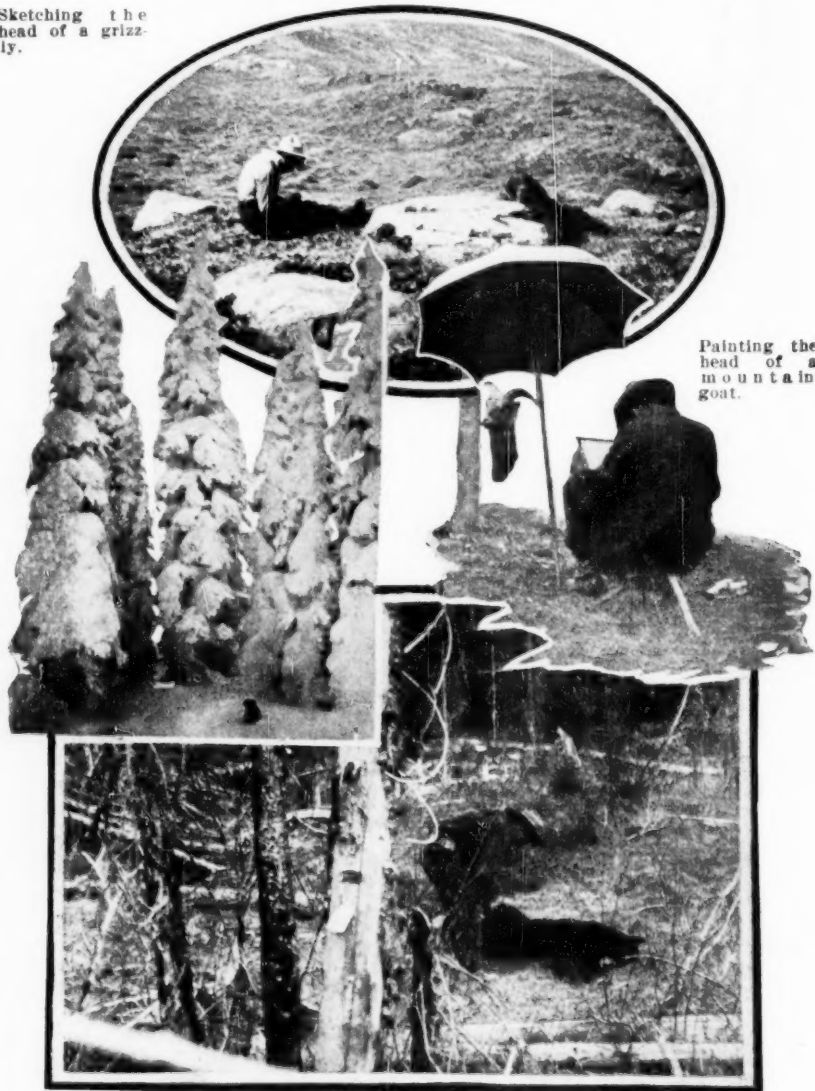
lowing the life because they love the open, the freedom and the adventures of the trail. From an irregular and unreliable source of income the work has developed into a fairly well-organized industry spreading over many miles of country where the guides know every trail as they know the path from the home corrals to the well.

The education of a mountain guide necessitates as much or more time than any profession. In the first place the guide must have a good body, strong muscles, and a well-balanced head; he must know how to throw a diamond hitch, cook,

some tremendous cliff; he must further know the haunts of the big game, the easiest trails to the mountain peaks and the best routes for scenery and comfort combined. His market is limited, his season is only for four or five months every year, he must keep self, family, ponies and outfits over the twelve-month, and consequently his bills are not usually unreasonable.

A positive necessity to the guide is control of temper and a physical endurance triple that of his charges. He pitches camp, sometimes he cooks the "grub," always he must pack and unpack the

Sketching the head of a grizzly.



Painting the head of a mountain goat.

Guide skinning a grizzly. Above, to the left, is a typical winter scene, showing the snow-laden giants of the forest.

swim, shoot, and talk. These are the kindergarten requirements. In addition he must spend years studying the land, the trails and the peaks, learning the peculiarities of slides and avalanches, of forest fires, mountain torrents. The neophyte's education is hazardous and he takes his life in his hands innumerable times during the period he is learning how to protect the tourist from the very discomforts he experiences himself. The guide must brave the swollen torrents, the slides, the slip of his pony's foot on

ponies. Often his party of travelers will possess idiosyncrasies which would try the temper of a saint—but the guide thanks his stars he is no saint yet and grits his teeth while he grins and displays a diplomacy, tact and mental balance that would do credit to a statesman. As the years go by this type of tourist is fortunately decreasing and the human kind consisting of men who appreciate to some extent the work of the guide is growing more numerous. This is partly due to the personality of the guides

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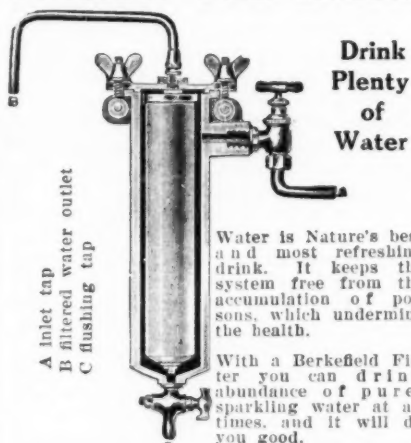
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and also to the fact that more people go out into the mountains and on the trails every year. A larger proportion of the trail parties of the present can pitch their own tents and make a sort of success at camp cooking than there could ten years ago. Not that they do, but they could if they must and they do not mind giving the guide a lift when necessary.

He Knows All Trails

All through the mountains from the boundary to the far north of Canada the old Indian trails wind and twist, climb and drop over the summits and through the rugged passes, while crossing them here and there are the more modern trails of the old fur-traders, or the still newer ones cut by the present-day guides. Every trail is known to the guides, every good camping ground. They know how far a party will make over any given trail during a fair day or a rainy one, how soon the snows will make the summits impassable, how long it will take to climb any mountain in the whole range. If one wants scenery it can be supplied in astounding grandeur. If health is sought the guides will lead their patients through piney trails, bright sunshine, marvelous mountain air, and show how best to secure that priceless treasure. Do you want to kill sheep or goats? The choicest and nearest peaks will give of their finest bands. Bear? Fish? These are simple and open books to the experienced guide. They have studied their profession and country, they know the best locations and they take their people there in all the comfort of modern camping. Pack-horses, capacious tents, food, long or short hours as desired. Nowadays hardship to the trail party is nil, for the guide has experienced them all and used his genius in eradicating them to such good effect that food is never short, horses are well-kept and cared for, and the tourist is as comfortable as he would be in an Adirondack camp within shouting distance of some great hotel. The only thing required of the traveler is a sufficient physical capacity to sit on an easy horse or climb to the top of a mountain if so desirous. The best fords are known, the easiest grades chosen and the wildest scenery presented with the least possible effort.

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Continued on Page 141.

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The Business Situation

Improvement is Forecast in Budget—No Obstacles to Return of Greater Activity

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of Financial Post

In the accompanying article, Mr. Appleton points out the promise of improved business conditions held out in the budget speech of the Finance Minister. While expressing the view that Hon. Mr. White has been a little too optimistic, he presents facts which point to an undoubted early improvement. The importance of a settlement of the railway question is shown.

FINANCE ministers in British Parliaments once a year have to review business conditions and estimate what, in their opinion, will be the trend of business during the ensuing twelve months. On trade outlook and anticipated monetary conditions they have to base calculations of revenue. They are not always correct, but they never fail to meet with severe criticism from opposition benches. In one particular, however, the budget speech of Mr. White has not met, as yet, with any effective opposition. We refer to that portion of his address which forecasts the trend of business during the fiscal year of the Government, from April 1st, 1914, to the end of March, 1915. It may be assumed, therefore, that Mr. White's forecast represents the general, and the best opinion, as to what is likely to happen, or what are likely to be the business results of the year.

During the last fiscal year the total revenue of the Government amounted to \$168,689,903, and of this \$111,764,698 was derived from Customs. The country's revenue, therefore, largely depends upon the extent to which merchandise is imported into the country. Mr. White expects that the amount of imports will be less during the current fiscal year than during the one preceding. This means, of course, that trade will not be so brisk. It may be well worth while for business men to give some attention to Mr. White's reason for assuming that trade will be quieter. As to the outlook for the year he said:

WHAT IS THE PRESENT OUTLOOK?

"Bankers and business men unite in the opinion that while it is a time for prudence and caution it is also a time for confidence and courage. The strength of Canada lies in her vast natural resources. That is the rock upon which our prosperity is soundly based and founded. Any depression, generally speaking, can be but temporary in character until such time as normal money conditions, joined with business confidence again restores the wonted activity of the nation. While this is so we must not close our eyes to the fact that we have been passing through a period of considerable inflation. Our railway policy has resulted in the construction of two vast new systems within the past dozen years. Construction upon the main lines of these systems is nearing completion. It must, however, be borne in mind that railways are never completed, are always building and rebuilding, always extending their branches and feeders. I do not therefore look for any abrupt cessation in connection with our railway construction. There has been in real estate throughout Canada a long-expected setback in values of speculative suburban properties. On the other hand, the values of farm and central business and residential city properties are, generally speaking, not only being maintained, but will undoubtedly with the growth of the Dominion tend to appreciation. On the whole, the readjustment which is going on in real estate conditions throughout Canada is recognized as inevitable and salutary. Commercial prospects for the im-

mediate future seem to me to be encouraging. Conditions will, I think, gradually improve with returning confidence and easier money. By reason of the autumn conditions of last year which permitted soil preparation on an unusual scale in all parts of the Dominion, the outlook for agricultural production this year is most favorable and we may look forward to increased production in those other great departments, our fisheries, forests and mines."

If the Hon. Mr. White is correct in his calculations, business conditions for the balance of the present year will improve materially. He estimated the revenue at approximately six millions less than in the preceding year. This will not represent a very material reduction in imports. In 1907, a boom year, the revenue of the Dominion reached \$96,000,000, and in the following year, 1908, a quiet year, the revenue declined \$11,000,000, or practically eleven per cent. Customs receipts at the present time, as compared with a year ago, show a decline of approximately twenty per cent. Business will have to improve considerably therefore, if the revenues of the Dominion turn out to be as large as Mr. White anticipates. We are inclined to the opinion that Mr. White is too optimistic.

The year, however, has many months yet to run. We are on the eve of another year of production. The seeding season has opened up favorably, and more land than usual has been prepared. Our mines are also producing more than formerly. As against excellent indications in this respect, we have to set a very unsettled state of the financial markets. Before another year's production can infuse greater activity into trade the present calendar year will have passed away, but the first months of 1915 may witness a revival that will bring up the Government's revenue (its year ends March 31st next) to the amount estimated by the Finance Minister.

At the present moment the chief factor in re-establishing business confidence is that of production. We have maintained consistently that it will steadily increase. The whole country will note with satisfaction that the minister himself drew attention to the satisfactory way in which the exports of Canadian produce were increasing. For the first eleven months of the current fiscal year the value of exports amounted to \$440,631,000, a sum \$50,000,000 greater than the total value of exports for any previous year, and there is still another month's exports to add to that amount. The principal increases have been in agricultural products, manufactures, fish and products, and animals and their produce. These are Canada's fundamental industries and on these the business future de-

pends. Of course, the increases in the export of agricultural produce has been the most marked, the figures of which for the last five years and a portion of the last current year, together with the percentage of the total they represent, are as follows:

Year	Agricultural Produce	Total Canadian Produce	% of Agri. to Total Produce.
1908 ..	66,069,939	246,960,968	26.00
1909 ..	71,997,207	242,603,584	29.00
1910 ..	90,433,747	279,247,551	32.00
1911 ..	82,601,284	274,316,553	30.00
1912 ..	107,143,143	290,223,857	37.00
1913 ..	150,145,661	355,754,600	42.00
11 mos.*	191,707,887	404,887,448	47.00

*Eleven months ending February, 1914.

In the above figures are to be found ground for hope in so far as business is concerned. During the past two years the nation's credit has been attacked because of the alleged disproportionate increase in production as compared with the amount of money that had been invested in recent years in fixed forms. That criticism was effective and one of the factors causing the price of money to advance. It is pleasing, therefore, to note that a larger amount of our increased produce of the field is being exported. In conjunction with this aspect of the situation it may be added that the entire West appears to be turning very rapidly to mixed farming. Tangible evidence of this is to be found in the fact that already during the present year the Canadian West has shipped to Eastern Canada no less than 100,000 live hogs. This is but the beginning of things in so far as mixed farming is concerned. It indicates the possibility of varying and extending the sources from which Canada can produce wealth and produce it in such quantities as to establish in the minds of investors greater confidence than at present exists.

Our Manufacturers

Perhaps the most depressing factor of the business situation at the moment is the inactivity of the larger industries of the Dominion. A month ago we pointed out that one of the disturbing features of the outlook was uncertainty as to tariff changes. Those uncertainties have now passed away, but up to the time of writing the industries affected by the changes made, principally steel, have not felt any change. One of the largest industries in that business closed down a furnace subsequent to the announcement of the favorable tariff change. The price of shares in practically all the companies concerned, since that event, declined materially. We do not attach much importance to this temporary depression of the month. It was but the culmination of a very dull period. Share price decline is due more to general financial depression than to actual business conditions. Tariff changes could not turn lack of, into plenitude of business. Our chief competitors in the steel trade are from across the United States boundary line, and there the dearth of orders for steel has been as pronounced as in Canada. We cannot come to any other conclusion, therefore than, that the steel trade, like so many others at the present time, is suffering from lack of business.



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The gathering of the clans



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The change in the tariff, however, is an important step in the direction of recovery. It has placed our steel plants in the position of being able to get orders when the demand arises, and this brings us to the question as to when this demand will arise.

Generally speaking the steel trade in any country is the first to feel the effects of any improvement. It is a fundamental industry and its condition may be taken as a fair barometer of other manufacturing. It is too early to look for very definite results from the slight changes in the tariff. As already stated tariff tinkering does not create business. Before more orders will be offering we must have greater confidence established and less anxiety as to money. The first step to rehabilitate confidence is to produce more. We have indicated that steps have been taken in this direction, and steps that are very decided. Reference was made to the increase in agricultural products and the growing proportion exported. Strides have also been made in the proportion of manufactured articles exported by Canada. During the fiscal year ending March 31st, 1913, the amount of manufactured goods exported was \$43,692,000, and for the first eleven months of the last fiscal year the amount exported was \$51,204,000. An increase of \$8,000,000, with a month in hand, is a fair index of the substantial progress being made in our industries. We have all the natural advantages for the production of paper. In 1912 the value of the exports was \$3,881,063, and in the following year the amount reached \$6,327,774, and during the year just closed the amount will reach still higher figures.

We need therefore entertain no fears as to the growth of our production. There may be off years, but on the whole the swing will be decidedly upward.

We believe that the country as a whole generally expected that Mr. White, when he gave us the Budget, would at the same time announce the settlement of the railway question in the Dominion. We have reference here to the completing of the transcontinental lines to which the country is directly pledged. That he did not do so was a general disappointment. At the time of writing, the close of April, it is understood that some plan has been evolved to clear the atmosphere with regard to the future of railway development. On the character of this depends to a very large extent the return of greater confidence. When the investors of the world are quite confident that the people of the Dominion, as a whole, stand at the back of the railway projects which they have subsidized so liberally, their confidence will return. At the present time it is somewhat disturbed by the enormity of our borrowings, by exaggeration of results from real estate speculation, and by the decision of the Railway Rates Board. To these local causes must be added the world-wide depression, resulting from so much loanable capital going into fixed plant. The outsider will, no doubt, interpret the temper of the Canadian people by their attitude towards the railway situation. It will be quite obvious that if they exercise good

judgment in handling their credit, and if they take every legitimate means to re-assure lenders that the money provided by them will be secure, will yield fair returns, and will be utilized for legitimate and productive purposes, there is little doubt but that confidence will very soon return. If, however, the Railway Board of Canada by its attitude on rates becomes "a bear" on Canadian rails as the Interstate Commerce Commission is to United States rails, there is no doubt, but that depression in Canada will persist. More railways are an essential to the development of Canada. If through shocks to credit progress in railway building at the present time is stopped then a very long period of commercial depression may be looked for. We anticipate, however, that the Canadian Government will clear the atmosphere of doubt and also clear the way for a return of general business confidence.

Banking Situation

With prospects of greater production, and of the railway situation being cleared up, local causes of depression are being moved out of the way. Our banks appear to be ready to take care of more active business. March bank statement indicated that liquidation was still in progress. Stocks are being reduced and buying is obviously down to a minimum. It seems to be the general rule to collect—to reduce liability. Has this policy now done its work? Has liquidation been carried far enough?

It will be noticed from the Government bank statement which appeared at the end of April that commercial loans in Canada amounted to \$855,381,265. In March a year ago they were \$890,513,000 and in March two years ago, \$850,157,000. Within the past twelve months there has been a contraction of \$35,000,000. At the same time there has been a considerable increase in savings deposits. Call loans elsewhere than in Canada are at the present time at the highest point they have ever reached. In 1909 they reached \$138,505,000, and they did not again touch so high a mark until February of the present year. It would appear therefore, that our banks are in a fairly normal position and quite equal to taking care of current needs of more active conditions than at present prevail.

When external conditions which depress the world's money market become more settled there does not appear to remain any great obstacle to the return of greater activity to trade in the Dominion. We are assuming, of course, that the Government will settle the railway question in a manner that will re-establish some of the lost confidence. Given a normal seeding and harvest season and more settled world conditions, it would not be at all surprising if during the closing months of the present year our industries found themselves again fairly well pressed with orders and our tradesmen again replenishing their shelves with the view to coping with better demands.

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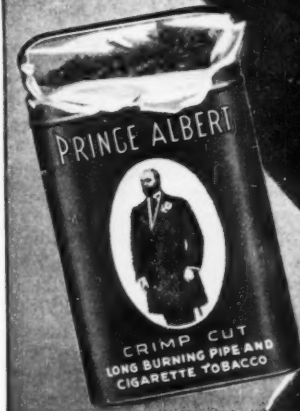
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The Science of Leading Men

Continued from Page 16.

moral qualities that he requires in them, and by treating them fairly.

An executive must have enough strength of character to convince his subordinates that he will not overlook wilful and persistent wrong doing or incompetence after reasonable instruction and opportunities to do better. It is necessary to temper justice with mercy, but the man who is incapable of administering needed punishment is himself hopelessly incompetent. It is probably unnecessary to say more, because competition will not allow him to rise high enough to come within range of these articles.

Love comes most slowly of all; but must be won, if one is to be highly successful. In dealing with others, one must always remember that they are human and that their hours inside the office or the works are only a portion of their lives. Outside lies the world, with its poverty and crime, sickness and death, love and jealousy—life and its troubles.

Common ordinary civility from a superior to his subordinate will soon establish enough communication between them, so that either will know if the other is in trouble. Treat your clerk like a machine, and he will give you a machine's service to the end of the connection. Treat him like a man, and you will find that he has a heart and is capable of loyalty and unselfish interest in your welfare.

Then, when one of your helpers is in trouble, be judiciously and promptly on the spot. A few hours off to the girl whom you see to be suffering with a headache, a private and confidential loan to the bookkeeper who has sickness in his family, a frank statement to a competitor of merit of an employee to whom you cannot give deserved advancement; these things tell. They will tell first on you. You will begin to like the people whom you befriend; and, if you never tried it before, you will be surprised to find how much you will enjoy it.

They will tell next on your employees. The girl will decline an invitation to a party in order to stay after hours and get out your rush correspondence; the bookkeeper will repay your loan and tell you where money is going to waste that you did not suspect; the man whom you recommended will decline a bigger salary with the competitor in order to stay with you. They will do these things because you have won their affection.

If not respected, you will receive hesitating and uncertain obedience; if not feared, you will be imposed upon; if not loved, you will receive only a grudging and compelled service. If respected, feared, and loved, you will be a real leader and commander of men; you will be like Nelson, whose mere presence was said to strengthen the fleet as much as four ships of the line.

Number 723

Continued from Page 11.

ticulating he was made to understand that in the afternoon, a job would be waiting for him. With a radiant face Dimitri sought out an eating establishment and filled his healthy young body with the nauseous mess given him, for three of the remaining coins Antonio had left. He ate with almost as much relish as though the hash set before him had been cabbage soup with meat in it! All his sufferings were forgotten, for thus do the gods smile upon youth and shed the radiance of hope to lighten the dimmest corners of despair. In the afternoon he would start work at not less than "two dollars a day."

He went immediately back to the office and tried to wait patiently. No one paid the least attention to him for a long, long time. Then the tension snapped and he approached the man who had brought him there with a halting question on his lips.

Salvatori glanced carelessly at the clock, rose and yawned. How could he know what depended on Dimitri's job?

Speaking a few words in every known language and using large sweeping gestures, the Italian thought he was explaining that another journey by train had to be undertaken before work could

begin; the boss in Weldon—Weldon—he repeated it and Dimitri added that name to his slowly increasing stock, wanted men to work on construction—a good job, yes, but if he didn't like it, for two dollars more Salvatori would get him another—oh, yes! He must go to the station now, and get on the train for Weldon—Weldon—and pretty soon he would be there.

"Dees here, teeket," continued Salvatori, thrusting a slip of paper into the boy's hand. "Das bettel—billet—Fahrkarte—geeve to conductor. Goo'bye."

He pushed Dimitri impatiently out of the door.

Guided more by instinct than by any real information, he found his way to the station and was put on a train. The ride was short, but not wholly pleasant. Now that the end was in sight, misgivings began to assail the lad; suppose he should be given some sort of work he could not do? Suppose he were told to work with figures—horrible! Then they would not give him "two dollars a day." Andre had not said what sort of work would be given. The letter—he felt through his clothes again, in the hope of finding it, but it was gone. He looked around the car wondering if any of the men were

bound for Weldon. With a thumping heart, he decided to ask.

The man nearest him looked up sharply and shook his head at Dimitri's conversational effort. Some of the others laughed. Obviously there was not a Pole among them.

"Weldon?" asked the boy, inquiringly, and looked from one to the other. Again they laughed and nodded their heads. There was one, in particular, who was always laughing. He had very red hair and freckles, and after the manner of deaf mutes, he conveyed to Dimitri the fact that he was getting off at Weldon.

And presently about seven of them were standing on a platform watching the disappearance of the train which curved like a long black pigtail on a mottled cloth.

A bluff giant met them—the time-keeper. He presented each with a blue ticket and turned them over to the foreman. After a short trip on a queer conveyance which the men propelled themselves, Dimitri was ushered into his future home, an old box car, fitted with sixteen bunks and a stove. Thanks to the kindness of freckled Dinny Flanagan, he learned that he must buy and cook his own food. The other fifteen did. At the company's store, he was given bread and salt pork, along with a book in which the clerk wrote something, under the number which tallied with that on his ticket.

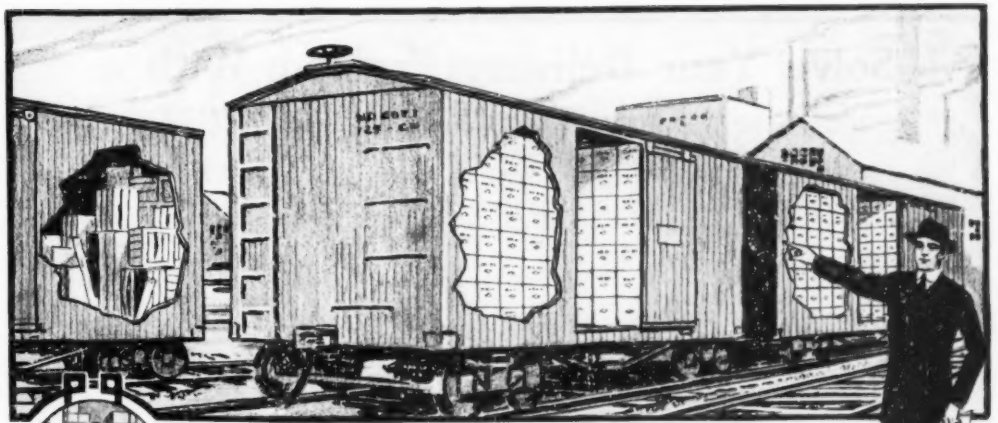
He was the only alien in the car, the only man who had not some one with whom to converse in his native tongue. The majority were Italians, with a sprinkling of Irish and Scotch.

Although every bone in his strong, young body ached, he could not sleep. The bunk smelled of all sorts of evil things, and the air in the car was rank with smoke. He began to weave pictures of his home, imagining his mother sitting opposite the sacred Ikon thinking of and praying for him. He fancied gentle little Anna and the thoughtful Feodor, who had timidly regretted his leaving Poland. "I wish you were not going, brother," the lad had said, with one of his far-away looks. He saw them all waiting there, breathless for the first letter. Into this he would put five days' wages, the rest would be ample for his needs. Had not Mother and Anna denied themselves food when his throat was bad, that he might have the more?

A great wave of home-sickness swept over him and he strangled a sob by catching the flesh of his arm in his teeth.

Perhaps by saving, he could bring them out to Canada, to Weldon, in six or eight months. The thought made him almost faint. How long ago he parted from them! Visions of the old woman who had been so kind brought tears to his eyes; he must not forget them in sending presents home. He would ask Mother to buy—

A rough, but not unkind, hand shook him. It was day and the men were up and stirring, the atmosphere a composite suggestion of tobacco, frying bacon and humanity. Dimitri, fearing to be late, ate dry bread and washed it down with gulps of bitter coffee, which the Irishman gave him. He saw the men gathering food to-



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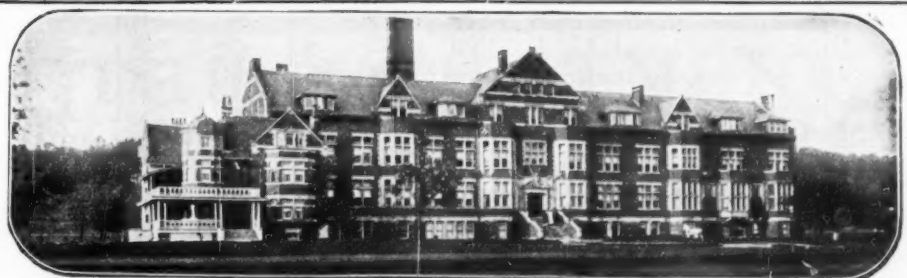
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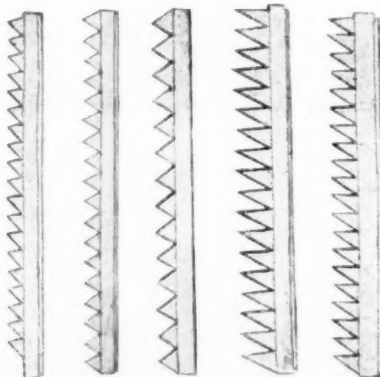
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gether and putting it in tin pails. He had no pail and thrust a crust of bread in his pocket, but Dinny, catching him in the act, signified by much bellowing and many slaps upon various parts of his anatomy below the belt, that he would share his pail with the foreigner, for the day, at least. So mumbling awkward thanks, the boy put some bread and meat with Dinny's dinner, and made himself responsible for the joint commissariat.

They set out in the crisp morning to a hand-car where the foreman armed them each with picks and shovels. They were on their way to work!

A shriek broke upon the still air, and interrupted Dimitri's dream pictures. Not quite understanding what was happening, he jumped from the car with the others. Then following their gaze, he saw a locomotive, a special, hurling its enormous black bulk upon them. The men leaving the car to its fate, ran still further from the scene of certain destruction, but Dimitri with a gasp made for the track and Dinny's bright new dinner pail which in his excitement he had left on the truck. The men shouted, the engineer cursed, but it was too late. There was a crash of splintering timbers, a shearing of rivets; there was a rattle of steel upon steel, and a peppered rattle as the wreckage struck the earth, some eighty feet distant.

The locomotive slowed down, and two men jumped from the cab. The construction crew ran back from their posts of safety, Dinny reaching the spot first. "Who is it?" asked the engineer, turning his head away from the confused mass of wreckage.

"Only a Polack," answered Ryan, the foreman.

The d— fool," cursed the man, again. "It wasn't my fault! We'll send on the coroner. Got to catch the Minister, at Midland. The fool!"

Black smoke marked the course of the engine long after it had disappeared from the view of a crowd of silent men, who disposed themselves along the track to wait.

The coroner's verdict was brief. "Accidental death," he said, writing in his book. "What was the man's name?"

No one knew. The foreman didn't know, and, of course, the timekeeper didn't know. He had done all that was expected of him—he had tagged the stranger with a number—723.

And 723 was buried in a nameless grave, not far from the spot upon which he met accidental death. Dinny never used that bright new pail—he gave it away to the man who replaced the young foreigner.

And in far-away Poland the townsfolk shake their heads and mumble. A cloud hangs over the little cottage at the end of an aimlessly winding street. Katrine's eyes are dim with watching; little Anna is not married and stoop-shouldered Feodor has not gone to school with gentlemen's sons. He coughs a great deal as he looks away beyond the confines of the cottage and dreams his saddened dreams. And the priest and the tax collector come as before. Yet nothing will shake the faith of the little family waiting there, waiting so patiently for that promised letter!

The Cup of Fear and Trembling

Continued from Page 13.

this squatted the high god, one-eyed jewel-studded, ugly as black sin. Before the lap of the grinning god sat the Cup of Fear and Trembling—a shimmer of green and gold fire seeming to rise from it as a thin ray of sunlight fell across it. On an altar before the idol a fire was blazing, tended by five young women. The three minor priests bowed before the altar, and the high priest, Hurtado Xan, swung a censer of some strange, sweet, overpowering incense. The chant wailed forth, and one of the vestals stepped out, reaching out her bare, round arm for the Cup. As she turned, the light of the altar-fire illuminated her fresh, olive-tinted face, her dark, dreamy eyes shaded by long eyelashes, and her straight black hair bound by a golden circlet and falling to her knees. I heard Mr. Fitzhugh groan. I looked around and saw him standing, eyes set, fists clenched, breathing fast, like a man in stress of pain.

"Iris and Cleopatra!" he was muttering. "What a woman! No wonder the governor went loco. No wonder he risked the rack."

He bounded into the ring of light and the vestal saw him. She just gave a little, happy cry, stretched out her soft, bare arms and dropped that precious Cup on the tiled floor, where the goat's blood ran red and smeary. She prattled away in their cux-quix-a-pac chop-talk, and Mr. Fitzhugh, seeming to understand, jabbered and gestured back. Old Hurtado Xan threw up his hands and screamed. The three minor priests pointed at the overturned Cup and raved like fury. The chant broke off short. But the maid came straight on toward Mr. Fitzhugh; and the young master, with his beard long and grown to a silky point like the pictures of the Savior, advanced to meet her. They came together just by the altar-fire, and they put their arms about each other and kissed in the presence of the high god.

Then I thought that all the deities had broken loose at once. The priests and the little, short-thighed, beardless men crowded around, and in half a minute Mr. Fitzhugh, the girl and myself lay bound upon the bright-colored tiling. In another minute they were bundling us down the great flight of steps. Looking back I saw they had set the Cup in its place before the ugly god. The sunlight fell across it and it snaked and writhed and twisted tauntingly.

They put Mr. Fitzhugh and me into one of the little stone pagodas and set a watch outside. There was goat-meat and coconuts inside and I ate more than was good for me; but Mr. Fitzhugh did not touch it. He just sat there like a man turned to stone, until the sun went down and the Quezguil people resumed their chanting. Then he roused.

"Tompkins, man, did you ever see the like in woman? Were there ever such world-old, slumber-fire eyes, such mer-

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maid wealth of gloss-black hair, such rounded, supple, Venus-turned arms?"

"Miss Lucile—" I reminded him; and he jumped like a man branded with hot irons.

"Great God, Tompkins! I'd forgotten Miss Lucile—and the Cup. Did you see the accursed thing squirming in the gaze of the hungry god and seeming to mock and laugh at us? Why, man, they're apt to torture us—to flay and rend and break on the wheel. And her, too—her, too, Tompkins. For she's a vestal of Xaquixapetl, and for her to love is to die. Are you afraid, man?"

I lied to him, saying that I was not greatly distressed. He sat there for three hours more, with the glow on his face that had come when the vestal Cerzane turned in the temple; and when I asked for information about this wheel-breaking business he swore by the stars that he and the vestal should die on the same wheel. And I did not take any great comfort from his answer.

About eleven o'clock the guard stuck his head inside and beckoned. Mr. Fitzhugh went out. I heard whispering, something that reminded me of the cooing of doves, and certainly a kiss. Presently the young master came back, his face radiant. He said that Cerzane, being the first vestal of Xaquixapetl, had a stronger hold on the common people than even the dreaded priests. She had shaken off her own bonds, had won over our guard and was ready to flee with us to the end of the world.

"And the Cup?" I suggested.

His face clouded. "Ay, there's the cup, Tompkins. You're a good memory-jogger, but sometimes a deuced unpleasant one, man, I mustn't forget why I came to Quezguil—nor who sent me." He sighed and fell to shaking his head.

I followed him out and he whispered and gestured with Cerzane until I feared the coming of the dawn. "Sweet—sweet!" he would mutter, and they would prattle in their x-ey talk. The guard stood like an Indian cigar-sign all the time. Poor devil, they probably parboiled him next day. Finally we set out for the temple.

There was another of the short-thighed, spear-armed little men at the entrance, but Cerzane walked past him as though he were a statue. In ten minutes she returned and we answered her summons. The fire on the altar burned dimly. A lone vestal lay in deep, unnatural slumber on a dais. Cerzane tip-toed to the high god and fumbled with his breast. The bronze front of him slid open. She beckoned us near, and I saw in the altar-light such a gleam of gems and gauds and gold as I may not hope to look upon again, save in some fitful dream. Emeralds of Coscuez and the Manka Valley, rubies red as a pigeon's blood, diamonds of Bahia, Columbian amethysts, gold and silver trinkets carved grotesquely, shone and sparkled and dazzled in the flickering light from the altar.

"The old god had a golden lining, eh, Tompkins?" whispered Mr. Fitzhugh. "Here—stuff your clothes—a king's ransom to a pocket."

We crammed our pockets with the

splendid treasure. As the altar-light played over his streaked face, the high god seemed to leer and mock at us. The sleeping vestal stirred; but Cerzane waved her hands and muttered and the girl slept soundly. I reached for the Cup and drew back, crying out with pain. There was blood on my fingers. I picked it up more carefully and saw where a sharply-cut stone had pricked me.

We stole out of the temple, down the great flight of steps and through the heart of the Sacred City. There was no light, no sound. At one of the carved totem-poles we were met by the prison guard with ingeniously woven, fiber baskets filled with goat-meat and fruits and skin-bags containing water. A yellow shepherd-dog joined us here and would not be shaken off. With considerable exertion we climbed the western slope and made our way through the pass. Then, taking the trail along a foaming creek, we climbed slowly and painfully through the darkness. When daylight came we hid in a bush-covered rock-cleft a good five hundred feet above the valley of the gods and with only the eagles and condors to spy upon our sleep.

One night we camped in a fissure above the ledge from whence the poor, solemn-eyed burro had dropped to the centre of the world. Cerzane was unusually fidgety and sat up very late. In the morning Mr. Fitzhugh, the first to leave the recess, whistled shrilly through his teeth. I hurried out and found him standing on the ledge gazing at a marvelous spectacle. Closing the trail before and behind us were hedges of gorgeous, greenish flowers, the blossoms huge and bell-shaped like some abnormal morning-glory. They seemed to be actually growing, but had evidently been strung on wires or vines during the night. To our left was a sheer drop of a thousand feet; to the right a perpendicular rock wall.

"Presto, change!" said Mr. Fitzhugh. "A little omelet-in-the-hat trick by our friends, the enemy. Why, they're fine as orchids—"

He stopped short when Cerzane, coming out of the cleft, flung herself upon his neck with a moan. She cried and babbled in his ear; his face went white; and I tried to think about that part of the Litany about sudden death, for I knew the game must be up with Cerzane carrying on like that. While she was still moaning, Hurtado Xan, the old parchment-yellow High Priest, appeared on the other side of the hedge. Behind him were Yayal, Quenpoyas and Punga Oje, three of his subordinates. They were grinning evilly.

"This is where we go over the river, Tompkins," explained Mr. Fitzhugh, with a bitter smile. "Cerzane's been fearful of old Hurtado Xan all along. That rare and beautiful hedge you see is the Quezguil lily, an exclusive species cultivated by our sardonic friends in the cloisters of the temple of Xaquixapetl. Its fumes are noxious and deadly; should we attempt to scale the hedge, the fumes would lay us out straight and stiff as the sheep-dog back there. When the

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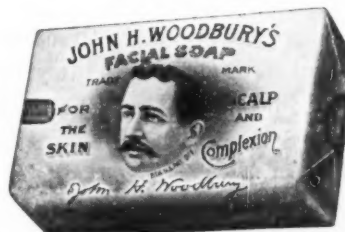
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The Men Around the Kaiser

By FREDERIC W. WILE
Berlin Correspondent of the "Daily Mail"

Tells about the German Giants of Industry,
Education and Statesmanship

The German Empire has been striding the highway of progress with seven-league shoes. Its development in industrial, financial, and educational matters during the past few decades has been almost unprecedented, nay epochal. To make such development possible, a nation needs men of broad vision, determination and genius. Germany has had many men of this stamp—men of broad vision, determination and genius. Germany has had many men of this stamp—men of broad vision, determination and genius. Germany has had many men of this stamp—men of broad vision, determination and genius.

The world prominence of the German Navy, which only yesterday was a negligible quantity in Europe's international diplomacy, fingerpoints to one man. That man is one of the subjects of this book. He it is also who recently replied to Hon. Winston Churchill's suggestion that the competing nations of Europe take a naval holiday.

279 Pages "Silk Lustre" Cloth De Luxe Edition.
Copies of this book mailed postpaid on receipt of \$1.75.

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Emperor William of Germany.

worst comes, chuck that accursed Cup over the cliff."

The High Priest jabbered at Cerzane; and Cerzane, white-faced and trembling, translated to Mr. Fitzhugh.

"They're considerate enough to offer us choice of deaths," he went on. "There's the cliff, the hedge, or starvation."

I told him I thought I would sit inside and wait. Then he took Cerzane, the vestal, by the hand and they walked toward the edge of the precipice, with me calling after him.

"Mr. Fitzhugh, wait—don't—I can't bear it. Plead with these old fiends—beg—maybe they'll give in."

He turned with his sad, queer smile. "You'd better give me the Cup, Tompkins. We'll take the luring gaud with us. And good-by."

Arm in arm they moved again to the edge of the cliff, the priests of the god looking on mockingly. The young master stooped and kissed Cerzane. "Sweet—sweet—we go together," I heard him murmur; and I closed my eyes. And then a great clamor arose from the priests. I opened my eyes, dreading the sight of the naked ledge. But Mr. Fitzhugh and Cerzane stood upon the brink, staring over at the priests, who had fallen upon their knees. Old Hurtado Xan was pointing at Mr. Fitzhugh's neck and jabbering at a tremendous rate. Then Cerzane bowed and touched her head on the rock before Mr. Fitzhugh.

"What the hundred gods of Quezguil!" cried Mr. Fitzhugh. "Are they making a deity of me?"

Certzane arose and talked rapidly, clapping her hands prettily and bowing and bobbing. The priests scrambled up and, with peculiar masks over their faces and rubber gloves on their hands, set to demolishing the hedge of death. Old Hurtado Xan crossed over and placed the hand of the vestal Cerzane in the hand of her lover. And Mr. Fitzhugh turned to me, with his finger on the crescent branded on his neck.

"It's the legend, Tompkins—the old folk-tale of which my father used to hint. Away back about the time of Pizarro the children of the high gods lost their king. The high priest of that time declared that some day one of the white, bearded conquerors would come from afar, mating with a vestal of Xaquixapetl at the cost of his life; and that their son would return, woo the god's first vestal and be king of the Quezguils. They branded the new moon on my neck when they tortured my father nigh unto death."

He took Cerzane by the hand and led her into the cleft, and they whispered together for a while. After that, he came out and walked to and fro upon the ledge, ten thousand feet above the rotting wharves of Chancay. There was a frown on his face and a strange light shone in his eyes. He walked rapidly, nervously, while the four priests squatted outside and watched. There was a good hour of this, and then he came and took my hand.

"It's destiny, Tompkins," he said softly. "I felt something of the kind there in the temple when I saw Cerzane minding the fire of Xaquixapetl. I've talked with her and I've thought it all

Trials of the Circulation Manager

No. 1

Dear Sirs:—

This is the last day of April and I have been waiting patiently all this month for the April Number of "MacLean's," but have not received it yet; it has no doubt gone astray in the mail. Would it be possible for you to send me another? I will really be very much disappointed if you can't.

Yours very truly,

*Name on Request.

Circulation Department promptly mails copy of April Issue under special wrapper. An investigation reveals the startling fact that the subscriber's name does not appear on the mailing sheets. After half an hour search of the back correspondence files a letter to the subscriber soliciting renewal subscription is found as well as our envelope in which it was mailed. On the face of the envelope, which was returned by the Post Office, was stamped, with the Post Office stamp, "Return." Circulation Manager noting the reason why subscriber's name was removed from the mailing list gives a sigh of relief that his department has not made another error and orders the name immediately re-entered. Post Office in blissful ignorance realizes not the calamity.

If there is ever any irregularity in the delivery of the MacLean's Magazine, please mail us a post card at once. We will do all we can to compensate you for any loss and we will promptly mail to you duplicate copies of MacLean's not received.

out and I'm going to stay, old man. As their petty king, I can do some good in the world—maybe I can bring a people out of darkness. Anyhow I shall have a try.

"But you must go back—with the Cup, Tompkins. You see, I've the power over the Cup of Fear and Trembling now. Show Miss Lucile your good, red bruises and give her the bauble. She'd rather see the Cup come back without me than for me to return without the Cup. That was the way she cared—it was that she would not see me fail."

He gave me an emerald of Somondoco large as a robin's egg with which to redeem The Cedars; he signed a paper making the old place over to me, for he had no kin; and he turned and kissed the vestal Cerzane.

When I arrived at Mr. Sanford's, Miss Lucile sat upon the wide porch with four very fine gentlemen about her, laughing and carrying on after the manner of those in the blossom-years of life. But I had my duty to do, and, therefore, I stepped upon the porch and gave her the Cup of Fear and Trembling.

"With Mr. Fitzhugh's compliments, ma'am," said I, with a bow.

Her face turned white, then flushed red like a person in fever. "Will—he return?" she asked, with a quiver in her voice.

"No, miss," I answered, with another bow.

Her head dropped forward the slightest; her bosom heaved, and I saw a single tear trickle down and tumble into the Cup—God knows it was not the first the toy had wrung. And then she began to talk very gayly.

Mountain Guides of the Rockies

Continued from Page 129.

where the morning trail bent around the shoulder of a mountain was the spot where McKenzie camped one night on his great cross-continent expedition of latter part of the eighteenth century. Just down in the foothills a day's journey distant is the place where, in 1808, the old Nor'-West trader, Henry, filled the guarding Peigans with whisky and crept past them during the night when they lay in the stupor of spirits. On one mountain peak a guide had dangled over a great chasm for three hours before his friends could rescue him; in the distance the bright green of the second-growth shows where a fire wiped out a party of inexperienced hunters who had gone out without guides and been hemmed in before they realized their danger. The guides have laughed at danger all their lives and their humor is ever-bubbling, their narratives are thrilled and lightened by their humor. One regrets the necessity of retiring—and then healthfully regrets the necessity of arising in the morning.

An artist studying wild life or mountain scenery will employ a guide and tell what he wants after which it is up

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to the guide to take him there in comfort and safety. A man may want to scale the most difficult peaks and the guide must take him there. The hardest trips are those in which grizzly bears or mountain sheep are the aim, for they are found in the roughest slopes.

One guide still talks of his hardest trip. He had contracted to take a party of three New Yorkers after big game in the crags and the men were experienced mountaineers having hunted in the Himalayas and the Andes. It was the guide's duty to cook and find game and it was the hunters' duty to follow where the guide led. The work was rough and exhausting, so much so in fact that the mountaineering city men decided to divide efforts, one to accompany the guide each third day while the other two took turns resting in camp. So the guide was up against a fresh man every morning and had to keep going to hold the pace. "But each one of them was played out every time I brought him in," declares the guide with grim satisfaction.

There are times when a guide is saddled with some such trial as a finicky woman or a crabbed nobleman whose happiness and content it is his duty to encourage, difficult though it be. Guides whose tempers have not been steel-bound have been known to suffer the insolence of men until the contract expired and then take out a personal and physical satisfaction, resulting in paying perhaps half his wage to the magistrate the next morning. But it is almost unknown for a guide to lose his temper on the trail, his pride in his profession and his utter contempt for heckling and fault-finding travelers being sufficient to make him overlook much annoyance. Yet no money could persuade that guide to take that party out again.

The Sun as a Physician

New Discovery of Its Marvelous Healing Power in Certain Diseases

THE healing properties of sunlight in a general sense have been recognized for centuries, but according to a recent article in *La Revue* it has only lately been proved that direct sunlight is not merely beneficial in stimulating the general health and raising the tone of mind and body, but possesses a therapeutic value in certain maladies which borders on the marvelous. It has been found particularly helpful for tuberculosis of the bones, joints, and ganglions, and has also met with marked success in other diseases including acute rheumatism, and certain affections of the eye.

"All forms of external tuberculosis known as surgical tuberculosis are amenable to solar-ray treatment and receive benefit thereby, with results at times so stupefying that they seem to touch on

miracle." Such is the opinion of one medical man on this treatment as quoted by Dr. Leon Cerf, the writer of the article in question. Dr. Poncet, the founder of the treatment, first made use of it for treating osteo-articular tuberculosis affections as far back as 1892. In 1899, he expressed his belief that the beneficial effect of the exposure of tubercular manifestations to solar rays by a prolonged sun bath, extended not only to local tuberculosis but even to tuberculosis of the internal organs. Dr. Rollier, a Swiss physician, who benefited his patients by solar rays on snow covered peaks, became an ardent advocate of a treatment which gave him unhopd-for results. He did not cease repeating before learned societies the statistics of the cures he had obtained; he did not weary of showing to all the striking photographs of his patients, incontrovertible proofs of the transformations effected by the sun.

By 1911, he had collected statistics of 369 invalids suffering from external tuberculosis, who had undergone the treatment. Of these 284 were cured, 48 improved, 21 were stationary and 16 died. These results were absolutely remarkable. In 1912 he exhibited numerous photographs of varieties of tuberculosis of the bones of the foot complicated with infected fistules, rebellious to all the usual treatments and nearly all apparently calling for amputation. In all these cases results obtained surpassed the most optimistic hopes, and in 44 cases complete cures were obtained.

The transformation of the subjects under the solar rays is characteristic. Completely exposed to the sun, but sheltered from the wind and with the head protected, at the end of a month or two, brunettes take the color of rosewood and actually look like negroes; blonds become mahogany-colored. The general aspect is modified and becomes blooming; the muscles are regenerated; the digestive functions are regularized. This rapid amelioration of the general condition is accompanied by notable local modifications. One doctor found the treatment useful in tubercular peritonitis and others had excellent results in cases of muscular rheumatism. It is likewise declared to be good for wounds, especially infected wounds. It has been shown to be useful in trachoma, while the serious eye-malady, conjunctival tuberculosis, is stated to actually vanish under this treatment. Results can be obtained wherever direct sunlight can be had, whether on mountain-top, on sea-coast, in the desert, or even on the roof of a crowded city tenement. In 1911 a German surgeon of Cologne obtained results so wonderful that he introduced the system into his hospital practice. The erection is strongly advocated, in the suburbs of cities, of buildings simply and cheaply equipped for applying this solar-bath to convalescents and patients not requiring treatment by the usual hospital methods. Thus an enormous relief to regular hospitals would be afforded.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter	Chapter
I—The Profits Made by Savings	XIV—Judging the Cost Keeping Requirements of a Factory
II—Putting In a Cost System	XV—Handling Material—Perpetual Inventory Suggestions
III—Thinking Right about Costs Is Necessary	XVI—Handling Labor Costs
IV—The Three Types of Management	XVII—Indirect Expense or Burden
V—1—The Strenuous or Rule-of-Thumb Management	XVIII—Distribution of Burden
2—The Systematic Management	XIX—Some Forms Used in Cost Systems
3—The Efficient Management	XX—Final Disposition of Cost Figures
VII—Some Systems of Paying Wages	XXI—Cutting the Cost of Keeping Costs
VIII—The Day Rate Wage Plan	XXII—The Burroughs Adding Machine and How It Helps the Cost Keeper
IX—The Piece Work Wage Plan	XXIII—A Cost System in Actual Operation
X—The Differential Rate Wage Plan	XXIV—Information for the General Manager
XI—The Premium Wage Plan	
XII—The Bonus Wage Plan	
XIII—Profit Sharing and Stock Distribution Plans	

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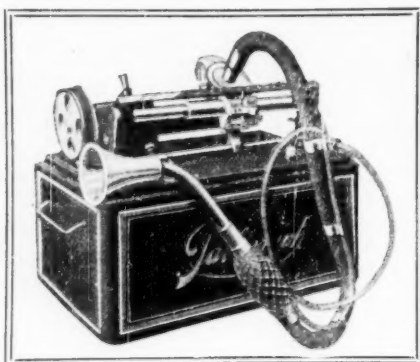
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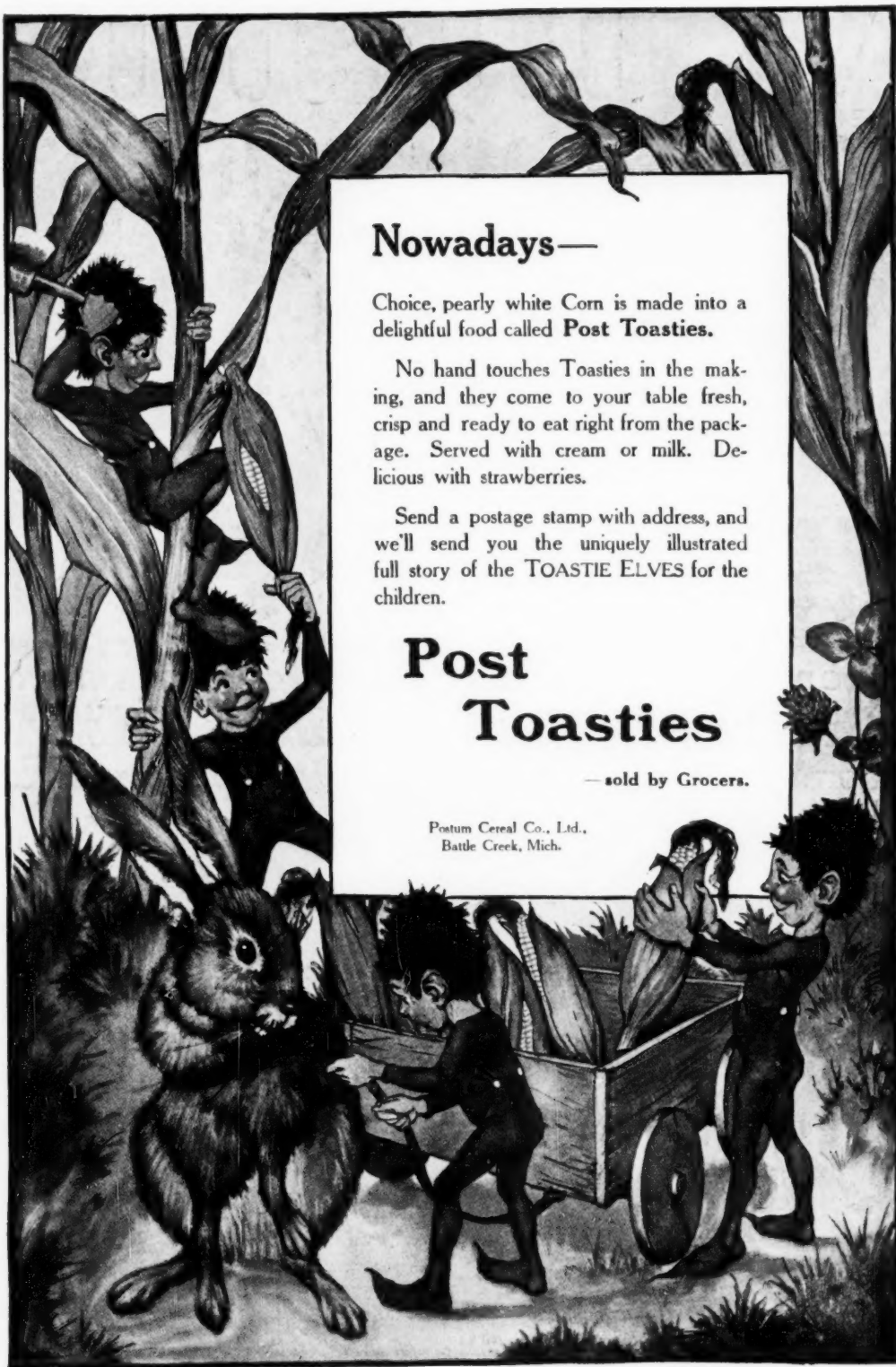
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